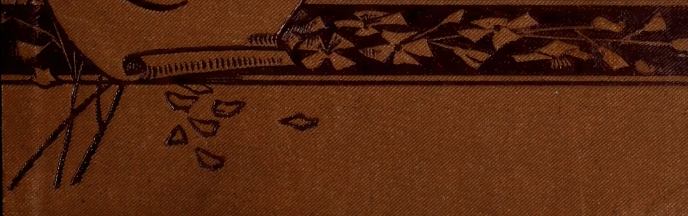


THE
NORMAL COURSE
IN READING

BY
EMMA J. TODD.

AND
W. B. POWELL, A.M.



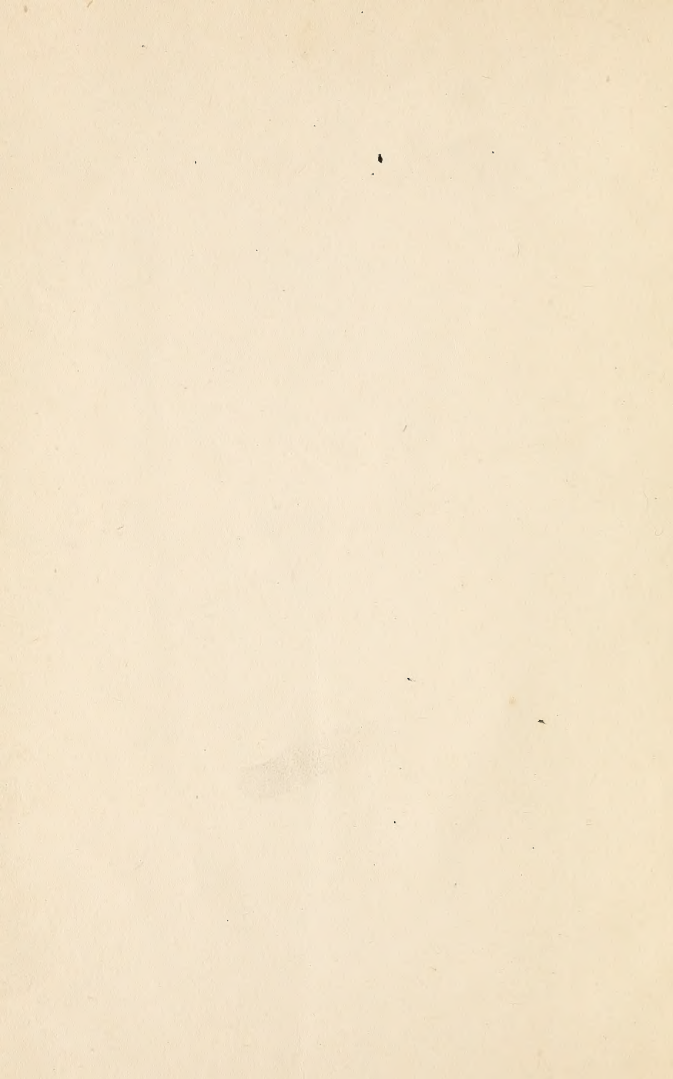
Fifth
Reader

Ex LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS





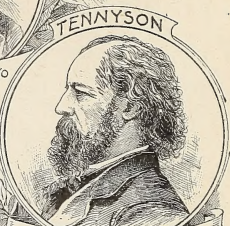
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015



BRYANT



TENNYSON



LONGFELLOW



God has yoked to
guilt, her pale
tormentor,
misery. —

The Entrance to a Wood

POETRY

SHAKESPEARE



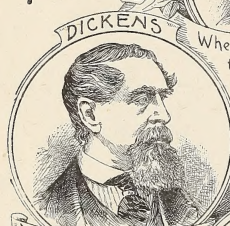
Next to being a great
poet is the power to
understand one —
Hyperion

For now the poet
cannot die.
Nor leave his music
as of old — To —

FICTION

HISTORY

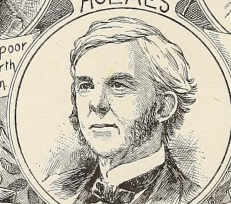
DICKENS



Where words are scarce,
they are seldom
spent in vain. —
Richard II

DRAMA

HOLMES



IRVING



The ties which link the poor
man to his humble hearth
... bear the stamp of heaven.

His face that infallible
index of the mind. —
Walter the Doubter.

Honors are silly toys, I know
And titles are but empty names —
Contentment

LIVES OF GREAT MEN
ALL REMIND US.
WE CAN MAKE OUR
LIVES SUBLIME,

AND DEPARTING LEAVE
BEHIND US,
FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS
OF TIME. PSALM OF LIFE.

THE
NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

BY

EMMA J. TODD,

TRAINING TEACHER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF AURORA, ILL.,

AND

W. B. POWELL, A.M.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

FIFTH READER.

*ADVANCED READINGS IN LITERATURE: SCIENTIFIC, GEO-
GRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, PATRIOTIC AND MISCEL-
LANEOUS, WITH ANALYSES OF AUTHORS.*



SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK . . . BOSTON . . . CHICAGO.

1892.

THE NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

COMPRISING: —

PRIMER: Preliminary Work in Reading;

FIRST READER: First Steps in Reading;

SECOND READER: Select Readings and Culture Lessons;

ALTERNATE SECOND READER: Progressive Readings in Nature;

THIRD READER: Diversified Readings and Studies;

ALTERNATE THIRD READER: How to Read with Open Eyes;

FOURTH READER: The Wonderful Things around Us;

FIFTH READER: Advanced Readings in Literature — Scientific,
Geographical, Historical, Patriotic, and Miscellaneous;

PRIMARY READING CHARTS: Preliminary Drill in Reading, 48
numbers, 29 × 38 inches, Illustrated.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY SILVER, BURDETT & Co.

Typography: J. S. Cushing & Co.

Presswork: Berwick & Smith.

Illustrations: H. A. Dennison.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

IN offering to the public the NORMAL COURSE IN READING, of which this Fifth Reader is the crowning volume, the publishers desire to express their unbounded confidence in the series, both as to literary merit and *educational value*. There is little doubt that the widespread demand for new reading books is based not alone upon a desire for change in subject-matter, but upon what is of far greater importance, a genuine want for a more orderly arrangement of related topics, and a unified presentation of the matter prepared for use in this department of educational work. It is not enough that a given literary production is valuable *per se*; it should be suited to the needs of the child at a given stage of his advancement, in order to find place in a book employed as a means in his education.

The authors have thoughtfully studied these problems in all their bearings, and have produced a series of readers that meets these requirements. The literature is of the choicest character, and the gradation is perfect. Every lesson, every chapter, every book, follows its predecessor in sequential order, and occupies its proper place in a thoroughly organized and well-rounded whole.

Examination will show that the most intelligent use has been made of selections from the field of general literature by placing them in immediate connection with the subjects which they illustrate; that the series touches closely and supplements wisely the every-day work of the best-conducted schools of the present day; that it furnishes in fascinating garb a large fund of information about common things. As one writer puts it, "These readers contain a liberal common school education in themselves." Another says, "They give the children something to read about and think about."

The publishers gratefully acknowledge the many words of encouragement, and the helpful criticisms, that have come to them during the preparation of these books, from teachers of experience and prominence throughout the country.

TO THE TEACHER.

DURING the early stages of reading, the efforts of the child are directed chiefly to learning words, sentences, and idiom, in which he sees his own expression and recognizes his own thought. The more exclusively the words and idiom learned represent the child's own thinking and expression, the more certainly is he made to appreciate their symbolic character; the more certainly does he know their true meaning. The range of true observation and consequent expression during these early stages should be as wide as possible, consistent with desirable unity and sequence.

The child who has learned the symbols representing a broad and careful training in seeing, feeling, willing, and acting, has a preparation for reading the thoughts of others expressed by the same symbols.

That such broad preparation is desirable, even necessary, before the child can read understandingly and profitably, is well-nigh axiomatic.

During the later years of school reading, but beginning in the early stages of the period of transition from the first steps of learning to read, the pupil should be required, as a reading exercise *per se*, and in addition to the topical reading connected with his history and geography work, to read critically, selections from accepted authorities — accepted alike for their authenticity and for their literary merit. These selections should treat of the same or closely related subjects, that the reader may learn to compare, understand, and estimate the value of different modes of thought,

on the same or kindred subjects, different ways of expressing similar or kindred thoughts and impressions, as well as for training him in seeing critically by use of represented fact and in thinking independently and sequentially after the examination of represented thought. The reading lesson of advanced grade, no less than the object lesson, should train the pupil to see accurately, connectedly, and broadly, and it should train him to think with corresponding accuracy, sequence, and breadth.

The first four parts of this book have been arranged to afford opportunity for the kind of reading above referred to.

In Part I. will be found a number of articles by as many distinguished authors, treating of various phenomena of inanimate nature.

Part II. furnishes a variety of readings on closely allied subjects in the world of animated nature.

The selections of Part III. relate exclusively to patriotism or to subjects underlying a true and correct patriotism.

Part IV. is composed of a number of units, or groups of selections, each of which is distinct in itself, relating to the humanities.

The graduation of the work is easy, while the arrangement is logical. It will be found desirable and most profitable to teach each of the parts or units above mentioned as an entirety, to be read and studied as a whole apart from other matter.

During the later years of school reading, but after some practice in a unified miscellaneous reading, as suggested above, opportunity should be given the pupil to read and study some masterpieces of literature, that he may know and appreciate them as such; know their authors and their relative standing in the field of literature — English and American.

Field work, only, gives opportunity for intelligent classification, and must precede it. This is no less true in a profitable and consistent study of literature than in the study of natural phenomena. This field work should be begun as soon as the pupil is competent to do such work intelligently.

Detached fragments, unless collected and read for the purpose of

comparison and collation, afford opportunity for only an inferior, and hence an unprofitable, kind of field work.

No person knows literature after reading detached fragments therefrom. No person who has read only fragments knows anything of an author worth knowing. He who has read fragments only has not learned to read. The miscellaneous reading of detached fragments can only be confusing and therefore hurtful. It is the bane of the modern reading lesson.

Part V. offers opportunity for some field work in literature, of the most profitable kind; perhaps as much as pupils of the age of those who read this book can do.

A book of the fifth reader grade should furnish material for widely varied exercises in elocutionary drill. It is believed that the selections intended for special practice in good delivery, found in this volume, are so chosen and so connected with other matter as not to mar the character of the work as a literary reading book, and that they afford at the same time an interesting and profitable variety, and also that their specific and varied character is such as to secure, if used properly, a rounded and symmetrical training.

The teacher's attention is respectfully called to the suggestions to pupils contained in "Reading Aloud," Part VI.

The notes and vocabularies found in Part VI. have been prepared with much care, the meanings given to words being such as define them in the connection in which they are used in the text. An intelligent and profitable use of the book is therefore not only possible, but is practicable and comparatively easy, without the use of dictionary or other reference book.

The selections from the works of Longfellow and Holmes are used by permission of and arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	PAGE
1. The Influence of the Sun..... <i>John Tyndall</i>	17
2. The Sea and its Uses..... <i>Leonard Swain</i>	19
3. The Sunbeam..... <i>Mrs. Felicia Hemans</i>	22
4. Icebergs	24
5. Niagara Falls..... <i>Anthony Trollope</i>	27
6. The Cañons of the Colorado..... <i>Major John W. Powell</i>	33
7. The Falls of the Yosemite..... <i>Thomas Starr King</i>	42
8. Description of a Thunder-Storm..... <i>Washington Irving</i>	46
A Wanderer on the Deep..... <i>Mrs. Felicia Hemans</i>	48
9. Mountains..... <i>William Howitt</i>	49
Mountains..... <i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	49
10. The Music of Nature.....	50
11. Rain upon the Roof..... <i>Coates Kinney</i>	53
Rain..... <i>Caroline Southey</i>	54
12. Sayings of Ruskin.....	55
13. The Prairies..... <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	57
14. Nature..... <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	60
15. The Voice of Spring..... <i>Mrs. Felicia Hemans</i>	60
16. March..... <i>William Wordsworth</i>	62
17. The Summer Months..... <i>William Motherwell</i>	63
18. The Death of the Flowers. <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	65
19. It Snows..... <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale</i>	67
20. Frost-Work	69
21. The Fringed Gentian... ..	72
22. To the Fringed Gentian..... <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	74
23. The Daffodils	75
24. 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	76
25. From the Twenty-fourth Psalm.....	77
From the Nineteenth Psalm	77
The Heavens declare the Glory of God..... <i>Joseph Addison</i>	77

PART II.

PAGE

1. Bees in the Hive	<i>Miss Retta A. Hoyles</i>	79
2. A Bee-Hunt	<i>Washington Irving</i>	88
3. The Mind of the Spider.....	<i>Cad. L. Washburn</i>	91
Humanity.....	<i>William Cowper</i>	99
4. The Sagacity of the Spider	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	100
5. The Battle of the Ants	<i>Henry D. Thoreau</i>	103
6. The Nightingale.....	<i>S. H. Peabody</i>	107
7. The Nightingale and the Glowworm.....	<i>William Cowper</i>	110
8. The Bobolink	<i>Washington Irving</i>	111
9. Lines to a Water-fowl	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	116
10. The Bluebird.....	<i>Emily H. Miller</i>	117
11. The Winged Worshippers	<i>Charles Sprague</i>	118
The Web of Life.....		119
12. Man and the Inferior Animals.....	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	120

PART III.

1. King Alfred.....	<i>Charles Dickens</i>	123
2. The Fate of the Indians.....	<i>Charles Sprague</i>	129
The Indian	<i>Alexander Pope</i>	131
3. The Thirteen Colonies	<i>T. W. Higginson</i>	132
4. Tea Parties in Old Times	<i>Washington Irving</i>	134
5. An Appeal to Arms.....	<i>Patrick Henry</i>	138
6. Who was He?.....	<i>George W. Curtis</i>	142
7. The Revolutionary Alarm	<i>George Bancroft</i>	143
8. Warren's Address.....	<i>John Pierpont</i>	145
9. George Washington	<i>Aaron Bancroft</i>	146
10. The Character of Washington	<i>George W. Curtis</i>	148
11. Address to the American Army	<i>George Washington</i>	151
12. The Declaration of Independence	<i>Robert C. Winthrop</i>	153
13. Duties of American Citizens.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	157
14. The Constitution.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	159
15. Home.....	<i>James Montgomery</i>	160
No Place like Home	<i>John Howard Payne</i>	161
16. The Fruits of Liberty	<i>Thomas B. Macaulay</i>	162
17. The Antiquity of Freedom	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	163
18. The Necessity of Government	<i>John C. Calhoun</i>	167
19. The Pilgrim Fathers	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i>	168
20. The Importance of the Union.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	178

PART IV.

	PAGE
1. Children — What are They ?	<i>John Neal</i> 179
2. A Child tired of Play	<i>N. P. Willis</i> 182
3. Children's Prattle	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> 184
4. Children	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 187
5. Rock Me to Sleep	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen</i> 189
6. Learning by Observing	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 191
7. Haste not, Rest not	<i>Johann von Goethe</i> 195
8. Serenade	<i>James G. Percival</i> 196
9. John Maynard	<i>John B. Gough</i> 200
10. The Will and the Way	<i>John G. Saxe</i> 202
11. Little Nicholas; and how he became a Great Musician	<i>J. G. Flint</i> 203
A Glorious Name	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 208
12. The Light of Other Days	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 209
13. Translation of the Twenty-third Psalm	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 210
14. True Rest	<i>John S. Dwight</i> 211
15. The Long Ago	<i>B. F. Taylor</i> 212
16. The Meeting of the Waters	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 214
17. Look Aloft	<i>Jonathan Lawrence</i> 215
18. The Study of Words	<i>Retta A. Hoyles</i> 216
19. What is Time ?	<i>William Marsden</i> 220
Time	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i> 221
Eternity	<i>Donald Grant Mitchell</i> 221
20. Imaginary Evils	<i>Charles Swain</i> 222
21. The Venomous Worm	<i>J. Russell</i> 223
Wine is a Mocker	<i>Solomon</i> 224
22. The Bridal Wine-Cup	225
23. Desolating Effects of Intemperance	<i>Washington Irving</i> 229
24. Eulogy on Cold Water	<i>Paul Denton</i> 231
25. The Folly of Intoxication	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 233
26. Profaneness	<i>E. H. Chapin</i> 236
The Perfect Life	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 237
27. The Cold-Water Man	<i>John G. Saxe</i> 238
28. The Three Black Crows	<i>John Byrom</i> 240
29. The Philosopher's Scales	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 242
A Good Name	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 245
The Object of Life	<i>P. J. Bailey</i> 245
30. The Novel-Reader	246

	PAGE
31. The Will.....	250
Mercy <i>William Shakespeare</i>	255
32. The Burial of Moses..... <i>Mrs. Alexander</i>	256
33. The Deserted Village..... <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	259
34. The Village Preacher..... " "	260
Seeking, not waiting..... <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	262
35. Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard..... <i>Thomas Gray</i>	263
"He giveth His Beloved Sleep"..... <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	268

PART V.

1. WASHINGTON IRVING.....	269
Characteristics of Irving.....	275
<i>Selections.</i>	
Traits of Indian Character.....	276
Rural Funerals.....	278
2. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.....	289
The Bryant Vase.....	294
Analysis of "The Snow-Shower".....	297
3. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.....	299
Mr. Longfellow at Home.....	305
<i>Selections and Analyses.</i>	
Flower-de-Luce.....	311
Analysis of "The Flower-de-Luce".....	312
Walter Von der Vogelweid.....	317
Analysis of "Walter Von der Vogelweid".....	319
Analysis of "Maidenhood".....	321
The Two Angels.....	325
4. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.....	327
<i>Selections and Analyses.</i>	
Analysis of "The Chambered Nautilus".....	331
The Living Temple.....	335
Analysis of "The Living Temple".....	337
The Last Leaf.....	342
A Metrical Essay.....	344
5. ALFRED TENNYSON.....	345
<i>Selections and Analyses.</i>	
The Poet's Song.....	349
Analysis of "The Poet's Song".....	350
Cradle Song.....	351
Too Late.....	352

Selections and Analyses.

	PAGE
Go not, Happy Day.....	352
The Bugle Song.....	353
Ring out, Wild Bells.....	354
Sweet and Low.....	355
Lady Clare.....	356
Dora.....	359
The Brook.....	364
Elaine.....	371
Quotations from Tennyson.....	376
6. CHARLES DICKENS.....	379
<i>Selections.</i>	
Lying Awake.....	382
A Christmas Tree.....	391
The United States.....	410
7. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.....	411
The Merchant of Venice.....	413
<i>The Principal Characters.</i>	
Portia.....	442
Shylock.....	444
Antonio and Shylock.....	446

PART VI.

LITERARY NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. Joseph Addison.....	447
2. Thomas Gray.....	448
3. Oliver Goldsmith.....	449
4. William Cowper.....	450
5. Johann von Goethe.....	451
6. Patrick Henry.....	453
7. William Wordsworth.....	454
8. Thomas Moore.....	455
9. John C. Calhoun.....	457
10. Nathaniel Parker Willis.....	458
11. Charles Sprague.....	459
12. Daniel Webster.....	459
13. James Gates Percival.....	460
14. Thomas B. Macaulay.....	461
15. George Bancroft.....	462

	PAGE
16. Aaron Bancroft	463
17. Hans Christian Andersen.....	464
18. Robert C. Winthrop	465
19. John W. Tyndall.....	465
20. John G. Saxe.....	466
21. Charles Kingsley	467
22. Henry David Thoreau.....	468
23. Thomas Starr King	469
24. Thomas W. Higginson	469
25. George William Curtis	470
26. John Wesley Powell	471
27. Reading Aloud.....	473

Vocabularies.

Part I	484
“ II	488
“ III.....	491
“ IV.....	495
“ V.....	497
Proper Nouns and Adjectives from Dickens's Christ- mas Tree.....	507
Notes to “The Merchant of Venice”.....	509

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

The Sunbeam	<i>Mrs. Felicia Hemans</i>	22
A Wanderer on the Deep.....	“ “ “	48
Mountains.....	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	49
Rain upon the Roof.....	<i>Coates Kinney</i>	53
Rain.....	<i>Caroline Southey</i>	54
The Prairies.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	57
Nature	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	60
The Voice of Spring	<i>Mrs. Felicia Hemans</i>	60
March.....	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	62
The Summer Months	<i>William Motherwell</i>	63
The Death of the Flowers	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	65
It Snows.....	<i>Mrs. S. J. Hale</i>	67
Frost-Work		69
To the Fringed Gentian.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	74
The Daffodils	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	75
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	76

	PAGE
From the Twenty-fourth Psalm	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 77
From the Nineteenth Psalm.....	“ “ 77
The Heavens declare the Glory of God.....	“ “ 77
Humanity	<i>William Cowper</i> 99
The Nightingale and the Glowworm	“ “ 110
Lines to a Water-fowl	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 116
The Bluebird	<i>Emily H. Miller</i> 117
The Winged Worshippers.....	<i>Charles Sprague</i> 118
The Web of Life.....	119
The Indian	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 131
Warren's Address.....	<i>John Pierpont</i> 145
The Constitution.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 159
The Home.....	<i>James Montgomery</i> 160
Home, Sweet Home	<i>John Howard Payne</i> 161
The Antiquity of Freedom.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 163
The Pilgrim Fathers.....	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> 168
A Child tired of Play	<i>N. P. Willis</i> 182
Children	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 177
Rock Me to Sleep.....	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen</i> 189
Haste not, Rest not	<i>Johann von Goethe</i> 195
Serenade.....	<i>James G. Percival</i> 196
The Will and the Way.....	<i>John G. Saxe</i> 202
A Glorious Name.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 208
The Light of Other Days	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 209
Translation of the Twenty-third Psalm	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 210
True Rest	<i>John S. Dwight</i> 211
The Long Ago.....	<i>B. F. Taylor</i> 212
The Meeting of the Waters	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 214
Look Aloft.....	<i>Jonathan Lawrence</i> 215
What is Time?... ..	<i>Marsden</i> 220
Imaginary Evils.....	<i>Charles Swain</i> 222
The Perfect Life.....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 237
The Cold-Water Man.....	<i>John G. Saxe</i> 238
The Three Black Crows	<i>John Byrom</i> 240
The Philosopher's Scales.....	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 242
A Good Name.....	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 245
The Object of Life.....	<i>P. J. Bailey</i> 245
Mercy	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 255
The Burial of Moses.....	<i>Mrs. Alexander</i> 256
The Deserted Village.....	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 259

The Village Preacher	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	260
Seeking, not waiting	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	262
Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard	<i>Thomas Gray</i>	263
"He giveth His Beloved Sleep"	<i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	268
The Flower-de-Luce	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	311
Walter Von der Vogelweid	" " "	317
The Two Angels	" " "	325
The Living Temple	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	335
The Last Leaf	" " "	342
A Metrical Essay	" " "	344
The Poet's Song	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	349
Cradle Song	" "	351
Too Late	" "	352
Go not, Happy Day	" "	352
The Bugle Song	" "	353
Ring out, Wild Bells	" "	354
Sweet and Low	" "	355
Lady Clare	" "	356
Dora	" "	359
The Brook	" "	364
Quotations from Tennyson		376



INDEX OF AUTHORS.



[The numbers refer to pages.]

Addison, Joseph, 77, 210, 447.	Byrom, John, 240.
Alexander, Mrs., 256.	Calhoun, John C., 167, 457.
Allen, Elizabeth A., 189.	Carlyle, Thomas, 221.
Andersen, Hans Christian, 184.	Chapin, E. H., 236.
Bailey, P. John, 245.	Coleridge, Hartley, 49.
Bancroft, Aaron, 146.	Cowper, William, 99, 110, 450.
Bancroft, George, 144, 462.	Curtis, George William, 142, 148,
Browning, Elizabeth B., 268.	470.
Bryant, William Cullen, 57, 65,	Denton, Paul, 231. [410.
74, 116, 159, 163, 208, 262.	Dickens, Charles, 123, 382, 391,

- Dwight, John S., 211.
Flint, J. G., 203.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 100, 259, 260, 449.
Goethe, Johann von, 195, 451.
Gough, John B., 200.
Gray, Thomas, 263, 448.
Hale, Mrs. S. J., 67.
Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, 22, 48, 60.
Henry, Patrick, 138, 453.
Higginson, Thomas W., 132, 469.
Howitt, William, 49.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 331, 335, 342, 344.
Hoyles, Retta A., 79, 216.
Irving, Washington, 46, 88, 111, 134, 229, 276, 278.
Jonson, Ben, 237.
King, Thomas Starr, 42, 469.
Kingsley, Charles, 191, 467.
Kinney, Coates, 53.
Lawrence, Jonathan, 215.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 60, 187, 311, 317, 325.
Macaulay, Thomas B., 162, 461.
Marsden, William, 220.
Miller, Emily H., 117.
Mitchell, Donald Grant, 221.
Motherwell, William, 63.
Montgomery, James, 160.
Moore, Thomas, 76, 209, 214, 455.
Neal, John, 179.
O'Reilly, John Boyle, 168.
Payne, John Howard, 161.
Peabody, S. H., 107.
Percival, James G., 196, 460.
Pierpont, John, 145.
Pope, Alexander, 131.
Powell, J. W., 33, 471.
Ruskin, John, 55.
Russell, J., 223.
Saxe, J. G., 202, 238, 466.
Shakespeare, William, 233, 245, 255, 413.
Solomon, 224.
Southey, Caroline, 54.
Sprague, Charles, 118, 129, 459.
Swain, Charles, 222.
Taylor, B. F., 212.
Taylor, Jane, 120, 242.
Tennyson, Alfred, 349, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 359, 364, 371, 376.
Thoreau, Henry D., 103, 468.
Trollope, Anthony, 27.
Tyndall, John, 17.
Washburn, Cad. L., 91.
Washington, George, 151.
Webster, Daniel, 157, 178, 459.
Willis, N. P., 182, 458.
Winthrop, Robert C., 153, 465.
Wordsworth, William, 62, 75, 454.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true:

That a noble deed is a step towards God —
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

BOOKS are the true levelers. They give to all who
faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence
of the best and greatest of our race.

—CHANNING.

EDUCATION, briefly, is the leading of human souls
to what is best, and making what is best of them;
and these two objects are always attainable together
and by the same means.

—RUSKIN.

OUR country! 'tis a glorious land,
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes!

—WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE.

FIFTH READER.

*ADVANCED READINGS IN LITERATURE: SCIENTIFIC,
GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, PATRIOTIC,
AND MISCELLANEOUS.*



PART I.

1. THE INFLUENCE OF THE SUN.

As surely as the force which moves a clock's hands is derived from the arm which winds up the clock, so surely is all terrestrial power drawn from the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up to the mountains: and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him.

Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows, dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is an application or misapplication of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And, remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth.

He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscles, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the tree, and which wields the axe, being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings, by the operation of the same force.

The sun digs the ore from our mines; he rolls the iron; he rivets the plates; he boils the water; he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned, and thrown by the sun.

His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting-place where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the selfsame essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power — the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured in passing from its source through infinitude.

— JOHN TYNDALL.



2. THE SEA AND ITS USES.

It is a common thing in speaking of the sea to call it “a waste of waters.” But this is a mistake. Instead of being a waste and a desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is the world’s fountain of life and health and beauty, and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills.

Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring *up* into the sky precisely as many streams,

and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into the sea.

The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an incumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world.

We are surrounded by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children.

It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty or listened to its eternal anthem.

Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world.

If like a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills.

The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there would be no drainage for the lands. It is the scavenger of the world. The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary ; there they rouse themselves when they are refreshed. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor.

The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy

bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth.

It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would else be impossible.

—SWAIN.



3. THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall:
A joy thou art and a wealth to all,
A bearer of hope unto land and sea:
Sunbeam, what gift has the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles:
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades ;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains : a vapor lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array ;
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot :
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot ;
But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave :
Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer, oh, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee, to mortals given;
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

—MRS. HEMANS.



4. ICEBERGS.

Icebergs are the glory and the terror of the Arctic seas. Although they have lost much of their Titanic grandeur before they get as far south as the track of Atlantic's liners, they are still both formidable and imposing objects. Looked at from afar an iceberg assumes curious and fantastic form, seeming some floating pyramid, some vast cathedral with flying buttress and spires silhouette against the sky, or some ship as ghostly as the fated Flying Dutchman, tenantless, with never a man at the frozen wheel. It is floating calmly and majestically down the current of the ocean into the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, where it will eventually end its journey by melting into mist.

The bergs that are seen in the regular track of Atlantic and Pacific steamers this season have been on their voyage from two to ten years, according to their tonnage.

Bergs are born daily in the great frozen fields of the Arctic circle, but most of them remain in

native waters a long time before they escape and are considerably reduced in bulk before they can pass the Grand Banks in the Atlantic and wander South as tourists in the path of travel.

Bergs are born of glaciers ; the large ones may be a thousand years old before they finally reach the coast and drop into the sea. Four out of every five floating masses in the Atlantic come from Greenland ; the fifth may be from Spitzbergen Sea, Frobisher's Sound, or Hudson Strait.

A glacier is a river of solid water confined in the depressions running down the mountain-sides. Soft and powdery snow falls upon the summits, and though some is evaporated, the yearly fall is greater than the yearly loss, so the excess is pushed down the slope into valleys which in Greenland on the east or Alaska on the west lead to the ocean.

Propelled by the weight and force of its upper part, it is pushed into the sea often to a considerable distance, ploughing its slow way on the bottom, tearing up the rocks and the reefs that lie in its path.

The immense fragments that make the icebergs may be separated from the end of the glacier in two different ways, according to the temperature of the sea into which they protrude.

In Spitzbergen and on the coast of southern Greenland, the mass which frequently projects far into the sea is gradually undermined by the com-

paratively warm waters which beat against it, and the remaining fragments overhanging the water are detached, and with terrible commotion plunge into the ocean.

But in very cold seas, like that of Smith Strait, the water being of low temperature, cannot melt the glacier, which continues its course into the bay, its extreme end reaching far into the depths of the ocean, like an immense plane gliding on rocks. Though lighter than the water, the enormous frozen mass is kept together below the surface by the force of cohesion. But a time comes when it must break apart, and then the broken piece shoots upward to the surface, impelled by its less specific gravity.

The total height of an iceberg always exceeds six or eight times the height of the part above water; the submerged portion, however, is dependent on the bulk of the berg. Icebergs have been met by vessels which were three or four hundred feet above water, whose mass must have been from twenty-one hundred to twenty-eight hundred feet in perpendicular height. When such a berg floats into a warmer sea, its base melts more rapidly than its top, resulting in a somersault, the vast mass turning over and over until it recovers its centre of gravity.

The ice-masses approach the equator from both poles; they hug the currents which seize them;

but, owing to the greater warmth of the northern hemisphere, icebergs have often been found two hundred and fifty miles nearer the equator in the southern than in the northern hemisphere.



5. NIAGARA FALLS.

I.

Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see, — at least of all those which I have seen, — I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature, prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures.

This is a long word; but, as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful.

I came across an artist at Niagara, who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters. "You have a difficult subject," said I.

"All subjects are difficult," he replied, "to a man who desires to do well,"

"But yours, I fear, is impossible," I said.

"You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture," he replied.

I acknowledged the justice of his rebuke, regretted that I could not remain till the completion of his work should enable me to revoke my words, and passed on. Then I began to reflect, whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult, in describing the falls.

I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters, as it is to paint it well. But I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a description that shall interest the reader, as it is to paint a picture of them that shall be pleasant to the beholder.

That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron; that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the Falls of Niagara are made by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river, are probably known to all who will read this book.

All the waters of these huge, northern, inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream; and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no one can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer.

II.

How many cataracts does the habitual tourist visit at which the waters fail him! But at Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases, and is never diminished;—as it has done from times previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away, back to the upper lake.

This stream divides Canada from the States; the western or farthestmost bank belonging to the British Crown, and the eastern or nearer bank being in the State of New York.

The falls are, as I have said, made by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are, I presume, made by such breaches; but generally the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara; and never elsewhere, as far as the world yet knows, has a breach so sudden been made in a river carrying in its channel such, or any approach to such, a body of water.

Up above the falls, for more than a mile, the waters leap and burst over the rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad and comparatively shallow; but from shore to shore it frets itself into little torrents, and begins to assume the majesty of its power.

Looking at it even here, in the expanse which forms itself over the greater fall, one feels sure, that no strongest swimmer could have a chance of saving himself, if fate had cast him in among even those petty whirlpools. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This color, as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chiefest charms.

This will be best seen from the further end of the island, — Goat Island, as it is called, which, as the reader will understand, divides the river immediately above the falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles ; and no doubt in process of time will be worn away and covered with water. The time, however, will be very long. In the meanwhile, it is perhaps a mile round, and is covered thickly with timber.

At the upper end of the island, the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is reached is a hundred yards or more above the smaller fall.

III.

We will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the larger fall. Advancing beyond the path leading

down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight.

After stretching for some little way from the shore to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stands a tower upon the rock,—after stretching to this, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the floods,—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable.

Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye,—control,—which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water.

You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops them; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort. But, at this place and in these moments, the less of speaking, I should say, the better.

There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art, too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination.

It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful, flying color, as though conscious that in one moment they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow.

The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not fully see from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of the caldron below, but the caldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down — far as your own imagination can sink it.

But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape at which you will be looking is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which was at first only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use.

To realize Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else, and think of nothing else. At length you will be at one with the tumbling river before you. You will find yourself among the waters as though you belonged to them.

The cool, liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful, and pure. Then you will flow away in your own course to the unbounded, distant, and eternal ocean.

— ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



6. THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

I.

The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Grand and the Green. Grand River has its source in the Rocky Mountains, five or six miles west of Long's Peak, in latitude $40^{\circ} 17'$ and longitude $105^{\circ} 40'$, approximately. A group of little Alpine lakes that receive their waters from perpetual snow-banks discharge into a common reservoir known as Grand Lake — a beautiful sheet of water,

whose quiet surface reflects towering cliffs and crags of granite on its eastern shore, and stately pines and firs on its western margin.

Green River heads near Fremont's Peak in the Wind River Mountains. This river, like the last, has its sources in Alpine lakes fed by everlasting snows. Thousands of these little lakes with deep, cold, emerald waters, are embosomed among the crags of the Rocky Mountains. These streams, born in the gloomy solitudes of the upper mountain region, have a strange and eventful history as they pass down through gorges, tumbling in cascades and cataracts until they reach the hot, arid plains of the lower Colorado, where the waters that were so clear above, empty muddy floods into the Gulf of California.

Green River is larger than the Grand, and is the proper continuation of the Colorado. Including this river, the whole length of the stream is about two thousand miles. The region of country drained by the Colorado and its tributaries is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred in width, containing about three hundred thousand square miles,—an area larger than all of New England and the Middle States, with Maryland and Virginia added. . . .

Very little water falls within the basin, but, all winter long, snows fall on its mountain-crested rim, filling the gorges, half burying the forests,

and covering the crags and peaks with a mantle woven by the winds from the waves of the sea. When the summer sun comes, these snows melt and tumble down the mountain-sides in millions of cascades. Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form a hundred rivers beset with cataracts; a hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado, which rolls a mad, turbid stream into the Gulf of California.

II.

Consider the action of one of these streams, its source in the mountains where the snows fall, its course through the arid plains. Now, if at the river's flood storms were falling on the plains, the channel of the stream would be cut but little faster than the adjacent country would be washed, and the general level would thus be preserved; but, under the conditions here mentioned, the river deepens its bed, as there is much erosion, and but little lateral degradation. So all of these streams cut deeper and still deeper year by year, until their banks are towering cliffs of solid rock. These deep, narrow gorges are called cañons. For more than a thousand miles along its course the Colorado has cut for itself such cañons. The Río Virgen, Kanab, Paria, Escalante, Fremont, San Rafael, Price, and Uinta, on the west; the Grand, Yampa,

San Juan, and Little Colorado on the east — have also cut for themselves such narrow, winding gorges or deep cañons. Every river entering these has cut another cañon; every lateral creek has cut a cañon; every brook runs in a cañon; every rill born of a shower, and born again of a shower, and living only during these showers, has cut for itself a cañon; so that the whole upper portion of the basin of the Colorado is traversed by a labyrinth of these deep gorges. . .

III.

On the 30th of May we started down the mysterious cañons, with some anxiety. The old mountaineers had told us it could not be run; we had heard the Indians say: "Water heap catch 'em!" But all were eager for the trial. Entering Flaming Gorge, we quickly ran through it on a swift current, and emerged into a little park. Half a mile below, the river wheeled sharply to the left, and we turned into another cañon cut into the mountain. We entered the narrow passage; on either side the walls rapidly increased in altitude; on the left were overhanging ledges and cliffs five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred feet high; on the right the rocks were broken and ragged; the water filled the channel from cliff to cliff. Then the river turned abruptly around a point to the right, and the water plunged swiftly down among

the great rocks. And here we had our first experience with cañon rapids. I stood up on the deck of my boat to seek a way between the wave-beaten rocks. All untried as we were with such waters, the moments were filled with intense anxiety. Soon our boats reached the swift current; a stroke or two, now on this side, now on that, and we threaded the narrow passage with exhilarating velocity, mounting the high waves whose foaming crests dashed over us, and plunging into the troughs until we reached the quiet water below. And then came a feeling of great relief; our first rapid was run. Another mile, and we came out into the valley again. . . .

Soon we left the valley and entered another short cañon, very narrow at first, but widening below as the walls increased in altitude. The river was broad, deep, and quiet, and its waters mirrored towering rocks. Kingfishers were playing about the stream, so we named it "Kingfisher Cañon."

At the foot of this cañon the river turns to the east, past a point which is rounded to the shape of a dome; on its sides little cells have been carved by the action of the water. In these pits, which cover the face of the dome, hundreds of swallows had built their nests; and as they flitted about the rock they looked like swarms of bees, giving to the whole the appearance of a colossal bee-hive,

of the old-time form ; so we named it "Bee-Hive Point."

One evening when we camped near this point, I went out into a vast amphitheatre, rising in a succession of terraces to a height of eighteen hundred or two thousand feet. Each step of this amphitheatre is built of red sandstone, with a face of naked, red rock and glacis clothed with verdure ; so that the amphitheatre is surrounded by bands of red and green. The evening sun lighted up the rocks and the cedars, and its many-colored beams danced on the waves of the river. The landscape revelled in sunshine.

Below Bee-Hive Point we came to dangerous rapids, where we toiled along for some days, making portages or letting our boats down the stream with lines.

IV.

Now and then we had an exciting ride ; the river rolled down at a wonderful rate, so that where there were no rocks in the way, we made almost railroad speed. Here and there the water rushed into a narrow gorge, the rocks on the sides rolled it into the centre in great waves, and the boats went bounding over these like things of life. Sometimes the waves would break and their waters roll over the boats, which made much bailing necessary, and obliged us to stop occasionally for that purpose. At one time we

made a run of twelve miles in an hour, including stoppages. . . .

V.

THE GRAND CAÑON.

The walls of the grand cañon are more than a mile in height. Stand on the south steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capital Park, measure the distance with your eye, and imagine cliffs extending to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean. Or, stand at Canal Street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; stand at Lake Street Bridge in Chicago and look down to the Union Depot, and you have it again.

A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then slopes and perpendicular cliffs rise one above the other to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above, and crags and angular projections on walls which, cut in many places by side cañons, seem to be a vast wilderness of rocks. Down through these gloomy depths we glided, always listening—for the mad waters kept up their roar; always watching and peering ahead—for the narrow cañon was winding, and the river was closed, so that we could see but a few hundred yards; what might be below we knew not. We strained our ears for

warning of the falls and watched for rocks, or stopped now and then in the bay of a recess to admire the gigantic scenery ; and ever as we went, there was some new pinnacle or tower, some crag or peak, some distant view of the upper plateau, some deep, narrow side cañon, or some strangely shaped rock. On we went, through this solemn, mysterious way. The river was very deep, the cañon very narrow and still obstructed, so that there was no steady flow of the stream, but the waters wheeled, and rolled, and boiled, and we were scarcely able to determine where we could go with greatest safety. Now the boat was carried to the right, perhaps close to the wall, again she was shot into the stream and dragged over to the other side, where, caught in a whirlpool, she spun about like a chip. We could neither land nor run as we pleased ; the boats were entirely unmanageable ! now one, now another was ahead, each crew looking after its own safety. . . .

VI.

Clouds were playing in the cañon that day. Sometimes they rolled down in great masses, filling the gorge with gloom ; sometimes they hung above from wall to wall, covering the cañon with a roof of impending storm, and we could peer long distances up and down this cañon corridor, with its cloud roof overhead, its walls of black granite, and

its river bright with the sheen of broken waters. Then a gust of wind would sweep down a side gulch and make a rift in the clouds, revealing the blue heavens, and a stream of sunlight poured in. Again the clouds drifted away into the distance and hung around crags, and peaks, and pinnacles, and towers, and walls, covering them with a mantle that lifted from time to time and set them all in sharp relief. Then baby clouds crept out of side cañons, glided around points, and crept back again into more distant gorges. Other clouds stretched in strata across the cañon, with intervening vista views to cliffs and rocks beyond.

Then the rain came down. Little rills were formed rapidly above; these soon grew into brooks, and the brooks into creeks, which tumbled over the walls in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. When the rain ceased, the rills, brooks, and creeks ran dry. The waters that fall during the rain on these steep rocks are gathered at once into the river; they could scarcely be poured in more suddenly if some vast spout ran from the clouds to the stream itself. When a storm bursts over the cañon a side gulch is a dangerous place, for a sudden flood may come, and the inpouring water raise the river so as to drown the rocks before your very eyes.

7. THE FALLS OF THE YOSEMITE.

The Yosemite Valley, in California, is a pass about eight miles long. At its eastern extremity it leads into three narrower passes, each of which extends several miles, winding by the wildest paths into the heart of the Sierra Nevada chain of mountains. For seven miles of the main valley, which varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half, the walls on either side are from two thousand to nearly five thousand feet above the road, and are nearly perpendicular. From these walls, rocky splinters a thousand feet in height start up, and every winter drop a few hundred tons of granite, to adorn the base of the rampart with picturesque ruin.

The valley is of such irregular width, and bends so much and often so abruptly, that there is a great variety and frequent surprise in the forms and combinations of the overhanging rocks as one rides along the bank of the stream. The patches of luxuriant meadow, with their dazzling green, and the grouping of the superb firs, two hundred feet high, that skirt them, and that shoot above the stout and graceful oaks and sycamores through which the horse-path winds, are delightful rests of sweetness and beauty amid the threatening awfulness.

The Merced, which flows through the same pass, is a noble stream, a hundred feet wide and ten feet deep. It is formed chiefly of the streams that leap and rush through the narrower passes, and it is swollen, also, by the bounty of the marvellous water-falls that pour down from the ramparts of the wider valley. The sublime poetry of Habakkuk is needed to describe the impression, and, perhaps, the geology, of these mighty fissures: "Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers."

At the foot of the break-neck declivity of nearly three thousand feet by which we reach the banks of the Merced, we are six miles from the hotel, and every rod of the ride awakens wonder, awe, and a solemn joy. As we approach the hotel, and turn toward the opposite bank of the river, what is that

"Which ever sounds and shines,
A pillar of white light upon the wall,
Of purple cliffs aloof descried" ?

That, reader, is the highest waterfall in the world—the Yosemite cataract, nearly twenty-five hundred feet in its plunge, dashing from a break or depression in a cliff thirty-two hundred feet sheer.

A writer who visited this valley in September, calls the cataract a mere tap-line of water dropped from the sky. Perhaps it is so, toward the close of the dry season; but as we saw it, the blended

majesty and beauty of it, apart from the general sublimities of Yosemite gorge, would repay a journey of a thousand miles. There was no deficiency of water. It was a powerful stream, thirty-five feet broad, fresh from the Nevada, that made the plunge from the brow of the awful precipice.

At the first leap it clears fourteen hundred and ninety-seven feet; then it tumbles down a series of steep stairways four hundred and two feet, and then makes a jump to the meadows, five hundred and eighteen feet more. But it is the upper and highest cataract that is most wonderful to the eye, as well as most musical. The cliff is so sheer that there is no break in the body of the water during the whole of its descent of more than a quarter of a mile. It pours in a curve from the summit, fifteen hundred feet, to the basin that hoards it but a moment for the cascades that follow.

And what endless complexities and opulence of beauty in the forms and motions of the cataract! It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice, although, as we said, the tide that pours over is thirty-five feet broad. But it widens as it descends, and curves a little on one side as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the figure of a comet. More beautiful than the comet, however, we can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself and ever pour itself away.

“It mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald; — how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs.”

The cataract seems to shoot out a thousand serpentine heads or knots of water, which wriggle down deliberately through the air and expend themselves in mist before half the descent is over. Then a new set burst from the body and sides of the fall, with the same fortune on the remaining distance; and thus the most charming fretwork of watery nodules, each trailing its vapory train for a hundred feet or more, is woven all over the cascade, which swings, now and then, thirty feet each way, on the mountain side, as if it were a pendulum of watery lace. Once in a while, too, the wind manages to get back of the fall, between it and the cliff, and then it will whirl it round and round for two or three hundred feet, as if to try the experiment of twisting it to wring it dry.

Of course I visited the foot of the lowest fall of the Yosemite, and looked up through the spray, five hundred feet, to its crown. And I tried to climb to the base of the first or highest cataract, but lost my way among the steep, sharp rocks, for

there is only one line by which the cliff can be scaled. But no nearer view that I found or heard described is comparable with the picture, from the hotel, of the comet-curve of the upper cataract, fifteen hundred feet high, and the two falls immediately beneath it, in which the same water leaps to the level of the quiet Merced.

—THOMAS STARR KING.



8. DESCRIPTION OF A THUNDER-STORM.

It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that we floated gently with the tide between those stern mountains, — the Highlands of the Hudson. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shore; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

I gazed about me, in mute delight and wonder, at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left, the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away in the deep summer sky. To the right, strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, moun-

tain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces.

There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms, here and there scooped out among the precipices, or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of my admiration I remarked a pile of bright, snowy clouds, peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onward its predecessor, and towering with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere; and now, muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard, rolling behind the mountains.

The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high, dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks; and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops, the summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops:

the wind freshened, and curled up the waves: at length, it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down.

The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rock, splitting and rending the stoutest forest-trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions: the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain: they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time, the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from sight. There was a fearful gloom, illuminated still more fearfully by the streams of lightning, which glittered among the rain-drops. Never had I beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

He that in venturous barks hath been
A wanderer on the deep,
Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms forever sweep.

— MRS. HEMANS.

9. MOUNTAINS.

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! How the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our hearts bound to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiring are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

— WILLIAM HOWITT.



O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; — entranced in
prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

— COLERIDGE.

10. THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

There is a melancholy music in autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolation, waving capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound, that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher, though the early autumn months are mostly still, they are swept on with a cheerful rustle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contest, yet, in the chill of the evening, or when any sickness of the mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire, and the voices of my many sisters, might scarce remove it.

Then for the music of winter. I love to listen to the falling of snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only obtrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it, if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moon beams were splintering like arrows on the ground ; and you will listen to it the more earnestly, that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen, in mute wonder, to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the morning stars sang together.

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels, and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by the heavy wind, they will be all frozen in their places like well-set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the warm, dazzling forenoon they are all loosened from the close

touch which sustained them, and they will drop at the lightest motion.

If you go upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness, but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo; and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is ordered in God's wisdom. We *forget* ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back

tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols, in whose worship we are forgetting the high and more spiritual altars.



11. RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

When the humid showers gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand lively fancies
Into busy being start ;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

There, in fancy, comes my mother,
As she used to, years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers,
Ere she left them till the dawn.

I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

— COATES KINNEY.



I stood to hear — I love it well —
The rain's continuous sound ;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

— CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

12. SAYINGS OF RUSKIN.

WATER.

Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, — in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep, crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element for glory and for beauty?

RIVERS.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun

themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over where they may be shallow, and foolish, and childlike; and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers, in this way, are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side, when they set themselves to the main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided, also, like wicked and good men; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in, but the wicked rivers go scoopingly, irregularly, under their banks until they get full of strangling eddies, which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks, and pools like wells which no one can get out of but the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom; but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two sides.

SUNSET.

Nature has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon

a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor which would, in common daylight, be pure snow-white, and which give, therefore, fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire ; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind, — things which can only be conceived while they are visible, — the intense, hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, — showing here deep and pure and lightless, there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.



13. THE PRAIRIES.

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name —
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo ! they stretch

In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No — they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not — ye have
played

Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific — have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed those verdant swells, and sown their
slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky —
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love —
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,

Than that which bends above the eastern hills.
As o'er the verdant waste I glide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here —
The dead of other days? — and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race that long has passed away
Built them; a disciplined and populace race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the
Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

14. NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
 more ;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we
 know.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.



15. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have called me long ;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-
flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has
been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime;
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the
chain;

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

16. MARCH.

I.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun :
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

II.

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping anon, anon.
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

17. THE SUMMER MONTHS.

They come, the merry summer months
Of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come, the gladsome months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart, and walk abroad;
Fling cark and care aside:
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide;

The grass is soft: its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is sweet and bland;

The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously:
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee.

But soft! Mine ear upcaught a sound:
From yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade
Did breathe his own glad name.

Yes, it is he, — the hermit-bird,
That apart from all his kind

Slow spells his beads monotonous
To the soft western wind.

Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! he sings again :
His notes are void of art ;
But simplest strains do soonest sound
The deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord, it is a gracious boon,
For thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers
Beneath this summer tree ;

To suck once more in every breath
Their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams
Of youth's bright summer day.

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
The calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams,
As in the days gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light
Fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, —
A heart that hath waxed old.

18. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread :
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up, and perished by my side.

In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the
forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief:
Yet not unmeet was it that one like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



19. IT SNOWS.

“It snows!” cries the schoolboy, “Hurrah!” and
his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While, swift as the wing of a swallow, he’s out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the heart of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thy heirs,
While health, and the riches of nature are theirs.

“It snows!” sighs the imbecile, “Ah!” and his
breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate,

And nearer and nearer his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame ;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame ;
Oh ! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we
live !

“ It snows ! ” cries the traveller, “ Ho ! ” and the
word

Has quickened his steed’s lagging pace ;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face ;
For bright through the tempest his own home
appeared,

Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see ;
There’s the clear, glowing hearth, and the table
prepared,

And his wife with her babes at her knee :
Blest thought ! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its
power !

“ It snows ! ” cries the belle, “ Dear, how lucky ! ”
and turns

From her mirror to watch the flakes fall ;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek
burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball ;

There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and
mirth

Floating over each drear winter's day,
But the tintings of hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snowflakes, away;
Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow, "Oh, God!" and
her sighs

Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread;
But, "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread,

And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows,
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!

—MRS. S. J. HALE.



20. FROST-WORK.

A little one sought me this morning,
Her blue eyes shining bright,
While over her cheeks the dimples
Were playing in changeful light.

“Come, come to my room,” she whispered;

“A curious thing is there;—

A painter has been at work all night

In the cold and shivering air.

“He has made a beautiful castle,

Far up on a mountain high,

And a forest of old and stately trees,

With branches that touch the sky.

“He has made both towers and temples,

And all kinds of curious things;

You might fancy some were angels,

With their grand and shining wings.

“They are all on my window painted,

The strange and beautiful things!

And the morning sun above them

A rainbow beauty flings.”

I went with the little prattler,

The mystical work to see;

And glorious in the shining sun

Was the delicate tracery.

For, all night long, the artist

Had silently wrought away,

And only put by his pencil

At the coming in of day;

Softly and stealthily toiling,
By the holy light of the stars,
And the light that streams like a glory
From heaven's crystal bars.

He had gone, as he came, in silence;
But his work was left behind,
Like a friend who sends his favors
By night to the good and the kind.

How often the silent seeker
For better things above,
Finds more than angel beauty
In the Saviour's grace and love!

And when lip and brow have faded
In the dust and gloom of death,
Their memories come to the living
Evangelists of love and faith.

Oh! teach me, beautiful frost-work,
Another lesson in life:—
The web that is woven by night-time
In the morning with gems may be rife.



21. THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

In the late days of September and the early days of October, when the sumachs are reddening and the oaks are feeling the touch of frost, when the gleaming light and life of summer have given place to the soft haze and dreamy stillness of autumn, along the borders of meadow brooks or swampy lowlands, expanding in the warm sunlight of midday, the flower-seeker may find a blossom —

“—— bright with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven’s own blue,”

the fringed gentian — the Lucy flower or flower of light, the flower which Miss Bartlett declares “was never yet sung or painted sweetly enough.”

Near it still linger the blazing golden-rod and starry asters, the curious turtle-head and the slender, pink gerardia; but the quiet blue of this flower harmonizes more truly with the soft lights and sombre shadows of advancing autumn.

From New England to Kentucky, in most lowlands it is found, yet not all know the beauty of this lovely child of autumn.

Let us peep into those deep flower-cups —

“—— blue as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.”

Helen Whitman has given us a very beautiful as well as interesting and instructive picture of the flower visited by the bee, —

“Upon those soft-fringed lids the bee sits brooding
Like a fond lover, loth to say farewell,
Or with shut wing through silken folds intruding
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.”

This flower has interesting kindred in the curious closed gentian, the famous Alpine gentian blossoming on the snow-line of the Alps, and the brilliant cultivated species.

The blue fringed gentian is a favorite with artists and poets; Ruskin, Bryant, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and Helen Hunt Jackson are among those who have written of it. Its name perpetuates the memory of Gentius, a king of Illyria, who seventeen hundred years ago prized the tonic derived from the root.

But of all the tributes offered to this flower, that by William Cullen Bryant is the finest. He sees in the courageous little blossom, boldly, mid “frosts and shortening days,” lifting its cup serenely to the sky, a type of human steadfastness and courage, and says: —

“I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.”

22. TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night, --

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

23. THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

24. 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
When thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

—THOMAS MOORE.

25. FROM THE TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,
The world and they that dwell therein ;
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.



FROM THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the
firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto
night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their
voice is not heard.



THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim ;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

PART II.

1. BEES IN THE HIVE.

I.

It is a June morning, full of sunshine and perfume, of bird-songs and leafy whisperings. As we stand upon the porch of the large old farmhouse, waves of fragrance are borne to us from the white clover in the near meadow and from the lindens which border the driveway.

Humming-birds are flashing among the scarlet beans, and butterflies are airily hovering over the rose-bushes.

“Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten.”

And here, darting right into the throat of the climbing honeysuckle, comes a honey-bee. This is just the day which bees like, so I propose that we visit to-day one of their cities, — a curious city with streets and gates, but no pavements; with houses, but no windows or chimneys; with intense activity, but no excitement or discord.

The sagacious eye of the farmer has been watching the bees this morning, and he has been heard

to say, "They are going to swarm." Now let us watch.

Presently we see a great number of bees, led by one large, golden-hued bee, rushing from their hive toward an apple-tree, to whose lowest bough they cling, the upper row attached directly, the others clinging by their fore-feet to the hind-feet of those above. Twenty thousand may easily be thus grouped together, forming a black, pendent, swaying mass, yet attached so lightly that a bee can readily pass from the centre to the outside.

Were they left to themselves, they would fly away to some hollow tree and build a new home. But the farmer prevents this by placing an empty hive under the bough, gently shaking the latter, thus causing the bees to fall into the hive, after which he inverts it over the bee-stand and leaves the bees to themselves.

II.

Let us suppose we are able to watch the bees in the hives, making use of a glass hive which slides within a wooden one, so that we can surprise the bees at their work; for they will not work in the light, and always coat the glass with cement if they are given a windowed hive.

In a few minutes the bees have dispersed and have commenced work; we notice at once that there are three kinds of bees. A thousand or more

large, dark-colored male bees, with rounded bodies destitute of fully developed wings, wander aimlessly about, buzzing loudly. They are the drones whose duty it is to attend in her flights that large, golden, slender-bodied queen, or mother-bee, whose wings are so short, whose movements are so slow and stately, who seldom leaves the hive, and around whom other bees are now anxiously clustering. But nineteen-twentieths of the hive are composed of smaller bees, called workers, because they flit industriously about in and out of the hive, as busy as possible.

While some of the workers fly abroad in search of honey, others carefully search the inside of the hive for cracks. If they find any, they fly away to the poplars or hollyhocks, to gather a gum called propolis, with which they cement all such openings, for they are sensitive to light and draughts.

But most of the bees begin to hang in a cluster from the ceiling of the hive, just as they did from the apple-tree. Soon, one comes out and alights on the ceiling, where, pushing away its companions, it makes a space in which to work. Then it begins to pick with its fore-legs at the under side of its body, presently bringing a scale of wax from one of the eight tiny wax-pockets with which the golden corselet of our bee is furnished. Holding this scale in its claws, it bites it with its strong.

pointed upper jaws, which move horizontally and which are set with sharp, teeth-like scales. Then, moistening it with its tongue, it makes a paste which it draws out into a ribbon of wax and fastens to the ceiling. Having exhausted the eight pockets, it flies out of the hive to seek food; another bee, leaving the swarm, continues the work, others following, until a considerable amount of wax has been formed.

Meanwhile the honey-gatherers return, but finding no cells in which to store honey, they quietly cling to the others for several hours till they digest the honey, some of which oozes out from the scales on the under side of the body, forming wax.

III.

Now that the bees are equipped for work, they take their places, expanding and lengthening the lump of wax until it becomes a waxen wall six inches long, four inches wide, and one inch thick, hanging perpendicularly from the ceiling.

Then another set of bees, called the nursing bees, because they prepare the cells and guard the young, take up the work. One of these, standing on the ceiling, now forces its head horizontally into the wax, biting it out until it has made a small, round hollow, which it then leaves, passing on to make another, till one side of the waxen wall has been pierced full of these hollows, separated by small

spaces. Other bees enlarge them, as many as twenty working to complete one tube, until each is half an inch long and one-fourth of an inch wide, although some, designed for special uses, as for eggs and food, vary in size and form.

Then they enter the tubes and shape the walls, by squeezing them evenly from all sides, forming six-sided cells, nature having taught them that this is the shape that permits the greatest number in a given space, with the least use of wax. On the opposite side of the comb, as we must now call it, other bees, just as busy, have placed similar cells back to back with these, so that now the comb contains a double row of horizontal cells through which the bees have left an occasional cross-passage. Another comb, exactly parallel to the first, soon follows, a narrow lane separating the two.

Other bees have been gathering honey, each with its long, tongue-like proboscis, an extension of the underlip, not a tube as in other insects, but a slender, silken thread, fringed and protected by a double sheath, and terminating in a little fringed button admirably adapted to taking up honey. The honey is swallowed into the honey-bag, or first stomach, lying between the throat and true stomach, which is a tube opening by a valve into the intestine.

The bee has gathered also the bitter, yellow pollen dust, for its food is not to be all of sweets.

This it brushes from its body with its feet, brings to the mouth, moistens, and rolls into little balls. These are passed back from the first to the second and then to the third pair of legs, where they find, in a small, hairy groove, a nice little pollen-basket to lodge in.

Rising from the flower, the heavily laden bee looks around for some familiar landmark, and flies straight to the hive, making a "bee line." When near, the bee often fails to see the hive, dashing against it, from which it is inferred that the large, compound eyes, with their six-sided, heavily fringed facets, are better for distant than for near vision. The bee's slender, flexible antennæ, with their thirteen joints, are its chief reliance while working in the dark hive.

When our bee enters the hive, the nursing bees take the lumps of pollen and mix them with honey, making a dark, bitter substance called bee-bread, which they feed to the young bees or store away for winter, and which we sometimes find in the comb.

Then our bee goes to the edge of a clean cell and throws into it the honey from the honey-bag ; but so small is the amount that it must repeat its visits many times before it fills one cell.

IV.

And so the work goes on day after day, till most of the cells are filled, those needed for food being

left open, while those intended for winter are sealed. From offensive and poisonous flowers as well as fragrant and harmless ones the bees have gathered, implying that their senses of smell and taste are not acute.

The queen by this time has become very restless. She hovers about the hive and at last soars into the air, followed by all the drones, which form her body-guard wherever she goes. In about half an hour she returns, welcomed by all the workers, which gather closely around her, knowing that now she will remain in the hive, laying eggs.

Meanwhile, the nursing bees have prepared a mixture of bee-bread and honey which they put into the egg-cell, where, in two or three days, a tiny maggot or larva appears, which, in five or six more days, grows so fat in its honey-bath that it nearly fills the cell. Then the nurses seal up the cell with a scale of wax, leaving a tiny hole in the centre. Then the larva draws out from its under lip a silken, whitish thread, of which it spins for itself a cocoon, remaining quiet in this for ten days.

During this quiet period wonderful changes are taking place. It develops a body with three distinct parts, four gauzy wings, six legs with hooked and hairy feet, compound eyes, jointed antennæ, four palpi, or feelers, a coat of scales, a formidable string and poison-sac, and a curious breathing-apparatus, composed of tubes opening outward

from the sides of the body. At the age of twenty-one days it has an entirely new outfit, and comes out a perfect little bee, though dressed in a sober suit of light gray, which it will soon change for one of brown and gold. The nurses stroke the little bee's moist wings and feed it attentively for two days, when it is able to fly abroad.

But the ingenious workers have been building, on the edges of the combs, some round, thimble-shaped cells, in each of which, every third day, the queen has placed an egg. The nurses take the greatest care of these, for they are royal eggs from which queens are to come. They prepare for them a sweet, pungent jelly which greatly stimulates growth, so much so that if the hive is so unfortunate as to lose its queen before any of these eggs have been laid, a worker larva, placed by the anxious bees in a royal cell and fed with royal food, develops into a queen.

As soon as the princess is shut in, she too weaves a cocoon, but leaves it open at the top. Sixteen days after the egg is laid, the princess emerges.

But the old queen, knowing that there can be but one queen in a hive, has determined upon flight. On the first bright day several thousand drones and workers have clustered around, and soon all have taken their flight.

And now the young queen becomes uneasy too, flutters her wings, and utters a piping cry, to which

her next oldest sister responds. So the young queen follows the example of her mother, and the second or after-swarm departs.

If no more bees are disposed to swarm, the third queen now attacks each royal cocoon with her sting, piercing the opening and killing all her rivals, after which she reigns with undisputed authority.

The busy work of gathering and storing goes on till late autumn, when the workers, having stung all the drones, settle down for a winter's rest. It is then that we rob them, taking often thirty pounds from a hive without starving the inmates.

During all the rapid labors of the busy throngs, the bees have guarded against impure air by detailing a certain number to fan fresh air into the hive, keeping up a constant current.

Others have cleaned out the cells where the young bees lived. Any intruding snail or slug has been promptly stung and dragged out or entombed in the gummy propolis.

The work of building, storing, nursing, and purifying goes on till, in about eight months, the little worker's life is over, although the queen lives two years. But has it not done its share of work in the world? You now understand the expression "As busy as a bee"; for during the months when weary teacher and children are recuperating for another year's work, the bee works faithfully on, day after day.

2. A BEE-HUNT.

The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the Far West within but a moderate number of years.

The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farmhouse and the flower-garden, and to consider those busy little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest.

Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This, I found, was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were hum-

ming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet.

The hunters watched attentively the course which they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. At length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation.

Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown

color ; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid.

Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles to be conveyed to the encampment ; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the fall of this community ; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors.

These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore ; plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full-freighted to their homes.

As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them ; but crawled backwards and forwards in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

3. THE MIND OF THE SPIDER.

The writer of this thoughtful article, the son of Senator Washburn of Minnesota, is a deaf-mute.

The article was delivered by him on the occasion of his graduation from the National College for Deaf Mutes at Washington, D.C.

While he delivered it in sign-language to an audience composed in part of deaf-mutes, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, the distinguished president of the institution, stood at Mr. Washburn's side, on the platform, and read the article to those of the audience who could hear, but could not understand the sign-language. This is the usual way of conducting public exercises in institutions for deaf-mutes. All the exercises of this occasion, including the opening prayer as well as the benediction were given in both languages, so that all present knew what was said.

Strong prejudice is held against spiders, our close neighbors, seen almost everywhere. Without any doubt it is due to the facts, *first*, that they unfortunately do not appear in a way pleasant to the eyes, being hideous and disgusting; *second*, they move in such a plotting and creeping way as to create a hatred for them; *third*, they live by snares and plots, the idea of which only makes us abhor them still more; *fourth*, they scarcely meet their foes in the face, and they retreat when in the least danger of being attacked.

Now let us, in spite of all their bad elements, lay aside our prejudices, and make some careful

investigations into their faculties, that we may see whether their disposition does correspond to their appearance.

THE SPIDER'S SKILL IN STRATAGEMS.

In any damp apartment, such as a cellar, one's attention is attracted by one or more webs, geometrically constructed, and carelessly joined to the sides of the wall. The amount of dust that adheres to these webs tells at once their age. Undoubtedly the observer takes them for some deserted webs. But, on closer examination, he is perplexed to find that not only the smallest animal (an insect), but even the highest of the animals (man), who is endowed with the quality of judgment, is equally deceived by a tiny spider; for the designer of these webs is occupying an inconspicuous corner some inches further up. The webs were purposely constructed to ensnare her foes; but they deceive even man.

THE SPIDER'S QUICK PERCEPTIONS AND MOVEMENTS.

Should the observer have sufficient patience to spend a few hours here, his admiration for this creature will increase until he is obliged to regard it as a genius.

He will notice that the web is so constructed that every thread forming a part of it meets at

the corner which the spider occupies, and which shuts her out of view. No sooner is any of the threads slightly touched than she is at the spot where the disturbance originated. The spider is able to recognize which of the many threads is disturbed, without being able to see from her corner the cause of the vibration. There is reason to believe that it is the result of great sensitiveness connected with the spider's feeling.

Possibly the spider has learned, after much experience, to distinguish the vibrations produced by each thread of her web, when touched. Thus, the longest thread may produce the least number of vibrations; meanwhile the shortest one may produce the greatest number; in case the longest thread is touched at a point equal to the length of the shortest thread, the number of vibrations produced by the former will equal that of the latter, but the former thread may produce a peculiar sound as distinct from that made by the latter.

THE SPIDER'S ABILITY TO APPRECIATE THE ADVANTAGES OF THE PROPERTIES OF ITS SILKEN THREAD.

Several valuable observations have been noted concerning some rare habits of a spider imprisoned in a glass cage for the purpose. In one instance she had spun two parallel threads from one side of the cage to the opposite, making the space between the lines one inch wide.

Suppose a and b to represent the lines respectively. The spinning done, she hurried to the middle of line a , at which point a new line was fastened by the end. Having satisfied herself with this, she moved up the third side of the cage, still retaining the new line.

The most interesting part of her performance was now to be noted: when the line was carried to its full length, it was pulled a little, causing line a below to bend, on the same principle as a bow with its string and arrow. The line, which she held, stood at an angle of ten degrees with the third perpendicular side of the cage.

Next, the line was let go, and being newly spun and therefore still wet, it retained its elasticity, and sprang, sending its end obliquely downwards. Here the line lay on the floor of the cage, under the parallel lines a and b that were three inches above the floor.

Newly spun threads are naturally sticky. Well, here this line adhered to the parallel lines at the points where it touched them. The slow work ended finally with a firm bridge running across between the lines. That was due to the rare faculties of the spider, for she evidently recognized the advantages arising from the lightness and elasticity of the thread. The line sprang because of its elasticity, and it ascended because of its lightness.

THE SPIDER'S JUDGMENT.

To test the judgment of the spider, a fly, twice the size of the spider, was let into the cage. The spider seemed to recognize the strength of her foe; for the latter, when it got on its legs, whirled against the sides of the cage, and wholly destroyed the threads of the web with little difficulty. Now the spider saw that any further use of her silky thread would be of no avail; nevertheless, she stationed herself nearest to the struggling fly and hesitated there for a few moments.

She seemed to say to herself: "O that my silky thread were only thick and durable! What can I do toward capturing him? If I could only exhaust him; but I have no means to do it. My thread is about as good as nothing." Now she moved slowly to a corner and remained there quietly for a while.

It was noticed that the fly, instead of buzzing round and round inside the cage, flirted against a certain side repeatedly. This the spider must have perceived; for now she dashed from the corner and sped to the floor of the cage, on which was lying a piece of a thread thicker and more durable than her own. In fact, it was the remaining thread of a large spider that once occupied the cage.

The little spider hurried now up the side against which the fly was repeatedly whirling, carrying

this piece of waste thread. The thread was then suspended on this side, and the fly got entangled in it every time that he whirled against it. As often as he broke away, he got entangled in it again. And now his fate was not far off. His strength was at the point of giving way, as shown by the decrease of his resistance. At length the scene closed with the little spider rejoicing over her final victory.

What made her take up that waste thread? Why did she not use her own thread? Why did she suspend the thread on that certain side instead of elsewhere? The simple answer is, because she had judgment.

THE SPIDER'S KNOWLEDGE OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The idea of attempting to prove a spider's knowledge of natural philosophy by induction or inference might seem rather absurd; for to know that branch of science some intelligence is required; but it cannot be denied when observation itself has proved it.

If a body is pulled perpendicularly upward, its whole weight will evidently rest on this line. Again, if this same body is pulled obliquely, it is evident that only a part of the whole weight is felt. The farther from the vertical line the body is pulled, the less its weight will be felt. This

very fact has penetrated the mind of the spider. Very often spiders have met the difficulty of elevating bodies which demand more power to raise them than that possessed by a single spider, sometimes even more than that of an army of them.

A house-spider was once known to have raised a June-bug, several times her own weight, to a height of twelve inches. All through the work, the law of inclination was observed, all accomplished with the aid of only three lines.

To explain its work, let a , b , and c be the three lines. Let d represent the body to be elevated. The figure illustrating the process appears in the shape of a triangle, with its apex down; the left side is a , the right side b , the perpendicular c , and the apex is d . Now to elevate d to the desired height, lines a , b , and c are pulled repeatedly one after the other.

The perpendicular line does not help in raising the weight. Perhaps it is constructed that, in case either a or b is broken, it will assist in preventing the weight from dropping.

THE SPIDER'S CRUEL AND SELFISH NATURE.

Love is wholly unfamiliar to spiders. There is no instance of their showing feelings of love and kindness to each other. In fact, an insect other than of their own class seems no more of a stranger

to them than they themselves seem to each other. The absence of these qualities may account for their frequent attacks upon those belonging to the same class.

It has been argued by some naturalists that as it is in the case of cannibals, spider flesh has proved to be most delicious to spiders themselves. It is not of rare occurrence to see two spiders accidentally meeting each other. This meeting usually results in the death of one and the victory of the other. As a rule, the stronger attacks the weaker. They seem to depend upon size for their strength; as in a meeting the smaller is always sure to flee before his attacker shows any fight.

The fact that spiders have a liking for the flesh of insects of their own class has been proved by imprisoning a large-sized spider in a cage several days without food. At the end of this time two flies were thrown into the cage; the result was, the spider remained almost motionless, even when the flies risked themselves so far as to repose in the neighborhood of the spider's legs.

Next, a lean spider was substituted for the flies. Miraculously, the big fighter now regained its activity, and directed itself against the little thing. Of course the unfortunate little spider before long found itself reduced to a skeleton. This experiment proves that spiders have a preference for the flesh of their own class.

These experiments disclose to us facts concerning the faculties of the spider and its inventive power, which we usually never think of or care to know, as they concern animals inferior to us.

A distinguished engineer first conceived the possibility of constructing a suspension bridge ; but in reality, the fact was known to spiders long before him, and they were the first that suggested to him the possibility.

The spider has provided the astronomer with his measuring-line. Its web has enabled him to determine the distances of the heavenly bodies, as also their velocities around the sun.

When a spider accidentally comes in our way, before giving him a fatal blow, remember what his ancestors accomplished, and then ask which would be most serviceable to science, our crushing him, or our leaving him alone.

— CAD. L. WASHBURN.



I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine
sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

— COWPER.

4. THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider, in one corner of my room, making its web, and, though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, con-

trary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and Nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely for-

saken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore, I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner, then, is to wait

patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



5. THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

I.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum* — a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the

black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war — the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer, or die!" In the meanwhile, there came

along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.

Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

II.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord

history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns, as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow,

still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour or more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hôtel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door.

—HENRY D. THOREAU.



6. THE NIGHTINGALE.

The famed nightingale, *Luscinia Philomela*, is unknown in America, but in England and throughout Europe it is deemed the prince of singers. In the evening, after most of Nature's sounds are hushed, the nightingale begins its song, and sings, with little rest, all the night. It rarely sings by day, and those kept in cages are often covered with a cloth to make them sing. It is very shy;

professed naturalists know but little of its habits. Mudie says, "I watched them carefully for more than five years in a place where they were very abundant, and at the end of that time I was about as wise as at the beginning."

The nightingale begins to sing in England in April. Its music is loudest and most constant when it first comes, for then the males are singing in earnest rivalry to attract their mates. When the female has once made her choice, her male becomes very much attached to her, and, if she should be captured, pines and dies. But his song grows less, and after the eggs are hatched ceases altogether. The bird-catchers try to secure the singers during the first week, for then by proper care they may be made to sing a long time.

The listener is astonished to hear a volume of sounds so rich and full proceed from the throat of so small a bird. Besides its strength, its delightful variety and exquisite harmony make its music most admirable. Sometimes it dwells on a few mournful notes, which begin softly, swell to its full power, and then die away. Sometimes it gives in quick succession a series of sharp, ringing tones, which it ends with the ascending notes of a rising chord. The birds which are free do not sing after midsummer, while those which are caged sing until November, or even until February. The young birds need to be under training of some

older one, and will often surpass their teacher; few become first-rate.

The nest of the nightingale is not built in the branches, or in a hole, or hanging in the air, or quite on the ground, but is very near it. It is not easily found unless the movements of the bird betray it. The materials are straw, grass, little sticks, dried leaves, all jumbled together with so little art that one can hardly see it when it is right before him. If the same materials were seen anywhere else, they would seem to have been blown together by the wind, and stopped just there by a fork in the branches. There are four or five smooth olive-brown eggs. The bird is about six inches long, and weighs three-quarters of an ounce. Its colors are dark brown above and grayish white below.

Izaak Walton says: "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of the little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest such music on earth!'"

—S. H. PEABODY.

7. THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW- WORM.

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite,
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn-top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :

“ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“ As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For ’twas the self-same Power Divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,

Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern, —
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim, —
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

—WILLIAM COWPER.



8. THE BOBOLINK.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincoln, or bobolink as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and

to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begin the parching and panting and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweetbrier and the wildrose; the meadows are enamelled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing,

and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate, always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all Nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a schoolroom.

It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:—

“Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

“Oh, could I fly, I’d fly with thee!
We’d make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o’er the globe,
Companions of the spring.”

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my young readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he, in a manner, devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury. The very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and would pause to listen to his strain.

But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common, vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a *bon vivant*, a *gourmand*: with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and

grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblincoln no more, he is the reed-bird now, the much-sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvanian epicures, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty fire-lock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous rice-bird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on some southern table.

Such is the story of the bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to such a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

—FROM IRVING'S "BIRDS OF SPRING."

9. LINES TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end.
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



10. THE BLUEBIRD.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging:
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary:
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat—
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying:

“Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer—
Summer is coming! and *spring-time* is here!

“Little white snowdrop ! I pray you, arise ;
Bright yellow crocus ! come, open your eyes ;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ? —
Summer is coming ! and *spring-time* is here !”

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



11. THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep :
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays ;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

— CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve, and wonder.

12. MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

The chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between them is the use of implements. When the savage provides himself with a hut or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

But the man cannot make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an axe even before he can cut down a tree for its timber; whereas, these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plough; nor can he reap what he has sown till he has shaped an implement with

which to cut down his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Now for the second distinction. Man, in all his operations, makes mistakes; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting on a twig lamenting over her half-finished nest and puzzling her little head to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a beehive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe anything like a discussion in the little community, as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects?

The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug.

Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; and must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to anything like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes and begins to profit by his lessons.

The third distinction is that animals make no improvements; while the knowledge, and skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of man.

But man having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

"When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;
'Mid falling spheres, immortal man shall live."

— JANE TAYLOR.

PART III.

1. KING ALFRED.

I.

Alfred the Great was a young man three-and-twenty years of age when he became king of England, 871 A.D. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on pilgrimages; and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning was so little cared for in his time that, at twelve years old, he had not been taught to read, although, of the four sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite.

But, like most great and good men, he had an excellent mother; and one day this queen, whose name was Osburga, happened to read to her sons a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period; and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated" with beautiful bright letters, richly painted.

The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read." The older princes loved hunting

better than studying; but Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended that they had taken a very solemn oath in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were to be buried with them when they died. But they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, as soon as it suited their purpose, and of coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual.

One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, the Danes spread themselves in great numbers over England, and so routed the king's soldiers that Alfred was obliged to flee, and, disguised as a common peasant, to take refuge in the cottage of one of his herdsmen, who did not know him.

King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left one day, by the herdsman's wife, to watch some cakes which she put upon the hearth to bake. But being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor, unhappy subjects,

whom the Danes chased through the land, he forgot the cakes, and they were burnt.

“What!” said the herdsman’s wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, “You will be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!”

At length the Devonshire men made head against a new host of invading Danes, killed the Danish chief, and captured the famous raven-banner. The loss of this standard troubled the Danes greatly; for they believed it to be enchanted—woven by the three daughters of their king in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves, that when they were victorious in battle, the raven stretched his wings, and seemed to fly; and when they were defeated, he would droop.

He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in

the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline — everything that he desired to know.

II.

Right soon did Alfred entertain them with a different tune ; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them for fourteen days, to prevent their escape.

But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace — on condition that they should depart from the western part of England, and settle in the eastern ; and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to spare the conquered.

This Guthrum did. And he was an honorable chief, who well deserved clemency ; for ever afterward he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered and burned no more, but ploughed and sowed and reaped, and led honest lives.

The Danes were not all like these under Guthrum ; after some years, more of them came over in the old plundering and burning way, among them

a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend with eighty ships.

Then for three years there was war; and there was a famine in the country, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships with which to pursue the pirates; and he encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was rest for England and her king.

As great and good in peace as in war, King Alfred labored unceasingly to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him. He had studied Latin; and now one of his labors was to translate Latin books into the Saxon tongue, that his people might be enabled to read them.

He made just laws, that his subjects might be freer and happier; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done; and he was careful of the property of his people. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier than he found it.

That he might divide his time exactly — there

were no clocks or watches then — he had wax torches or candles made, all of the same size, and notched across at regular distances, and these he so used, that, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock.

But it was found that draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, caused the candles to burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

All this time he was afflicted with a terrible, unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it bravely, as he had borne all the troubles of his life. He died in the year 901; but, long ago as that is, his fame and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present day.

“What he aimed at,” says the historian, “was simply the education of his people. But, simple as was his aim, he created English literature. Before his time, England possessed in her own tongue one great poem, the song of Cædmon, and a train of ballads and battle-songs. Prose she had none. The mighty roll of books that now fill her libraries begins with the translations of Alfred, and, above all, with the Chronicles of his reign.

“The writer of English history may be pardoned if he lingers too fondly over the figure of the king in whose court, at whose impulse, it may be in whose very words, English history begins.”

— CHARLES DICKENS.



2. THE FATE OF THE INDIANS.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all are here; and when the tiger strife was over here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great

Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the Universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of Nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the

theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

—♦—

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way.

—POPE.

3. THE THIRTEEN COLONIES.

The thirteen original colonies — “The Old Thirteen,” as they were often called — were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. All the rest of the present States were made from these, or from territory added to these. The history of our country down to the Revolution is, therefore, the history of these thirteen colonies.

Each of the thirteen had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them were founded by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony.

Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinctions of rank existed. Two of them — Pennsylvania and Maryland — had each a single proprietor, who owned the whole soil. New York had its “patroons,” or large landholders, with tenants under them.

Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecutions in Europe. Yet one of

them — Rhode Island — was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony ; and another — Maryland — was founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments, some had royal governments without charters, and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

They were all alike in some things, however much they differed in others. They all had something of local self-government ; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen. Finally, they all grew gradually discontented with the British Government, because they thought themselves ill-treated. This discontent made them at last separate themselves from England, and form a complete union with one another. But this was not accomplished without a war—the war commonly called the American Revolution.

When the troubles began, most of the people supposed themselves to be very loyal, and they were ready to shout, “God save King George !” Even after they had raised armies, and had begun to fight, the Continental Congress said, “We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States.”

They would have been perfectly satisfied to go on as they were, if the British Government had only treated them in a manner they thought just; that is, if Great Britain either had not taxed them, or had let them send representatives to Parliament in return for paying taxes.

This wish was considered perfectly reasonable by many of the wisest Englishmen of the day. But King George III. and his advisers would not consent; and so they lost not only the opportunity of taxing the American colonies, but finally the colonies themselves.

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.



4. TEA PARTIES IN OLD TIMES.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings called tea-parties.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies which have since become so fashionable,

I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag; how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card-table.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier than the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, moldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned

with a huge, earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs, — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd

old lady, which was, to suspend a lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties, the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting — no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones — no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present; if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

5. AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with

those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it?

Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done

to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight! — I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the

means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they

have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death !

—PATRICK HENRY.



6. WHO WAS HE ?

The minute-man of the Revolution ! He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Hayes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man !" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell, mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls ; I have three left."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution !

—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

7. THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north, and south, and east, and west, throughout the land.

It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleaped the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next, it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards, and onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

“For God’s sake, forward it by night and by day,” wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and dispatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live-oaks, still farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the “loud call” might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment “Lexington.”

With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other “to be ready for the extreme event.” With one heart the continent cried, “LIBERTY OR DEATH!”

— GEORGE BANCROFT.



8. WARREN'S ADDRESS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
See it in yon bristling steel!
 Ask it, ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! — they're afire!
 And, before you, — see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may: and die we must:
But, oh! where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell?

— JOHN PIERPONT.

9. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

General Washington was exactly six feet in height ; he appeared taller, as his shoulders rose a little higher than the true proportion. His eyes were of a gray and his hair of a brown color. His limbs were well formed, and indicated strength. His complexion was light, and his countenance serene and thoughtful. His manners were graceful, manly, and dignified. His general appearance never failed to engage the respect and esteem of all who approached him.

Possessing strong natural passions and having the nicest feelings of honor, he was in early life prone keenly to resent practices which carried the intention of abuse and insult ; but the reflections of maturer age gave him the most perfect government of himself. He possessed the faculty, above all other men, to hide the weaknesses inseparable from human nature, and he bore with meekness and equanimity his distinguished honors.

Reserved but not haughty in his disposition, he was accessible to all in concerns of business, but he opened himself only to his confidential friends ; and no art or address could draw from him an opinion which he thought prudent to conceal. He was not so much distinguished for brilliancy of genius as for solidity of judgment and consummate

prudence of conduct. He was not so eminent for any one quality of greatness and worth as for the union of those great, amiable, and good qualities which are very rarely combined in the same character.

His maxims were formed upon the result of mature reflection or extensive experience; they were the invariable rules of his practice; and on all important instances he seemed to have an intuitive view of what the occasion rendered fit and proper. He pursued his purpose with a resolution which — one solitary moment excepted — never failed him.

Alive to social pleasures, he delighted to enter into familiar conversation with his acquaintance, and was sometimes sportive in his letters to his friends; but he never lost sight of the dignity of his character, nor deviated from the decorous and appropriate behavior becoming his station in society.

He commanded from all the most respectful attention, and no man in his company ever fell into light or lewd conversation. His style of living corresponded with his wealth; but his extensive establishment was managed with the strictest economy, and he ever reserved ample funds liberally to promote schemes of private benevolence and works of public utility. Punctual himself to every engagement, he exacted from others a strict fulfillment of contracts; but to the necessitous he

was diffusive in his charities, and he greatly assisted the poorer classes of people in his vicinity by furnishing them with means successfully to prosecute plans of industry.

— AARON BANCROFT.



10. THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The task upon which he entered here was infinitely greater than that which he undertook when, fourteen years before, he drew his sword under the elm at Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the Continental army. To lead a people in revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without a crime, demands, indeed, lofty genius and unbending virtue.

But to build their State, amid the angry conflict of passion, prejudice, and unreasonable apprehension, the incredulity of many and the grave doubt of all; to organize for them and peacefully to inaugurate a complete and satisfactory government, is the greatest service that man can render to mankind. This, also, is the glory of Washington. The power of his personal character, the penetrating foresight and the wisdom of his judgment in composing the myriad elements that threatened to overwhelm the mighty undertaking, are all unparalleled.

His countrymen are charged with fond idolatry of his memory, and his greatness is pleasantly depreciated as a mythological exaggeration. But no church ever canonized a saint more worthily than he is canonized by the natural affection; and to no ancient hero, benefactor, or law-giver, were divine honors so justly decreed, as to Washington the homage of the world.

With the sure sagacity of a leader of men, he at once selected for the highest and most responsible stations the three chief Americans who represented the three forces in the nation which alone could command success in the institution of the government. Hamilton was the head, Jefferson was the heart, and John Jay was the conscience. Washington's just and serene ascendancy was the lambent flame in which these beneficent powers were fused, and nothing less than that ascendancy could have directed the storm that burst around him.

Suddenly the French Revolution — the ghastly spectre rising from delirium and despair, the avenging fury of intolerable oppression, at once hopeful and heart-rending — seized modern civilization, shook Europe to the centre, divided the sympathy of America, and, as the child of liberty, appealed to Washington; but the great soul, amid battle and defeat and long retreat and the sinking heart of a people, undismayed, was not appalled by the convulsion of the world.

Amid the uproar of Christendom, he knew liberty too well to be deluded by its mad pretence. Without a beacon, without a chart, but with an unwavering eye and a steady hand, he guided his country safe through darkness and through storm. In the angry shock of domestic parties "there is but one character which keeps them in awe," wrote Edmund Randolph.

"The foundations of the moral world," said a wise teacher in Oxford University, bidding young Englishmen mark the matchless man, — "the foundations of the moral world were shaken, but not the understanding of Washington." He held his steadfast way, like the sun across the firmament, giving life and health and strength to the new nation, and, upon a searching survey of his administration, which established the fundamental principles of American policy in every department, there is no great act which his country would annul, no word spoken, no line written, which justice would reverse or wisdom deplore.

Elsewhere in bronze and marble, and upon glowing canvas, genius has delighted to invest with the immortality of art the best-loved and most familiar of American figures. The engineer of the Virginia wilderness, the leader of the Revolution, the President, the man, are known to all men: they are everywhere beheld and revered. But here, at last, upon the scene of the crowning event of his life,

and of his country's life — here in the throbbing heart of this great city, we raise this calm and admonishing form.

Its majestic repose shall charm and subdue the multitudinous life that heaves and murmurs around it, and as the moon draws the swaying tides of ocean, its lofty serenity shall lift the hurrying crowd to unselfish thoughts, to generous patriotism, to a nobler life. Here descended upon our fathers the benediction of the personal presence of Washington. Here may the moral grandeur of his character and his life inspire our children's children forever!

—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



11. ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Fellow-soldiers: The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free or slaves; whether they are to have any property that they can call their own; and whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them.

The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most

abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die! Our own, our country's honor calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and, if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world.

Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.

Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman, contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth. Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake: upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, our children, and our parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember that they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of

works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours! Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.



12. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Go with me to Philadelphia, as she was a hundred years ago. Observe and watch the movements, listen attentively to the words, look steadfastly at the countenances, of the men who compose the little Congress assembled there. Braver, wiser, nobler men have never been gathered and grouped under a single roof, in any age, on any soil beneath the sun. What are they doing? What are they daring? Who are they, thus to do, and thus to dare?

Single out with me, as you easily will at the first glance, by a presence and a stature not easily overlooked or mistaken, the young, ardent, accomplished Jefferson. He is just thirty-three years of age. Charming in conversation, ready and full in counsel, he is "slow of tongue," like the great lawgiver of the Israelites, for any public discussion or formal discourse. But he has brought with him the reputation of wielding what John Adams well called "a masterly pen." And grandly has he

justified that reputation. Grandly has he employed that pen already in drafting a paper which is at this moment lying on the table, and awaiting its final signature and sanction.

Three weeks before, indeed, — on the previous 7th of June, — his own noble colleague, Richard Henry Lee, had moved the resolution, whose adoption on the 2d of July had virtually settled the whole question. Nothing, certainly, more explicit or emphatic could have been wanted for that Congress itself than that resolution, setting forth as it did, in language of striking simplicity and brevity and dignity, “That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.”

But the form in which that resolution was to be announced and proclaimed to the people of the colonies, and the reasons by which it was to be justified before the world, were at that time of intense interest and of momentous importance. No graver responsibility was ever devolved upon a young man of thirty-three, if, indeed, upon any man of any age, than that of preparing such a paper.

As often as I have examined the original draft of that paper, still extant in the archives of the

State Department at Washington, and have observed how very few changes were made, or even suggested, by the illustrious men associated with its author in its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvellous a composition, of its kind and for its purpose, as the annals of mankind can show.

This declaration goes forth to the American people with no individual responsibility save in the signature of John Hancock, President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary. Was there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man, than this which was won and worn by John Hancock a hundred years ago? Not altogether a great man; not without some grave defects of character; — we remember nothing save his presidency of the Congress of the Declaration, and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta.

Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place — the very same chair in which Washington was to sit, eleven years later, as president of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair, emblazoned on the back of which Franklin was to descry “a rising, and not a setting sun,” when that Constitution had been finally adopted — behold him, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his own head, sitting there in

all the calm composure and dignity that so peculiarly characterized him.

He had chanced to come on to the Congress during the previous year, just as Peyton Randolph had been compelled to relinquish his seat and go home — returning only to die; and, having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him, and with the ready good-humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms, and placed him in the presidential chair; then, turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed: “We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation.”

Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The declaration is adopted. It is already late in the evening, and all formal promulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days, the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the old bell in the cupola over his head, proclaiming liberty to all mankind, and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes. Meantime, for him, however, a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The paper is before him. You may see

the very table on which it was laid, and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now.

He dips his pen, and with an untrembling hand proceeds to execute a signature, which would seem to have been studied in the schools and practised in the counting-room, and shaped and modelled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood, until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable "as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades."

— ROBERT C. WINTHROP.



13. DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Fellow-citizens: Let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions — the dear purchase of our fathers — are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

Our fathers, from behind, admonish us with their anxious paternal voices: posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future: the world turns hither its solicitous eyes: all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully, in the relation which we sus-

tain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us ; but, by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and leave it unimpaired to our children.

Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry ; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us ; and the skies, over our heads, shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas and skies to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture ? and how can these be enjoyed in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government ?

Fellow-citizens : There is not one of us here present who does not at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty and of these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing : let us feel it deeply and powerfully : let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it.

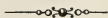
The blood of our fathers, — let it not have been

shed in vain : the great hope of posterity, — let it not be blasted.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free, representative governments ; by entire religious liberty ; by improved systems of national intercourse ; by a newly awakened and an unquenchable spirit of free inquiry ; and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been, before, altogether unknown and unheard of.

America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests ! If they fall, we fall with them : if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of others to our own ; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.



14. THE CONSTITUTION.

Great were the thoughts, and strong the minds
Of those who framed in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad Empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
In solemn trust the sword of power
Was given to glory's spotless son.

The noble race is gone ; the suns
Of sixty years have risen and set ;
But the bright links, those chosen ones
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide as our own free race increase —
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace
State after State, — a mighty train.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



15. HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night, —
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry, and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns : the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guard of Loves and Graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found ?
Art thou a man ? a patriot ? — look around :
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

— JAMES MONTGOMERY.



'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

— JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

16. THE FRUITS OF LIBERTY.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day: he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. The remedy is, to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

—THOMAS B. MACAULAY.



17. THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

I.

Here are old trees—tall oaks and gnarled pines—
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the
ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring
up

Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and
winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades —
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

II.

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy
brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling.

Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from
Heaven.

Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,

Have forged thy chain ; yet while he deems thee
bound,

The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

III.

The birthright was not given by human hands ;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou, by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge.

Tyranny himself,

Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

IV.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feeble age ;

Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee.

He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on
thread,
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.

V.

O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, or lay by
Thy sword; not yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou
rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

18. THE NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT.

Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. The political, then, is man's natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and the only one in which his race can exist and all his faculties be fully developed.

It follows that even the worst form of government is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy from within or destruction from without.

Just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty becomes extinct.

So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it

was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater.

—JOHN C. CALHOUN.



19. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE HISTORICAL LESSON OF THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA.

One righteous word for Law — the common will ;
One living truth of Faith — God regnant still ;
One primal test of Freedom — all combined ;
One sacred Revolution — change of mind ;
One trust unfailing for the night and need —
The tyrant flower shall cast the freedom-seed.

So held they firm, the Fathers aye to be,
From home to Holland, Holland to the sea ;
Pilgrims for manhood, in their little ship,
Hope in each heart and prayer on every lip.
They could not live by king-made codes and creeds ;
They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.
Protesting, not rebelling ; scorned and banned ;
Through pains and prisons harried from the land,
Through double exile — till at last they stand
Apart from all, — unique, unworldly, true,
Selected grain to sow the earth anew ;
A winnowed, a saving remnant, they ;
Dreamers who work — adventurers who pray !

What vision led them? Can we test their prayers?
Who knows they saw no empire in the West?
The later Puritans sought land and gold,
And all the treasurers that the Spaniards told;
What line divides the Pilgrim from the rest?

We know them by the exile that was theirs;
Their justice, faith, and fortitude attest;
And those long years in Holland, when their band
Sought humble living in a stranger's land.
They saw their England covered with a weed
Of flaunting lordship both in court and creed.
With helpless hands they watched the error grow,
Pride on the top and impotence below;
Indulgent nobles, privileged and strong,
A haughty crew to whom all rights belong;
The bishops arrogant, the courts impure,
The rich conspirators against the poor;
The peasant scorned, the artisan despised,
The all-supporting workers lowest prized,
They marked those evils deepen year by year;
The pensions grow, the freeholds disappear,
Till England meant but monarch, prelate, peer.

At last the conquest! Now they know the word;
The Saxon tenant, and the Norman lord!
No longer Merrie England; now it meant
The payers and the takers of the rent;
And rent exacted not from lands alone —
All rights and hopes must centre in the throne;

Law-tithes for prayer — their souls were not their
own !

Then o'er the brim the bitter waters welled ;
The mind protested and the soul rebelled.
A few brave exiles from their country go ;
A few strong souls whose rich affections cling,
Though cursed by clerics, hunted by the king,
Their last sad vision on the Grimsby strand
Their wives and children kneeling on the sand.

Then twelve slow years in Holland — changing
years,
Strange ways of life ; strange voices in their ears ;
The growing children learning foreign speech ;
And growing too within the heart of each
A thought of further exile — of a home
In some far land — a home for life and death
By their hands built, in equity and faith.

And then the preparation — the heart-beat
Of way-farers, who may not rest their feet,
Who stayed in Leyden — their pastor's blessing —
The farewells of some — then the sea's wide blue !
“ They sailed,” writ one, “ and as they sailed they
knew
That they were Pilgrims ! ”

On the wintry main
God flings their lives as farmers scatter grain.

His tempests swerve to spare the fragile boat ;
Before his prompting terrors disappear ;
He points the way while patient seamen steer ;
Till port is reached, nor North nor South but
Here !

Here where the shore was rugged as the waves,
Where frozen nature dumb and leafless lay,
And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
Was spread the symbol of the life that saves ;
To conquer first the outer things ; to make
Their own advantage, unallied, unbound ;
Their blood the mortar, building from the ground,
Their cares the statutes, making all anew ;
To learn to trust the many, not the few.
To bend the mind to discipline ; to break
The bonds of old convention, and forget
The claims and barriers of class ; to face
A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
And conquer both to friendship by the debt
That nature pays to justice, love, and toil.
Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men —
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
A new world reached, and raised an old world link.
When English hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,

Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake !
Here struck the seed — the Pilgrim's roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all the people equal franchised met ;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown,
Where human breath blew all the idols down ;
Where crests were nought, where vulture flags were
 furled,
And common men began to own the world !

All praise to others of the vanguard then !
To Spain, to France, to Baltimore, and Penn ;
To Jesuit, Quaker, Puritan, and priest ;
Their toils be crowned, their honors be increased !
We slight no true devotion, steal no fame
From other shrines to gild the Pilgrim's name.
As time selects, we judge their treasures heaped ;
Their deep foundations laid ; their harvests reaped ;
Their primal mode of liberty ; their rules
Of civil right ; their churches, courts, and schools ;
Their freedom's very secret here laid down —
The spring of government is the little town !
They knew that streams must follow to a spring ;
And no stream flows from township to a king.

Give praise to others, early come or late,
For love and labor on our ship of state ;
But this must stand above all fame and zeal,
The Pilgrim fathers laid the ribs and keel.

On their strong lines we base our social health —
The man, — the home, — the commonwealth !

Unconscious builders ? Yea ; the conscious fail !
Design is impotent of nature's frown ;
No deathless pile has grown from intellect,
Immortal things have God for architect,
And men are but the granite he lays down.
Unconscious ? Yea ! they thought it might avail
To build a gloomy creed about their lives,
To shut out all dissent ; but nought survives
Of their poor structure ; and we know to-day
Their mission was less pastoral than lay —
More nation-seed than gospel-seed were they !

The faith was theirs ; the time had other needs.
The salt they bore must sweeten worldly deeds.
There was a meaning in the very wind
That blew them here so few, so poor, so strong,
To grapple concrete work, not abstract wrong.
Their saintly Robinson was left behind
To teach by gentle memory ; to shame
The bigot spirit, and the word of blame ;
To write dear mercy in the Pilgrim's law ;
To lead to that wide faith his soul foresaw, —
That no rejected race in darkness dwells ;
There are no Gentiles, but they make themselves,
That men are one of blood and one of spirit ;
That one is as the whole, and all inherit !

On all the story of a life or race
The blessing of a good man leaves its trace.
Their pastor's word at Leyden here sufficed :
“ But follow me as I have followed Christ ! ”
And, “ I believe there is more truth to come ! ”
O gentle soul, what future age shall sum
The sweet incentive of thy tender word ?
Thy sigh to hear of conquest by the sword ;
“ How happy to convert and not to slay ! ”
When valiant Standish killed the chief at bay.
To such as thee the Fathers owe their fame ;
The nation owes a temple to thy name.
Thy teachings made the Pilgrims kindly, free, —
All that the later Puritans should be.
Thy pious instinct marks their destiny.
Thy love won more than force or arts adroit —
It writ and kept the deed with Massasoit ;
It earned the welcome Samoset expressed ;
It lived again in Eliot's loving breast ;
It filled the compact which the Pilgrims signed —
Immortal scroll ! the first where men combined
From one deep lake of common blood to draw
All rulers, rights, and potencies of law.

When waves of ages have their motives spent,
Thy sermon preaches in this monument.
Where Virtue, Courage, Law, and Learning sit ;
Calm Faith above them grasping Holy Writ ;
While hand upraised o'er beauteous, trusting eyes,

And pleading finger pointing to the skies.
The past is theirs — the future ours ; and we
Must learn and teach. Oh, may our record be
Like theirs, a glory symbolled in a stone,
To speak, as this speaks, of our labors done.
They had no model ; but they left us one.

Severe they were : but let him cast the stone
Who Christ's dear love dare measure with his own.
Their strict professions were not cant nor pride ;
Who calls them narrow, let his soul be wide.
Austere, exclusive — ay, but with their faults
Their golden probity mankind exalts.
They never lied in practice, peace, or strife ;
They were no hypocrites : their faith was clear.
They feared too much some sins men ought to fear ;
The lordly arrogance and avarice,
And vain frivolity's besotting vice ;
The stern enthusiasm of their life
Impelled too far, and weighed poor nature down ;
They missed God's smile, perhaps to watch his
frown.

But he who digs for faults shall resurrect
Their manly virtues born of self-respect.
How sum their merits ? They were true and brave ;
They broke no compact, and they owned no slave ;
They had no servile order, no dumb throat ;
They trusted first the universal vote ;
The first were they to practise and instil

The rule of law, and not the rule of will ;
They lived one noble test ; who would be freed
Must give up all to follow duty's lead.
They made no revolution based on blows,
But taught one truth that all the planet knows,
That all men think of, looking on a throne,
The people may be trusted with their own.
In every land wherever might holds sway
The Pilgrim's leaven is at work to-day.
The Mayflower's cabin was the chosen womb
Of light predestined for the nation's gloom.
God grant that those who tried the sacred flame
May worthy prove of their forefathers' name !
More light has come — more dangers, too, perplex ;
New prides, new greeds, our high condition vex ;
The fathers fled from feudal lords, and made
A freehold state : may we not retrograde
To lucre — lords and hierarchs of trade.
May we, as they did, teach in court and school,
There must be classes, but no class shall rule ;
The sea is sweet, and rots not like the pool,
Though vast the token of our future glory,
Though tongue of man hath told not such a story —
Surpassing Plato's dream, More's phantasy — still
we
Have no new principles to keep us free.
As nature works with changeless grain on grain,
The truths the fathers taught we need again.
Depart from this, though we may crowd our shelves

With codes and precepts for each lapse and flaw
And patch our moral leaks with statute law,
We cannot be protected from ourselves.
Still must we keep in every stroke and vote
The law of conscience that the Pilgrims wrote.
Our seal their secret ; Liberty can be ;
'The State is freedom if the Town is free.
The death of nations in their work began ;
They sowed the seed of federated man.
Dead nations were but robber-holds ; and we
The first battalion of humanity !
All living nations, while our eagles shine,
One after one shall swing into our line ;
Our free-born heritage shall be the guide
And bloodless order of their regicide ;
The sea shall join, not limit ; mountains stand
Dividing farm from farm, not land from land.

Oh, people's voice ! when farthest thrones shall hear,
When teachers own, when thoughtful rabbis know,
When artist minds in world-wide symbol show,
When serfs and soldiers their mute faces raise,
When priests on grand cathedral altars praise,
When pride and arrogance shall disappear,
The Pilgrim's Vision is accomplished here.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

20. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects before us. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured — bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterwards — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

PART IV.

1. CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

What are children? Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract everybody's attention, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered:—

What are children?

To which you reply at once without any sort of hesitation, perhaps, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined"; or "Men are but children of a larger growth"; or, peradventure, "The child is father of the man." And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having "plucked out the heart of the mys-

tery," and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths.

Among the children who are now playing together, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters ; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age, but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future, — the mothers of nations, — you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim,

the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and another world,—*and all playing together! Men are but children of a larger growth.*

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The kingdom of heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed! Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, each with a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it!

Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops! They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings!

If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment, we should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with

consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery, — a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery!

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies, nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for along the edge of the precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the seashore. They abound, not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare.

— JOHN NEAL.



2. A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY.

Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;

The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, and day is done —
How hast thou spent it, — restless one?

Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired — but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.

If thine open hand hath relieved distress —
If thy pity had sprung to wretchedness —
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence —

If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently —
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove —
If never a sad, low spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard —
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow ;
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

— N. P. WILLIS.



3. CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

At a rich merchant's house, there was a children's party ; and the children of rich and great people were there. The merchant was a learned man ; for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination. His father had been a cattle dealer, but always honest and industrious ; so that he had made money, and his son the merchant had managed to increase his store.

Clever as he was, he had also a heart ; but there was less said of his heart than of his money. All descriptions of people visited at the merchant's house, well-born as well as intellectual, and some who possessed neither of these recommendations.

Now it was a children's party ; and there was

children's prattle, which always is spoken freely from the heart. Among them was a beautiful little girl, who was terribly proud; but this had been taught her by the servants, and not by her parents, who were far too sensible people.

Her father was groom of the Chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said; now she might just as well have been a child of the cellar, for no one can help his birth; and then she told the other children that she was well-born, and said that no one who was not well-born could rise in the world. It was no use to read and be industrious, for if a person was not well-born he could never achieve anything.

"And those whose names end with 'sen,'" said she, "can never be anything at all. We must put our arms akimbo, and make the elbows quite pointed, so as to keep these 'sen' people at a great distance." And then she stuck out her pretty little arms, and made the elbows quite pointed, to show how it was to be done; and her little arms were very pretty, for she was a sweet-looking child.

But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her father's name was Petersen, and she knew that the name ended in "sen"; and therefore she said as proudly as she could, "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars'

worth of bonbons, and give them away to children. Can your papa do that?"

"Yes; and my papa," said the little daughter of the editor of a paper, "my papa can put your papa and everybody's papa into the newspaper. All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for he can do as he likes with the paper." And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as if she had been a real princess, who may be expected to look proud.

But outside the door, which stood ajar, was a poor boy, peeping through the crack of the door. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the well-dressed children, who were having such a merry time within; and for him that was a great deal.

"Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he; and then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make him more unhappy. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write in one; and worse than all, his father's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen," and therefore he could never turn out well, which was a very sad thought. And this is what happened on that evening.

Many years passed, and most of the children became grown-up persons. There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of beautiful and valuable objects. Everybody wished to see it, and people even came in from the country round to be permitted to view the treasures it contained.

Which of the children whose prattle we have described, could call this house his own? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no; it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door.

He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen," — for it was Thorwaldsen.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

4. CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood, —

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



5. ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night !
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain ;
Take them, and give me my childhood again !
I have grown weary of dust and decay, —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;
Weary of sowing for others to reap ;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !

Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between ;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep ; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;
No other worship abides and endures —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours ;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep ; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old ;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;
For, with its sunny-edged shadows, once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song ;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never, hereafter, to wake or to weep ; —
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

— ELIZABETH A. ALLEN.



6. LEARNING BY OBSERVING.

The great use of a school education is not so much to teach you things, as to teach you how to learn,—to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

You know as well as I how one boy will sit staring at his book for an hour, without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour ; and why ? Because one has actually *not seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other has simply, as we say, “looked sharp.” He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind,

seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

Therefore I say that everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning ; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about us, and especially of natural history : to be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new, — which is observation ; to be quick at seeing when things are like and when unlike, — which is classification. All that must, and I well know does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen.

When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called "Evenings at Home," in which was a great story, called "Eyes and No Eyes"; and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins : —

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull ; he hardly saw a single person. He would rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?"

Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that Robert would rather walk alone, and so went on.

Presently in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago,—frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey-jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, a pair of low shoes which always came off if stepped into heavy ground; and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a pewit, because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and wet he got; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting; and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one; and then he went on and saw twenty things more; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it

turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way: "So it is: one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

"While many a vacant, thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

And when I read that story, as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

Ah! my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant,

useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually tempted to sin and shame and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves and helping themselves forward in life; then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



7. HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

I.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

II.

Haste not;—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed:
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not;—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

III.

Rest not ; — life is sweeping by,
Do and dare, before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away !

IV.

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
Duty be thy polar guide ; —
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

— GOETHE.



8. SERENADE.

I.

Softly the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night, —
Wake ! O, awake !
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar,
List ye ! O, list
To the lively guitar !

II.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gayly and cheerily, —
Wake! O, awake!

III.

See the light pinnace
Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides,
At the heave of the oar,
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant car,
Nearer and nearer,
The lively guitar.

IV.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave.

V.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat,
Like a wild swan, is seen
On the waters to float ;
And the light dripping oars
Bear it smoothly along,
In time to the air
Of the gondolier's song.

VI.

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of the night,
That are sacred to love.

VII.

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

VIII.

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

IX.

She opens her lattice
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight and starlight,
A statue of snow;
And she sings in a voice
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

X.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapor of snow;
Her voice and his rebec
Alternately flow;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill,
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

9. JOHN MAYNARD.

John Maynard was pilot of the steamer Ocean Queen, which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit.

He was well known as an honest, intelligent man; and now the time came when he was to prove himself as true a hero as ever lived.

One bright midsummer day, as the Ocean Queen was steaming towards Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below. The captain at once directed the mate, Simpson, to go down and see what caused the smoke. Presently the officer returned, his face pale as ashes, and whispered, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the passengers, of whom there were more than a hundred. "The ship is on fire!" they uttered with blanched lips. "The ship is on fire!"

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Having called up all hands, he issued quick, sharp orders. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of rosin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the horror of the situation the lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The Ocean Queen had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot: "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger *here*—see the smoke bursting out! *Go forward*, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast-by-east, sir!"

"Head her southeast and run her on shore."

Nearer, and yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out: "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled; his knee upon the stanchion,

and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

—JOHN B. GOUGH.



10. THE WILL AND THE WAY.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's Imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the battle, say, —
“They're safe in such a fortress:
There is no way to shake it —”
“On! on!” exclaimed the hero,
“I'll find a way, or make it!”

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high:
In vain he seeks the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
“I'll find a way or make it!”

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;

Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode ;
Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To "find a way or make it !"

Are riches worth the getting ?
They must be bravely sought ;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought ;
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way or make it !"

— JOHN G. SAXE.



11. LITTLE NICHOLAS ;

AND HOW HE BECAME A GREAT MUSICIAN.

The violin is a wonderful instrument in the hands of a master. In its power of expression, its purity and fineness of tone, it ranks next to the cultivated human voice. There have been many famous performers on this instrument ; but Paganini stands alone, the most wonderful violinist the world has ever heard. And he had won this fame before he was sixteen years old.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18, 1784. When Nicholas was four years old, he had the measles. But this usually mild disease took, in his case, a very violent form, so that the poor little fellow was thought to be dying, and even, at one time, dead. For a whole day he lay motionless, and, to all appearance, lifeless. But the world was not to be deprived of his wonderful genius; although, if he had died then, he would have been spared a life of great suffering.

Before he was well over this sickness, and before he could speak plainly, his father—who was very severe with him—put a violin into his tiny hands, and made him practise upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet, on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies; but this did not lessen his father's rigor.

Sometimes food was denied the little fellow, in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made. The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment. His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination, and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

Even at this early age the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvellous and extraordinary; that is, he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before; and he astonished his parents, and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, he produced entirely new effects.

His musical instinct seemed to have been only sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him. Soon the musical knowledge of the elder Paganini became insufficient for the growing abilities of his son, and other teachers were procured.

At eight years of age the little Nicholas performed in the churches, and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed at this time his first "Violin Sonata." A year afterward he made what was considered his first public appearance, in the great theatre at Genoa, at the request of two noted singers.

Paganini's father took him, about this time, to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of Rolla's instruction for a little while. But the composer was sick, and could not see his visitors.

The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber, and it so happened that he had left his violin there, together with the copy of a new work he had just finished.

Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning, and executed the entire work at sight, without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed that he might see what master hand had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla, on hearing the object of their visit, assured the father that he could add nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

Nicholas and his father then went about the country through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away, and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too-exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about

fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini, to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

The young man now began another tour, visiting many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, headstrong, and in various ways led an unworthy life. Intemperance soon was added to his infirmities, and he was even imprisoned for a time on account of troubles caused by his wild excesses.

Paganini possessed a generous and sympathetic nature, as the following anecdote plainly proves. One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, Paganini saw a poor boy playing upon a violin, and, on entering into conversation with him, learned that he maintained his mother and a number of little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as a travelling musician. Paganini at once gave him all the money he had about him; and then, taking the violin, began to play, and, when a great crowd had gathered, and become spell-bound by his wonderful playing, he pulled off his hat and made a collection, which he gave to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

There are four strings on a violin, as every one knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to

use them all ; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string, — the fourth, or largest. Upon this he could produce three perfect octaves, including all the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

After travelling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough ; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill health.

As one of his biographers says, “The precious flame of life was too dearly expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected.” In becoming the absolute master of his instrument, he became its slave. But the success of his life’s purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice, on the 27th of May, 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

— JAMES H. FLINT.

The earth may ring, from shore to shore,
With echoes of a glorious name ;
But he, whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

12. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

I.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

II.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,

And all but him departed !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—THOMAS MOORE.



13. TRANSLATION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall feel no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.



14. TRUE REST.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil !
Is not true leisure
One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it
Still do thy best ;
Use it, not waste it, —
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee, all round ?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt ;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onwards, unswerving —
And that is true rest.

—JOHN S. DWIGHT.



15. THE LONG AGO.

Oh ! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years !

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and
they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen !

There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is "the Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there ;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh ! we love them so—
And there are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy sho: e
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for age be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

— B. F. TAYLOR.



16. THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;

Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,

Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,

And who felt how the best charms of Nature im-
prove

When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
 should cease,
And our heart, like thy waters, be mingled in
 peace!

—THOMAS MOORE.



17. LOOK ALOFT.

I.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution
 depart,
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

II.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
 arrayed,
“Look aloft” — to the friendship which never shall
 fade.

III.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
 thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,

Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret
“Look aloft” — to the Sun that is never to set !

IV.

Should they who are dearest — the son of thy
heart,
The wife of thy bosom — in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft” — from the darkness and dust of the
tomb
To that soil where “affection is ever in bloom !”

V.

And oh ! when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “Look aloft,” and depart !

— JONATHAN LAWRENCE.



18. THE STUDY OF WORDS.

There are many words which have very curious and interesting origins. When we know them the words seem something fresh and new to us. Some of them, too, are very common words.

Why do you call the pretty field flower with golden centre and white fringes a daisy ? It is the day's eye. The centre is like the sun ; the white fringes are like the sun's rays.

In your garden grow tulips, geraniums, heliotropes, nasturtiums, and fragrant pinks. Each of these flowers has a beautiful name. But what does the name mean?

Tulip is from the Turkish word for turban. The brilliant tulip was long ago likened to the showy head-dress of the Turks, and named after it.

Look at the long-pointed fruit into which the geranium flower ripens. Isn't it like a crane's bill?

Watch the sensitive heliotrope turn toward the sun. *Helio* is from the Greek word for sun; *trope* is from the Greek word meaning to turn.

Inhale the sharp, spicy fragrance from your bed of nasturtiums. *Nasturtium* is the Latin for nose-wring. The first part of the word is from the Latin noun *nasus*, meaning the nose; the remainder is from the Latin verb *torqueo*, twist or wring.

To pink is to prick or cut finely. You pink the edges of a table scarf. Did you know that the delicately cut edges of your fragrant pinks give them their name?

We think we have done away with the old heathen gods and goddesses. Yet when we call a person jovial we really allude to generous, good-natured Father Jupiter, or Jove, the king of the gods among the Greeks and Romans.

We sometimes say a person has a mercurial temperament when he is quick and hasty. We call to mind the god Mercury, the swift messenger of

the gods, appearing suddenly here or there with his winged sandals and cap. We call wheat, corn, barley, and rye, cereals, because Mother Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, presided over them.

But would you ever think there is any relationship between the words violin and veal. They are almost the same word.

Each comes from the Sanscrit word meaning a calf. At Roman festivals, a calf was led through the streets to the place of sacrifice. It was followed by players who performed upon the violin, an instrument which, in its early forms, was known to the oldest nations. The calf and the music were the principal features of the occasion. The instrument was called the violin or the little calf, the ending *in* meaning little. The flesh of the calf was called veal.

Some of our common articles of clothing received their names from strange sources.

Calico gets its name from Calicut in India, whence it was first imported. Muslin is named from Mousel, a town in Asiatic Turkey, where it was first made. Cambric is named from Cambray in France, whence it came. Our beautiful damask napkins and tablecloths were originally woven in Damascus, in Asia; hence the name.

Why do you call a person kind when he is careful and considerate towards others? Does he not recognize that he is akin to his friends? He is

kin-ned, or kind. When he fails to recognize this kinship we say he is unkind.

A person who is light, trifling, and without an earnest purpose, is sometimes called "trivial." There is strong satire in that word trivial. *Tri* means three; *vial* is from *via*, meaning a road. The trivial person is one who stands where three ways meet, unable to decide on any one of them.

Do you see in the word companion any allusion to bread? *Panis* is the Latin word for bread. *Com*, from *cum*, means with. So a companion is one who eats bread with another. So a company among the hospitable Romans was a number of people who ate bread together.

We call a person candid when he is frank and honest. The word comes from the Latin word *candidus*, meaning white. The candid person's nature is white, pure, unstained by falsehood. Those who sought office among the Romans were obliged to wear a white robe. Hence they were called candidates.

These are only a few of the many interesting words whose origins might be traced:—

daisy	pink	veal	kind
tulip	jovial	calico	unkind
geranium	mercurial	muslin	trivial
heliotrope	cereal	cambric	companion
nasturtium	violin	damask	company

19. WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged Man, — a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
“Time is the warp of life,” he said, “Oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!”

I asked the aged venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who have bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
“Time sowed the seed — we reap in this abode.”

I asked a dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: “Time,” he replied —
“I’ve lost it! Ah, the treasure!” — and he died.

I asked the golden Sun and silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years;
They answered, “Time is but a meteor glare,
And bids us for Eternity prepare.”

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
“’Tis folly’s loss, and virtue’s highest prize.”

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
“Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.”

I asked old Father Time himself at last ;
But in a moment he flew quickly past ;
His chariot was a cloud ; the viewless wind,
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land :
‘By heaven,’ he cried, “I swear the mystery o’er,
Time was !” he cried ; “but Time shall be no more.”

— MARDEN.

That great mystery of Time, were there no other ; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not* : this is forever very literally a miracle ; a thing to strike us dumb, — for we have no word to speak about it.

— CARLYLE.

Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God’s existence, — go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you in one of his walks through space ; and, as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years.

— MITCHELL

20. IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow ;
 Leave things of the future to fate ;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow ?
 Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
 'Tis one that the wise have preferred ;
And how often have hearts been in terror
 Of evils that never occurred !

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee ;
 Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
 But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
 Be ne'er by forebodings deterred ;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
 By fears of what never occurred !

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow ;
 Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
 Still shorter by folly and fear ;
Half our troubles are half our invention,
 And often from blessings conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
 Of evils that never occurred !

21. THE VENOMOUS WORM.

“Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.” — *Shakespeare*.

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copper-head? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of the country, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this lesson.

This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in diameter, but, as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull leaden color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.

Many of these reptiles have long infested our land, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses.

The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size and obstructs his utterance, and delirium, of the most horrid character, quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer for the sole purpose of being bitten again.

I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his steps slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope that his son would be the "staff of his declining years" had supported him through many a sorrow. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the Worm of the Still.

—J. RUSSELL.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON, CHAPTER XX.

22. THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

“Pledge with wine! pledge with wine!” cried the young and thoughtless Harvey. “Pledge with wine!” ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale. She pressed her hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

“Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once,” said the judge, in a low tone, “the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette: in your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me.”

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion’s principles were well known. Harvey had been a convivialist; but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, and the difference in his habits.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though now more composed. Smiling, she accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of “Oh, how terrible!”

“What is it?” cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at

arm's length, and was regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one of her jewelled fingers at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen, — I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowded with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the motion of the breeze. But there a group of Indians gather, and flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form — but his cheek, how deathly! — his eyes how widely they glare around with the fitful fire of fever!

"One friend stands beside him, — I should say kneels, — for see! he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins on the high, holy-looking brow! Why should Death mark it, and he so young? Look! how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his shrieks for life! how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name! see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister, — the twin of his soul, — weeping for him

in his distant native land! See! his arms are lifted to Heaven! how wildly he prays for mercy! But fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping! Awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together!"

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood upright, with quivering lip and tears streaming down her pallid cheek. Her arm had lost its extension; the glass with its contents came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again. Every lip was mute; her voice was low, faint, yet distinct. Still she fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now, the great white moon is coming up, and her beams fall gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are rolling in their sockets, and dim are the piercing glances. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister. No soft hand and no gentle voice bless and soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder — HE IS DEAD!"

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom had hid his face, and was weeping.

“Dead!” she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more broken, — “and there they scoop for him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth, — the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister; and he sleeps to-day, in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies, — my father’s son, my own twin-brother, — a victim of this deadly poison! Father,” she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks, — “father, shall I drink the poison now?”

The form of the judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head; but in a smothered voice he faltered, — “No, no, my child! — for Heaven’s sake, no!”

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it fall suddenly to the floor it was dashed to pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every glass was transferred to the marble table. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, —

“Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine, or any other poisonous venom. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the terrible poison. And he, to whom I have given my hand, — who watched over my

brother's dying form in that land of gold, — will sustain me in this resolve. Will you not, my husband ? ”

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was his answer. The judge had left the room ; but when he returned, and, with a more subdued manner, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to see that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from that princely home.

Reader, this is no fiction. I was there and heard the words which I have penned, as nearly as I can recollect them. This bride, her husband, and her brother who died in the gold regions of California, were schoolmates of mine. Those who were present at that wedding of my associates never forgot the impression so solemnly made, and all, from that hour, forsook the social glass.



23. DESOLATING EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous

limbs, like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood desolate and alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.

On one of these holy days when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and the little ones of the flock — his sons with their sons, and his daughters with their daughters — I, too, sat at the festive board. I, too, pledged them in the social wine-cup, and rejoiced with them round the hospitable hearth, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future ; while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tear of joy from his glistening eye. He was happy !

I met with them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution, — time, distance, poverty, shame, but give intensity and strength to that passion, before which all others dissolve and melt away.

Another elapsed. The board was spread ; but the

guests came not. The old man cried, "Where are my children?" And Echo answered, "Where?" His heart broke; for they were not. Could not Heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of drunkenness had been there! They had fallen victims to his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young men's shame.—THEY ARE ALL DEAD. —WASHINGTON IRVING.



24. EULOGY ON COLD WATER.

"There," replied the speaker, pointing to a sparkling fountain that bubbled up from the mountain's base, "THERE is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—PURE COLD WATER!

"But in the green glades and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like

gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God!' THERE he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water!

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty: gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; glancing in the hail-shower; folding bright snow-curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored rainbow—that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction; still always it is beautiful, that blessed cold water!

"No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! But everywhere, diffusing all around life, vigor, and happiness, it is the purest emblem of the Water of Life, of which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst. Speak out, my friends; would

you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"
A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered,—
"No!"

—PAUL DENTON.

The foregoing speech was delivered by Mr. Denton, a missionary of the M. E. Church in Texas, at a barbecue camp-meeting, many years ago. In a previous notice of the meeting, the preacher had announced that preparations would be made to suit all tastes,—that there would be "a splendid barbecue, better liquor, and the best of gospel." After partaking of the repast, a voice was heard to exclaim, "Paul Denton, where is the liquor you promised us?"



25. THE FOLLY OF INTOXICATION.

CASSIO *and* IAGO.

Iago. What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! *Iago,* my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!

there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised. Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains: that we should, with joy, gayety, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralizer. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. If I ask him for my place again, he will tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths

as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Every inordinate cup is un-blessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I, drunk!

Iago. You or any living man may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so apt, so kind, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in all the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant, I must go to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago.

26. PROFANENESS.

Profaneness is a low, grovelling vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society, — I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts — despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.

Profaneness is an unmanly and silly vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation; and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative which is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy which bolsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Nay, the use of profane oaths argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side; and, if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we would better repress that passion.

Profaneness is a mean vice. It indicates the grossest ingratitude. According to general estimation, he who repays kindness with contumely, he who abuses his friend and benefactor, is deemed pitiful and wretched. And yet, O profane one! whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best Benefactor! You, whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly

parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse, without compunction and without thought, the name of your Heavenly Father!

Profaneness is an awful vice! Once more, I ask, whose name is it you so lightly use! That holy name of God! Have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of him whom the angels worship, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain!

Profane young man! though habit be ever so stringent with you, when the word of mockery and blasphemy is about to leap from your lips, think of these considerations, think of God, and, instead of that wicked oath, cry out in reverent prayer, —
“HALLOWED BE THY NAME!”

— E. H. CHAPIN.



It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night, —
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

— BEN JONSON.

27. THE COLD-WATER MAN.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well ;
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod :
So *even* ran his *line* of life,
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish :
No school to him was worth a fig
Except a *school* of fish.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook ;
And, though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by *hook* and *crook*.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name ;
For, though much famed for fish was he,
He never *fished* for fame.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine :

He found the most convenient way
Was just to *drop a line!*

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, the angler had
A mighty *taking way!*

One day, while fishing on a log,
He mourned his want of luck, —
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
And, jerking — caught a *duck!*

Alas! that day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog;
And, being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't *keep the log!*

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore:
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He'd *baited* oft before!

The jury gave their verdict, that
'Twas nothing else but gin,
That caused the fisherman to be
So sadly *taken in:*

Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter —

To be exact about the fact —
Was clearly *gin-and-water*!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear, —
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his *bier*:

And he who scorns to “take the pledge,”
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold-water man, at last!

— JOHN G. SAXE.



28. THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand: —
“Hark ye,” said he, “’tis an odd story this,
About the crows!” — “I don’t know what it is,”
Replied his friend. —

“No! I’m surprised at that:
Where I came from it is the common chat.
But you shall hear, — an odd affair, indeed!
But that it happened we are all agreed.
Not to detain you from a thing so strange, —
A gentleman that lives not far from ’Change,
This week, in short (as all the alley knows),
Taking a dose, has thrown up three black crows!”

“Impossible!” — “Nay, but it’s really true :
I had it from good hands, and so may you.” —
“From whose, I pray?” — So, having named the
man,

Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.

“Sir, did you tell,” — relating the affair, —

“Yes, sir, I did ; and if it’s worth your care,

Ask Mr. Such-a-one ; he told it me ;

But, by the by, ’twas two black crows, not three.” —

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,

Quick to the third the virtuoso went.

“Sir,” — and so forth, — “Why, yes, the thing is
fact ;

Though, in regard to number, not exact :

It was not two black crows ; ’twas only one :

The truth of that you may depend upon.

The gentleman himself told me the case.” —

“Where may I find him?” — “Why, in such a
place.” —

Away he goes, and having found him out, —

“Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.”

Then to his last informant he referred,

And begged to know if true what he had heard.

“Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?” — “Not
I!” —

“Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !

Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and
one ;

And here I find, at last, all comes to none !
Did you say nothing of a crow at all ? ”
“ Crow ! — crow ! — perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter o’er.” — “ And pray, sir, what was’t ? ”
“ Why, I was horrid sick ; and, at the last,
I did throw up (and told my neighbor so,)
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow.”

— JOHN BYRON.



29. THE PHILOSOPHER’S SCALES.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o’er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered
floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain ;
But whether by magic’s or alchemy’s powers
We know not ; indeed, ’tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear :
In youth ’twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere ’twas complete he was wrinkled and gray ;
But success is secure unless energy fails ;
And, at length, he produced THE PHILOSOPHER’S
SCALES.

“ What were they ? ” you ask ; you shall presently
see :

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and
tea ;

Oh no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
weigh ;

Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go —
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Vol-
taire,

Which retained all the wit that had ever been
there ;

As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a
weight,

And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed

By those mites the poor widow dropped into the
chest ;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a
bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how),
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one
plough ;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail ;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from
thence,
Weighed less than some grains of candor and
sense ;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh — 'twas THE PEARL OF GREAT
PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the
grate,

With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

—JANE TAYLOR.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—SHAKESPEARE: "OTHELLO."

Life's more than breath, and the quick round of
blood;
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs. He most
lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. BAILEY.

30. THE NOVEL-READER.

Mary. Not dressed yet, Amanda? I thought you were going with me to the lecture. It is our father's wish that we should go.

Amanda. I shall not attend any stupid lecture on chemistry to-day. I'm not in the mood.

Mary. You have been weeping. You are distressed at those bad marks you got at school for missing your lessons.

Am. Don't think me a fool, Mary. I hope I have a soul above the rule of three.

Mary. Then you are grieving because the teacher rebuked you for being untidy in your dress, for wiping your pen on your apron, and letting your hair go uncombed.

Am. Nonsense! As if I cared for that! All women of genius are untidy. Mary, did you ever read "The Mysterious Milkmaid: a Tale of Thwarted Love"?

Mary. Never. I've barely time to learn my lessons at school. Any outside leisure must be given to exercise in the open air.

Am. If you crave the luxury of tears, just read from this book the parting scene between the unfortunate milkmaid and the elegant Sir Edward Penrose, who, in the disguise of a plowboy —

Mary. Oh, if that is what you've been crying

for, I can't stop to hear about it. Do you know that our aunt Mason is expected every day from England?

Am. I'm sorry for it. I know I shall hate that woman.

Mary. But you've never seen her. Why should you hate her?

Am. I've a letter from her in which she says she hopes I do not fritter away my time over unprofitable romances. Unprofitable, indeed!

Mary. Let me look at the novel that has made your eyes so inflamed with weeping.

Am. First let me read you this passage: "'Hear me,' said the disguised Sir Edward, flinging himself at her feet; 'if a devotion the most intense that e'er was cherished in the heart of man; if a passion the most—'" (*Enter Woman.*) Who comes here? What does this woman want?

Woman. If you've no objection, young ladies, I would like to ask your aid for a good object.

Am. There! you've said enough, woman. We've good objects in plenty to attend to, without adding to the list. We're busy.

Wom. Indeed, my dear young lady —

Am. Don't say *dear young lady* to me! I know what it means. It means, give me five dollars!

Wom. Sometimes advice and sympathy are more precious than money. You will not grudge me your attention.

Am. I tell you we are busy. I can't be fretted now with any doleful story of a poor widow in a decline, with six starving children. We hear of such things every day.

Wom. And I wish they were less true, because so common. But my story is not of a widow; it is of a poor girl not older than yourself.

Am. A poor girl! I knew it was something of the sort. I tell you I'm engaged. You are dismissed.

Wom. Perhaps this other young lady will hear me?

Mary. Yes, but speak low; do not disturb my sister.

Wom. In trying to save a poor child from injury on a railroad the other day, the young girl for whom I claim your aid had her right foot so crushed that she has had to have it amputated.

Mary. Poor, poor girl! And is she in want?

Wom. Yes, for she cannot work now.

Mary. Here is all the money I have about me at present. Take it to her, and with it this breast-pin; she may sell it. Come to me again should she want.

Wom. (*aside*). Oh, divine impulse of our nature, celestial charity! ever lovely in youth or age thou art! (*Aloud*.) Thank you, my dear; your bounty is well bestowed. (*Amanda, who has been reading, heaves a sigh*.) Bless you, dear young lady, for

that sigh! I knew you would be touched by my story.

Am. Your story, woman? Do you think it is *your* vulgar story that moves me? Leave me, Individual!

Wom. What story is it, if not mine, that has touched your eyes with moisture?

Am. (*aside*). Touched my eyes with moisture! Really, she expresses herself like a superior person.

Wom. Has the reading of that book excited your sensibilities? By your leave I will take it from your hands. "The Mysterious Milkmaid!" By your leave I will put the mysterious milkmaid under my foot. There!

Am. Was there ever such impertinence?

Wom. That book shall go to kindle the kitchen fire.

Am. This is too much. Woman, quit the house, or I will call the servants to put you out.

Wom. Do not trouble yourself. The servants obey *me* now and henceforth. My nieces, I am your aunt Mason!

Am. You are aunt Mason!

Mary. Our father's sister! Dear aunt, I am so glad you have come.

Wom. Yes, I am here, with full authority from your father to take charge of his household and superintend the habits and education of his daughters.

Am. May I pick up my book?

Wom. No, *Amanda*. I hereby banish from my dominion all mysterious milkmaids. No more of them! We'll not waste our sympathies on *imaginary* distresses that we cannot afford pity for *real* ones.

Mary. Shall you allow no novel-reading, dear aunt?

Wom. All truth is sacred, my dear child, and there may be truth under the garb of fiction. I banish only the unhealthy and untrue. Come, we will call on the poor girl of whom I spoke. The sober realities, the practical duties of life shall engage us now.



31. THE WILL.

Characters. — SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON, and SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes. A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb: but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.*] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as *modestly*, as I shall mine *submissively*. I shall retire. [*Going: he meets SQUIRE DRAWL.*]

Squire. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the Squire is well to-day.

Squire. Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

Squire. No, I believe not. But since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. [*While the Squire is breaking the seal.*] It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look around and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "all is vanity."

Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. [*He*

puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.] Imprimis; whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler. [*The Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.*]

Swipes. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind;—and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise, every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? And who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [*Going.*]

Squire. [*Putting on his spectacles very deliber-*

ately.] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer," —

Swipes. Yes!

Squire. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler," —

Cur. Yes!

Squire. "To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

Squire. There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for

him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that *trustees* are not to be *trifled* with.

Cur. That we will.

Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

32. THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek
Grow into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyry,
Look'd on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;

This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave, in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

— MRS. ALEXANDER.



33. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

(EXTRACT.)

I.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below :
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung ;
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool ;
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; --
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

II.

But now the sounds of population fail :
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



34. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

I.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his goodly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place ;

Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain ;

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

II.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

III.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

IV.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray,
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage ;
They cannot seek his hand.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

35. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea ;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour : —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood, —
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest, —
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues ; but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the crime of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray :
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned ;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
E'en from the tomb, the voice of nature cries ;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now, drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne :

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth ;
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery all he had, a tear ;
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

— THOMAS GRAY.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward, unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

— ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

PART V.

1. WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving, America's first great writer, was born in New York City in 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary War, and just one year after the birth of Daniel Webster.

He was named after General Washington, the hero whose name was then on the lip of every American. His Scotch nurse, meeting the famous general one day, presented his little namesake to him saying, "Here's a bairn that's named for you." Washington, placing his hand on the baby brow, blessed him, little thinking that the child would give to the world as his last and greatest work, the "Life of Washington."

Irving's father was a Scotchman of a distinguished family in the Orkney Islands; he was very strict with his large family of eleven children. His mother, an English lady, was very gentle and of sweet temper.

At four, Irving went to a New York school where he learned his letters. At six, he went to another New York school, taught by a sturdy old

soldier who used to call him "General" when he was pleased with him.

The juvenile Irving was full of mischief, yet so truthful that his teachers loved him nevertheless.

He had little love for real study, though "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sindbad the Sailor" were his delight. He wanted to go to sea and learn the world. His school life ended at sixteen, but he always regretted that he did not go to college with his brothers.

He now studied law with Judge Hoffman. At seventeen he went with the Hoffman family up the Hudson, through the wonderful Highlands of Saratoga, and thence to the fur-trading stations at Montreal and Quebec. This was a journey of intense delight.

He now began to write spicy articles signed Jonathan Oldstyle, for a New York newspaper.

But at twenty-one consumption threatening him, he was obliged to go abroad. So bad was his cough that his fellow passengers declared he would never reach Europe. But the sea air cured him.

He visited Marseilles, Genoa, and Sicily; climbed Vesuvius; met the English naval officer, Nelson, and formed the acquaintance of the American painter, Washington Allston, then in Rome. With him he zealously studied painting for three days, but concluded he had no talent for that art.

After two years of delightful study and travel,

he returned well and happy. He now resumed his law studies with Judge Hoffman.

He became warmly attached and finally engaged to the Judge's daughter, Miss Matilda Hoffman. Death removed the beautiful young woman at seventeen. Irving mourned her death a lifetime, for he never married.

In his touching sketch, "Rural Funerals," one learns how sore his heart was over his loss.

Law practice was not to be Irving's life work. With his brother William and his friend Mr. Paulding, he now published a witty periodical called *Salmagundi*, which everybody enjoyed.

He was evidently a humorist.

His first lengthy work was "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a comical account of New York under the old Dutch governors. It pretended to be written by Diedrich Knickerbocker.

The book is rich in fun. Yet some of the solemn old Dutch families of New York, failing to see its jokes, were seriously offended at it.

At the age of thirty-two he again sailed to Europe, this time to be absent seventeen years.

Rambling through England and Scotland he gathered some of the materials for his "Sketch Book," which contains the three noted sketches, "Westminster Abbey," "Sleepy Hollow," and "Rip Van Winkle."

He became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott,

who welcomed Irving to his beautiful home at Abbotsford, and recommended his works to London publishers.

Irving, warmed by the sympathy of Scott, confided to him the story of Miss Hoffman, whose beautiful character, as Irving described it to him, appears in Rebecca, the heroine of Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

Here also he wrote "Tales of a Traveller"; in Paris he wrote "Bracebridge Hall."

He was now invited to go to Spain to translate some newly found Spanish documents concerning Columbus. This led to his "Life and Voyages of Columbus," a renowned work which brought him immediately fifteen thousand dollars; for it he also received one of the two prizes which George IV. of England had offered for the best historical work. The English historian, Hallam, received the other.

While in Spain he lived in a wonderful old Moorish palace called the Alhambra, whose beauty and poetry he could well appreciate.

The result was "The Alhambra," a work which is a guide-book to Spain as Longfellow's "Hyperion" is to the Rhine.

Continuing to delve in the Spanish archives, he produced "The Conquest of Granada," which, with his later "History of Mahomet," rendered him an authority on Spain.

Prescott, the American historian, was also deeply

interested in Spanish history. It happened that both he and Irving, unknown to each other, began to write a history of Mexico.

After Irving had worked three months, hearing of Prescott's undertaking, he wrote to him giving up his plan to Prescott, declaring that the latter would do much better than he.

From Spain, Irving was called to London as secretary of the American Minister; here he resided two years.

In 1832, after so long an absence, he returned to America and was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. His name had become world-renowned during his absence.

Accompanying Commissioner Ellsworth in the removal of the Indians across the Mississippi, Irving now learned something of the West.

This trip led to his writing his "Tour of the Prairies." Memories of his youthful trip to Montreal, together with documents given him by John Jacob Astor, furnished the materials of "Astoria," which gives an idea of the fur trade in Astoria, Oregon.

"The Adventure of Capt. Bonneville" also deals with Western life.

Again in 1842 Irving visited Europe, this time as Minister to Spain. He was most cordially received by the Spaniards and during his four years' residence wrote the "Life of Mahomet."

Returning once more to his native land, he purchased a many gabled old stone mansion with fifteen acres of land, called Sunnyside. This delightful homestead is situated on the east bank of the Hudson River near Tarrytown, twenty-five miles from the city of New York. It is the original of the home of the famous Baltur Van Tassel in Sleepy Hollow.

This charming estate, with its green lawns, its old and shady trees, and its tradition-haunted cottage, green with ivy from Abbotsford, became the resort of countless guests. Its name, Sunnyside, matched its owner's spirit. He was gay, mirthful, and cheery, a fine talker, and always a sympathetic friend, the constant delight of all who visited him.

With two brothers and five nieces he lived long and happily here, keeping open house to all who wished to visit him. "Come to Sunnyside," he would say to his friends, "and I will give you a book and a tree."

Here, in the afternoon of his life, he wrote his "Life of Washington."

In 1856, at the age of seventy-six, he suddenly died of heart disease.

He was buried in Sleepy Hollow cemetery, where a plain white slab bearing his name now marks his grave. Three stately oaks, a beech, and a walnut guard his resting-place.

CHARACTERISTICS OF IRVING.

Irving, whether in sober history, romantic legend, or comic burlesque, is always genial and healthful. One feels that there was a kind, sunny-natured man guiding the pen.

He had conquered poverty, ill-health, and sorrow. His cheerfulness was won in conflict. Then, too, he was a born humorist. He saw the funny side of everything.

As he causes smiles, so he does tears. Lord Byron used to say of Irving's sketch, "The Broken Heart," "He never wrote that without weeping, nor can I hear it without tears."

Irving wrote no poetry, yet he was poetic in his prose. What a poetic story is "The Pilgrim of Love"! How beautifully he describes the Moorish palace of the Alhambra!

Irving could feel and make others feel the sentiment of solemnity and grandeur. His mind loved to dwell tenderly and reverently among time-honored scenes and places.

Pathos, humor, romance and revery, with a genial, sympathetic feeling running through all, mark Irving. Look for these traits in what you read from this author.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

There is something in the character and habits of the North American savage, taken in connection with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is, to my mind, wonderfully striking and sublime. He is formed for the wilderness, as the Arab is for the desert. His nature is stern, simple, and enduring; fitted to grapple with difficulties, and to support privations. . . .

It has been the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America, in the early periods of colonization, to be doubly wronged by the white men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions, by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare; and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers. The colonist has often treated them like beasts of the forest; and the author has endeavored to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize — the latter to vilify than to discriminate. The appellations of savage and pagan were deemed sufficient to sanction the hostilities of both; and thus the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and defamed, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The rights of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic; in war he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him when he feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

The same prejudices which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies have, it is true, with laudable diligence, endeavored to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes; the American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontiers, and hang on to the skirts of the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence, which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbors. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, whilst it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes, who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence. Poverty, repining and hopeless poverty, a canker of the mind unknown in savage life, corrodes their spirits and blights every free and noble

quality of their natures. They become drunken, indolent, feeble, thievish, and pusillanimous. They loiter like vagrants about the settlements among spacious dwellings, replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. . . .

How different was their state, while yet the undisputed lords of the soil! Their wants were few, and the means of gratification within their reach. They saw every one round them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments. No roof then rose, but was open to the homeless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcome to sit down by its fire and join the hunter in his repast. "For," says an old historian of New England, "their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate, that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all; thus do they pass their time merrily, not regarding our pomp, but our better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of." Such were the Indians, whilst in the pride and energy of their primitive natures; they resemble those wild plants which thrive best in the shades of the forest, but shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.



RURAL FUNERALS.

Among the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life, which still linger in some parts of England, are those of strewing flowers before the funerals, and planting them at the graves of departed friends.

In Glamorganshire, we are told, the bed whereon the corpse lies is covered with flowers, a custom alluded to in one of the wild and plaintive ditties of Ophelia:—

“ White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers ;
Which be-wept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.”

There is also a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south, at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried. A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl, nearest in age, size, and resemblance, and is afterwards hung up in the church, over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.

There is also a solemn respect paid by the traveller to the passing funeral, in these sequestered places; for such spectacles, occurring among the quiet abodes of Nature, sink deep into the soul. As the mourning train approaches, he pauses, uncovered, to let it go by; he then follows, silently in the rear; sometimes quite to the grave, at other times for a few hundred yards, and having paid this tribute of respect to the deceased, turns and resumes his journey.

The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evidenced in these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honored and a peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the “faire and happy milk-

maid," observes, "thus lives she, and all her care is, that she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet." The poets, too, who always breathe the feeling of a nation, continually advert to this fond solicitude about the grave. In "The Maid's Tragedy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a beautiful instance of the kind describing the capricious melancholy of a broken-hearted girl.

"When she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
Her servants, what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in ; and made her maids
Bluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse."

The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them to keep the turf uninjured, and about them were planted evergreens and flowers. This usage has now become extremely rare in England; but it may still be met with in the church-yards of retired villages, among the Welch mountains; and I recollect an instance of it at the small town of Ruthven, which lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd. I have been told also by a friend, who was present at the funeral of a young girl, in Glamorganshire, that the female attendants had their aprons full of flowers, which, as soon as the body was interred, they stuck about the grave.

He noticed several graves which had been decorated in the same manner. As the flowers had been merely stuck in the ground, and not planted, they had soon withered, and might be seen in various states of decay; some drooping, others quite perished. They were afterwards to be supplanted by holly, rosemary, and other evergreens; which on some graves had grown to great luxuriance, and overshadowed the tombstones.

There was formerly a melancholy fancifulness in the arrangement of these rustic offerings, that had something

in it truly poetical. The rose was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. "This sweet flower," said Evelyn, "borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which, making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." The nature and color of the flowers, and of the ribbons with which they were tied, had often a particular reference to the qualities or story of the deceased, or were expressive of the feelings of the mourner.

In an old poem entitled "Corydon's Doleful Knell," a lover specifies the decorations he intends to use:—

"A garland shall be framed
By Art and Nature's skill,
Of sundry-colored flowers,
In token of good will.

"And sundry-colored ribbons,
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go.

"I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears as showers
I'll keep them fresh and green."

The white rose, we are told, was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white ribbons, in token of her spotless innocence; though sometimes black ribbons were intermingled, to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The red rose was occasionally used, in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for benevolence; but roses in general were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time, near his dwelling in the county of Surrey, "where

the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes." And Camden likewise remarks, in his *Brittania*: "Here is also a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose-trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their loves; so that this churchyard is now full of them."

When the deceased had been unhappy in their loves, emblems of a more gloomy character were used, such as the yew and cypress; and if flowers were strewn, they were of the most melancholy colors. Thus, in poems by Thomas Stanley, Esq. (published in 1651), is the following stanza:—

" Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypresse and yewe;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth."

In "The Maid's Tragedy," a pathetic little air is introduced, illustrative of this method of decorating the funerals of females who have been disappointed in love.

" Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew,
Maidens willow branches wear,
Say I died true.

" My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth,
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth."

The natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind, and we have a proof of it in the purity of sentiment, and the unaffected elegance of thought, which pervaded the whole of these funeral observances.

Thus, it was an especial precaution that none but sweet-scented evergreens and flowers should be employed. The intention seems to have been to soften the horrors of the tomb, to beguile the mind from brooding over the disgraces of perishing mortality, and to associate the memory of the deceased with the most delicate and beautiful objects in nature. There is a dismal process going on in the grave, ere dust can return to its kindred dust, which the imagination shrinks from contemplating; and we seek still to think of the form we have loved, with those refined associations which it awakened when blooming before us in youth and beauty. "Lay her i' the earth," says Laertes of his virgin sister, —

"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

Herrick, also, in his "Dirge of Jephtha," pours forth a fragrant flow of poetical thought and image, which in a manner embalms the dead in the recollections of the living.

"Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all Paradise :
May sweets grow here ! and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense.
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

* * * * *

"May all shie maids at wonted hours
Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers !
May virgins, when they come to mourn
Male incense burn
Upon thine altar ! then return
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn."

I might crowd my pages with extracts from the older British poets, who wrote when these rites were more prevalent, and delighted frequently to allude to them; but I have already quoted more than is necessary. I cannot, however,

refrain from giving a passage from Shakespeare, even though it should appear trite, which illustrates the emblematical meaning often conveyed in these floral tributes, and at the same time possesses that magic of language and appositeness of imagery for which he stands pre-eminent.

“ With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave ; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azured harebell like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine ; whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath.”

There is certainly something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of Nature, than in the most costly monuments of art ; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod ; but pathos expires under the slow labor of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble.

It is greatly to be regretted, that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polite, they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learned to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade : mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. “ There is a grave digged,” says Jeremy Taylor, “ and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the

neighborhood, and when the daies are finished, they shall be, and they shall be remembered no more." The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten: the hurrying succession of new intimates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, however, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its pervading melancholy over hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country, also, perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them; who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene. His idea is associated with every charm of Nature: we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken; his spirit haunts the grove which he once frequented; we think of him in the wild upland solitude, or amidst the pensive beauty of the valley. In the freshness of joyous morning we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gayety; and when sober evening returns, with its gathering shadows and subduing quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy.

"Each lonely place shall him restore,
For him the tear be duly shed,
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country, is, that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on the way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercise of devotion; they linger about it on the Sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most

disposed to turn aside from pleasant pleasures and loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementos of the past. In North Wales, the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is, also, invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; no menials nor hirelings are employed, and if a neighbor yields assistance, it would be deemed an insult to offer compensation.

I have dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom, because, as it is one of the last, so it is one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who,

even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection — when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness — who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! — the grave! — It buries every error — covers every defect — extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering,

thrilling — oh ! how thrilling ! — pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection !

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate ! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never — never — never return to be soothed by thy contrition !

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent — if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth — if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee — if thou art a lover and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul — then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear — more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; — but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

2. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Following James Fennimore Cooper and Washington Irving, who laid the foundations of American literature, comes William Cullen Bryant. During his long active life of nearly a century, and, even after his own fame was well established, he saw many of our noted authors rise to prominence.

He was born in 1794 at Cummington, among the hills of western Massachusetts.

His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, of Puritan descent, was a distinguished physician who had given much time to mental culture.

The mother, formerly Miss Sarah Snell, a descendant of John Alden, the handsome secretary of Miles Standish, was dignified, of good judgment and tact, and thoroughly devoted to home.

Dr. Bryant's seven children all received much attention from their father. He intended William for a doctor, naming him after a noted Scotch physician, Dr. William Cullen, who died in Edinburgh about the time of William's birth.

William was not the robust child his tall, broad-shouldered father desired him to be. His body was very small and feeble, while his head was unusually large. This alarmed the parents, but the father adopted a course of treatment which proved beneficial to him.

Near the house was a deep spring of cold water. Into this William, protesting with all his might, was immersed every morning. All the vitality of the child was roused in resisting the process and he grew to be a healthy, vigorous boy.

Puritan sternness lingered in the Bryant home. The boy liked to escape from its rigid discipline and lengthy exhortations, to the green fields, the rippling brooks, or the solemn woods. These imprinted themselves upon his nature.

At ten years of age he began to write poetry, and at thirteen he published a lengthy poem called "The Embargo."

He attended the district school until he was fourteen years old. At sixteen, having studied Latin and Greek with two clergymen, he entered Williams College, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, near his home. Here he remained two years, winning the esteem of his teachers, intending to finish at Yale. But his father's altered fortunes afterward prevented this. Eight years later he was given the honorary title of A.M. at Williams College and was enrolled as an alumnus.

On leaving school, he studied law and practised it very successfully several years in Plainfield and Great Barrington. At this time he wrote his fine poem "Thanatopsis," a solemn revery on death.

In Great Barrington he married Miss Fanny Fairchild, an accomplished and beautiful lady of a

well-known family. Among the New York guests who spent the summer in Great Barrington were James Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, the poets Halleck and Percival, and the distinguished Judge Sedgwick. This group of literary friends, admirers of young Bryant, desired him to go to New York.

Accordingly, they obtained for him the position of associate editor of a New York paper. From that time Bryant lived in New York, conducted his paper, wrote poems, and delivered orations, broadening his knowledge from time to time by travel.

He made six different trips to Europe, studying the people and mastering the principal European languages. He also traveled much in America.

In 1829 he became editor in chief of the *New York Evening Post*, a position which he held till his death, a period of nearly fifty years. His paper became a model of journalism, for behind the editor's desk sat a high-minded man, a keen critic of men and principles, a traveler in foreign lands and a master of language. It vigorously discussed all the questions of the day, yet with no party spirit. It aimed at truth. Its moral tone was high, and courtesy toward all was practised. Its columns were a model of pure English, no slang or extravagant language being permitted.

Bryant was strongly opposed to slavery, though his visits to the south enabled him to see the other side of the question also.

It was much that the most influential paper in the land should have had such a man behind it, during a long and critical period.

During this time he wrote most of his numerous poems. "Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow," two very pretty stories, are his longest. Some of his best poems are "Thanatopsis," "To the Fringed Gentian," "To a Waterfowl," and "The Death of the Flowers." All of his poems show a habit of observing nature closely and holding "communion with her visible forms." Most of them are meditative and full of solemn, religious feeling. Many express the most beautiful and delicate fancies, and all are calm and soothing.

He also prepared seven prose works worthy the result of his travels. He published "Picturesque America" and a "History of the United States."

In 1845 Bryant bought a beautiful home on Long Island near the town of Roslyn, overlooking New York Bay, which he named "Cedarmere," from its small lake or mere bordered by tangled cedars. A rippling brook flowing from this lake turns a little mill, housed in a vine-clad Swiss cottage.

The house, built in 1787, in Quaker style, was large, plain and old-fashioned. Mr. Bryant added porches and bay windows, erected picturesque summer houses, planted groups of choice trees, and built a conservatory.

The rooms within were enriched by the choicest

paintings, while his library contained the masterpieces of all languages. The airy rooms and open grates were suggestive of free hospitality. Here with his wife and daughter Julia, he lived many happy years, his other daughter, Mrs. Park Godwin, living not far away. In 1866 the happiness of this home was shadowed by the death of Mrs. Bryant.

Mr. Bryant had also a New York residence, and finally came into possession of the old homestead at Cummington; but Cedarmere was his favorite home. Here, at an advanced age, he translated Homer's works from the Greek.

He built a fine hall for the people of Roslyn, and at Cummington erected a schoolhouse and established a library for public use. He was accustomed to do kind, helpful deeds in the most quiet way.

Mr. Bryant was nearly six feet in height, being slender, symmetrical, and graceful. His eyes were piercing gray with large projecting brows. His features were large, but thin. His silvery hair and beard for many years gave him a most venerable appearance.

His life was plain and exact. He rose very early, practised an hour with light dumb-bells and a pole, bathed completely, and took a light breakfast of oatmeal or hominy with fruit. He never used tea or coffee, took no condiments with his food, and used very little meat. He always walked to and from his office three miles distant. He

spent the forenoon in his office and the afternoon at home in literary work or recreation, retiring at nine or ten o'clock, never working in the evening.

On the afternoon of the 29th of May, 1878, Mr. Bryant, eighty-four years of age, made an address in Central Park, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of the Italian statesman, Mazzini. Returning home with a friend, Mr. Bryant suddenly fell upon the threshold. He was conveyed to his own home, where thirteen days afterward he died.

Under the blue skies of June, the month in which he had expressed a wish to die, he was laid to rest in Roslyn cemetery, his beloved pastor repeating the poet's own stanzas and children strewing his grave with flowers.

THE BRYANT VASE.

This testimonial of honor from Mr. Bryant's friends throughout the country, presented on his eightieth birthday, is of silver, about five feet high, of Greek design with ornamentation of birds, interlacing branches and flowers, together with scenes from the poet's life.

A medallion on one side represents the poet as a boy learning the art of verse from his father, who points to Homer as his master. Another represents the boy poet musing in a grove. A third, a printing-press, alludes to his labors as journalist. A fourth pictures the poet translating Homer.

The waterfowl, the bobolink, and the fringed gentian are all present, suggesting three of his finest poems. There are also ivy for age, the amaranth for immortality, the sweet-brier for the spirit of poetry, and the pure, golden-hearted water lily for eloquence.

Broken shackles indicate the poet's work in the abolition of slavery. Indian corn and cotton typify his interest in the commercial industries.

The superb vase, the design of Mr. James Whitehouse, cost five thousand dollars, and nearly three years of labor. It was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and is now a permanent treasure of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It was presented at Chickering Hall, by Rev. Dr. Osgood in the presence of a large audience.

Dr. Osgood said: "You are our neighbor and companion, and for more than fifty years you have taken interest in the welfare of this city and helped us in every way. You stood by the old flag in the great struggle when God and our country was the motto, and you are standing by it now when honest men and honest money is the issue of the time.

"You have risen from a young man of thirty to a fullgrown man — I will not say an old man — of over eighty years, as hearty and active as ever.

"We are glad to have you with us, to cheer us on to the great future as we turn the leaf of a new century. You still live the life which this vase

embodies. The gentian, the violet, the primrose and the apple-blossom delight you as ever. You hear the hymn of the forest and the song of the stars; the merry Robert of Lincoln sings for you his genial glee, and the solemn waterfowl preaches with untiring wing.

“This exquisite form brings beauty from the land of old Homer to join with truth and grace from our own America, in celebrating your birthday. It means more than we can say. But we can say for our country and ourselves that it means ‘God bless you, Mr. Bryant!’”

The response of Mr. Bryant was full of his own charming grace. He said that it would be easier after receiving such honors to take refuge in silence. He almost feared he should imitate the example of the young military officer who was appointed to present a silver pitcher to the captain. Approaching his commander, he held out the gift to him, saying, “Captain, here’s the jug.” To this the captain replied, “Ay, is that the jug?” and the ceremony was over.

Mr. Bryant, after expressing his thanks and his admiration of the artistic work, concluded with the following modest words: “Hereafter some one may say, ‘This beautiful vase was made in honor of a certain American poet whose name it bears, but whose writings are forgotten. It is remarkable that so much pains should have been taken to illus-

trate the life and writings of one whose works are so completely unknown at the present day.' Thus, gentlemen artists, I shall be indebted to you for causing the memory of my name to outlast that of my writings."

ANALYSIS OF "THE SNOW-SHOWER."

Longfellow calls the snow "the poem of the air," each flake a syllable. Lowell calls it "a silence deep and white," which falls upon the rough earth as patience falls upon wounded hearts. Benjamin Taylor observed that snowflakes trample out crooked paths,

"And make the stained and wrinkled world all clean and white again."

Let us analyze Mr. Bryant's thoughts about the snow as he gives them to us in his poem, "The Snow-Shower."

We infer, from the opening lines, that the poet is standing with a friend at a window looking out upon a lake, — the little lake at Cedarmere.

Heavy, gray clouds, full of hidden snowflakes, hang over its black, silent waters. The lake is watching for the flakes. One by one they venture, timid and wavering, out of the birth-cloud into the air, and down to the earth. They are caught at once by the lake. The flakes above are undismayed.

Faster they come, like a swarm of white bees.

Some linger awhile in the air, as if pleased with the fairy frolic. Others, like hail, rush headlong to the earth with a wild, mad eagerness. All, whether swift or slow, sink in the embrace of the dark water.

Here delicate snow-stars whirl in an airy chase. There broad and burly flakes jostle one another heedlessly.

Here could be seen uncertain little flakes clinging to each other side by side, making their long journey as friends like to make, hand in hand, the journey of life. No heed does the water pay. It seizes and drowns them all.

The poet, lost for a moment in pity, suddenly sees that the snowflakes, "those fair, frail creatures of middle sky," are fairly rushing to earth.

Tears stood in the eyes of his companion, for the disappearing snow brought thoughts of human friends whom death had borne away.

Every white flake, whether airy and playful, timid and clinging, curious and bold, or eager and headlong, found the dark lake awaiting it.

So to the sensitive poet the inevitable end of life, despite clinging sympathies, airy pleasures, and eager ambitions, was pictured in the scene.

Only as the poet remembered that the same lake would furnish moisture for other snow-flakes could he have gathered hope from the snow-shower.

3. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

As in ages long past the wandering minstrel with tuneful harp entered all homes, welcomed as an honored guest, so for half a century have the works of Longfellow entered the homes of this and other lands, touching the chords of pure and true feeling. In his youth he said, —

“We can make our lives sublime.”

In later life he added, —

“Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself.”

Are not these inspiring words? The history of such a man must be interesting to us.

He was born in Portland, the largest city in Maine, February 27, 1807. In the same year were born the poets J. G. Whittier and N. P. Willis, the latter also in Portland. Charles Sumner, born in 1801; R. W. Emerson, in 1803; Nathaniel Hawthorne, in 1804, and O. W. Holmes, born in 1809, all New Englanders, were his lifelong friends.

In Longfellow's birth-year President Jefferson was nearing the close of his second administration; the war of 1812 was already threatening the country, and the telegraph was unthought of. Abroad, all Europe was in turmoil through the movements of one man, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Portland, the birthplace of the poet, is situated between two hills, on a neck of land looking out upon Casco Bay and the islands, and stretching back eighty miles to the White Mountains, Mount Washington being just visible.

Fish-hawks built their nests in the lofty old pines on the hills, and plovers, curlews and sand-birds visited the beach. Portland was a busy town, too, with its tanneries, its distilleries, its rope factory, and its pottery. Memories of the last two have given rise to "The Ropewalk" and "Keramos," two fine poems.

But the chief business was the lumber trade. The exciting scenes at the old wharf where the Spanish sailors with their dark, flowing beards, the toiling negroes, the cargoes of sugar and molasses replaced by loads of Canadian lumber drawn by the patient oxen, — all combined to form a picturesque sight, which Longfellow has preserved in his poem, "My Lost Youth": —

"I remember the black wharves and the ships
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships
And the magic of the sea."

Longfellow's father, Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard and a lawyer and legislator, traced his ancestry back to William Longfellow who came to Portland from England in 1651. Mrs. Long-

fellow, the poet's mother, formerly Miss Zilpah Wadsworth, was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, "the Puritan Maiden," as was also the poet W. C. Bryant. Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," is therefore a tribute to his mother.

Longfellow attended various schools in Portland till he was fourteen years old, when he was sent to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, thirty miles distant. He graduated with honor five years later in the class with Hawthorne, and after a year's study of law, received the offer of the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin. This offer was especially complimentary as the position was created for him, it having been hitherto thought sufficient to teach only Latin and Greek.

As the offer permitted him to go abroad to prepare himself, he spent four years in Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, mastering the languages of those countries. Returning, he held the position at Bowdoin five years, highly honored as an instructor and developing among the pupils a love for language study.

He was sometimes joked a little on account of the elegance of his dress, about which he was always particular.

While teaching in Bowdoin, he married Miss Mary Potter, a beautiful and highly accomplished woman, daughter of Judge Potter of Portland.

In 1835 he accepted the offer of a position at Harvard College, Cambridge, similar to his position at Bowdoin, first spending one year abroad. During this time he lost his young wife at Rotterdam. How deeply the loss touched him one sees in his "Footsteps of Angels" and in the first part of "Hyperion."

For seventeen years Longfellow was professor at Harvard, beloved and esteemed by all.

During this time he purchased an old colonial mansion, built in 1759 and known as the Craigie House. It was the headquarters of Washington during the Revolution, but had been subsequently beautified by Mr. Craigie who spent a fortune upon it. It is a large frame house of a buff color, with white trimmings and green blinds. It has a wide veranda on each side, and a hip roof with balustrade. The large, terraced lawn contains magnificent elms and handsome shrubs; a wall of white and purple lilacs, overrun in autumn by flaming woodbine, separates it from the street. In the rear is a wonderful garden.

Having married Miss Fanny Appleton in 1843, he now took up his abode in this long-coveted mansion which, from the ideal life he passed here, became truly a "House Beautiful." His wife was a lady of remarkable loveliness of mind and person — a tall, stately brunette, with radiant complexion and deep eyes "that did not twinkle,"

strongly reminding one of the pictures of Evangeline. She was queenly, dignified, gentle and considerate. She appears as Mary Ashburton in "Hyperion," a book which introduces Germany to us.

Mr. Longfellow passed nearly twenty years in unmingled bliss with his wife, in their beautiful Cambridge home. During this time it is said one could not look at him without a sense of his happiness. During these years three daughters, —

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair,"

were born, as well as two sons, Ernest and Charles. His great works were written also during this period: "Evangeline" in 1847; "Kavanagh" in 1849; "The Golden Legend" in 1851; "Hiawatha" in 1855; and the "Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858.

On the evening of July 9, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death, her light muslin dress catching fire from a wax taper with which she was sealing an envelope, enclosing some of the curls she had cut from the head of one of her children. In spite of her husband's efforts to save her, the flames did their terrible work. This crushing grief left Mr. Longfellow an old man, yet he continued his literary labors, exhibiting the same kind courtesy to all.

He was accustomed to give his autograph to the many little boys and girls who sought him for it. He gave orders that every organ-grinder who came to his door should be given six cents.

Mr. Longfellow was well paid for most of his poems, though many of his best were unrecompensed. He received nothing for "The Psalm of Life" or for "The Reaper." He received twenty-five dollars for "The Wreck of the Hesperus," fifty dollars for "The Skeleton in Armor" and one thousand dollars for "Keramos." But he never would promise to write a poem. He was offered a thousand dollars to write a sonnet on the death of Garfield, but he refused, although he had already begun to write one, not knowing whether he should succeed in satisfying himself.

His advice to young writers was, "Write your best, — your very best." He revised and corrected his manuscripts most laboriously. He entirely rewrote his "Divine Comedy" after he had given it to the printers. He once said of "Evangeline" to a friend, "It is easy for you to read because it was so hard for me to write."

Mr. Longfellow was of medium height, with a full, broad chest; he had a high, prominent forehead, square temples, blue eyes, full, sharply outlined lips, closing with firmness, yet tremulous with emotion, a rosy complexion, and, in later life, snowy hair and beard.

He was, beside the great poet and busy student, a most perfect type of the true gentleman,—courteous, cheerful, modest, sympathetic, affable. A young person exclaimed, after meeting him, “All the vulgar people in the world ought to be sent to Mr. Longfellow to learn how to behave.”

MR. LONGFELLOW AT HOME.

Mr. Longfellow was not only a great poet. He was besides a charming entertainer and a kind and helpful friend.

He used laughingly to tell the story of an Englishman who, visiting the country, introduced himself to the poet with the frank remark: “As there are no ruins in this country I thought I would come to see you.”

At another time a backwoodsman of Maine called to see the famous house. Longfellow showed him courteously through the rooms, the visitor exclaiming, “And Washington sot in these chairs!” “And who lives here now?” he finally asked. “I do,” said the poet; “my name is Longfellow.” “Longfeller — Longfeller,” said the visitor, “any relation to the Longfellers up in Maine?”

He of course had many distinguished friends. Three especial favorites who spent Saturday afternoons with him for many years are described in his poem, “Three Friends of Mine.” These were Charles

Sumner, the statesman, Professor Felton, professor of Greek at Harvard College, and Professor Agassiz, professor of Natural Science at the same place. Mr. Longfellow, it will be remembered, was also professor of modern languages at Harvard. Hand in hand these three men worked many years.

Mr. Hawthorne was another favorite visitor. It was he who furnished Longfellow the story which forms the basis of "Evangeline." Longfellow's poem entitled "Hawthorne," written at the latter's death, shows his high regard for this great American romance writer.

But children, as well as grown people, claimed a large share of Mr. Longfellow's attention.

One day he saw a little girl at the gate looking as if she wanted to catch a glimpse of the poet. Going to the door he said, "Come in, little girl, if you want to see me." Then he showed the delighted child the treasures of his beautiful home, entertaining her so charmingly that she probably never forgot that visit.

He was once heard to say to Mr. Lowell that little girls are made of

"Sugar and spice,
And all things nice."

Then he tells us in one of his poems that

"Childhood is a bough, where slumbered
Buds and blossoms many-numbered."

To his own children, "the blue-eyed banditti," he wrote "The Children's Hour," full of fatherly love and playful tenderness.

In his poem, "The Children," he said: —

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead."

The most interesting room in the great home was the library. Its windows looked out upon meadows where the silvery Charles

"Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps as if compelled to wait."

Its walls were covered from floor to ceiling with dark polished oak. A Persian carpet covered the floor. Bookcases lined the four walls. At one end of the room a large oaken bookcase was framed in crimson curtains. Easy-chairs and reading desks were scattered around. On the walls hung crayon portraits of Emerson, Sumner, and Hawthorne. A fine statue of Washington was to be seen.

In the centre of the room, at the table where the poet wrote, lay the "iron pen," a gift of his native state. It was made from a link of the chain of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon; the handle of wood from the frigate "Constitution" was bound with a circlet of gold, set with three gems brought from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

Near the pen was Coleridge's inkstand, out of which the "Ancient Mariner" came. A fragment of the coffin of the great Italian poet, Dante, rested in a glass box upon the table. Near the table stood the waste paper basket of the poet, Thomas Moore.

But the best beloved of all the treasures in this room was the armchair given him by the Cambridge school children on his seventy-second birthday.

The "spreading chestnut-tree" mentioned in the "Village Blacksmith" grew in time to be so large as to incommode the passers. The city fathers decided to cut it down. Mr. Longfellow pleaded, but the tree fell.

A happy thought occurred to the authorities. The school children were invited to contribute towards converting the tree into an armchair for the poet.

A portion of the wood was therefore made into a handsome chair, stained black and upholstered in green leather. Horse-chestnut leaves, burrs, and blossoms were exquisitely carved upon the back; the castors were glass balls.

Around the seat in raised German text are these lines from the "Village Blacksmith":—

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,

And hear the bellows roar
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

Underneath the cushion is a brass plate, bearing the following inscription : —

TO
THE AUTHOR
OF
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,
THIS CHAIR, MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE SPREADING
CHESTNUT-TREE
IS PRESENTED
AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATEFUL REGARD AND VENERATION
BY
THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,
WHO, WITH THEIR FRIENDS, JOIN IN THE BEST WISHES AND
CONGRATULATIONS
ON
THIS ANNIVERSARY,
FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

Mr. Longfellow expressed his thanks in a beautiful poem entitled "From my Armchair."

He also ordered that no child who wished to see the chair at his house should be excluded. The

tramp of little feet was heard through the house several days.

That he not only loved but deeply felt for children is seen in his poem "Weariness" in which he pities the sorrowful years which he knew await many of earth's little children.

One of Mr. Longfellow's children was born on the same day that Mrs. Lowell died. Thus arose Longfellow's poem, "The Two Angels," meaning the angel of life and the angel of death, which came to the two houses. Most beautifully he says, in alluding to the visit of the death angel at the couch of Mrs. Lowell,

"Two angels issued where but one went in."

What is more beautiful than his allusion to a child in his sonnet "Nature"? In the figure of a tired child reluctantly leaving its play to follow its fond mother to bed he sees men and women called to leave their work on earth and to die.

Do you not think the sons and daughters of Mr. Longfellow dearly loved their poet-father?

On March 24, 1882, the bells of Cambridge tolled seventy-six strokes, when all who heard knew that the beloved poet, the "First Citizen" as the Cambridge people called him, had passed away. Tokens of mourning were exhibited on all houses, and his draped portrait in the shop windows.

During a heavy fall of snow he was laid to rest

in Mount Auburn Cemetery. Governor Long, who spoke at the public funeral services, said, "May we, like him, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time; may our sadness resemble sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain; may we know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong; may we wake the better soul that slumbers to a holy, calm delight; may we never mistake heaven's distant lamps for sad, funereal tapers, and may we ever hear the voice from the sky like a falling star — Excelsior."

How much do the children of the United States owe to this lover of children!



FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that tolls amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil or spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris fair among the fairest,
Who armed with golden-rod
And winged with the celestial azure bearest
The message of some god.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

ANALYSIS OF "THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE."

What schoolboy has not waded out into some marshy meadow to gather an armful of the wild flags, while his sister and the girls have tarried dis-

creetly on the borders? With what triumph the young forager has returned and submitted his purple booty to the admiring approval of the girls! How generously he has divided the royal spoils amongst them!

What shall the boys and girls do with their flags? Let them make their home bright with some of them and let them take some to the botany class.

Here they will look more closely at the fleshy rootstalk, and will be pleased to learn that the powdered orris root with its odor of violets which they have used for perfume is the root of the Italian wild flag.

They will look at the firm, close-set, sword-like leaves, guarding closely the royal purple. They will see three arching petals making a dome over the centre of the flower. They will find three drooping, banner-like sepals, each bearing a tuft of yellow fuzz, designed to catch stray pollen grains.

They will see three more petal-like parts which prove to be stigmas of the curious, three-cleft pistil, whose long style they will explore till they reach the little bag of seeds three inches below. How carefully they are wrapped in the same sword-like leaves — swords even around their cradles!

Lifting each petal-like stigma, they will find a white stamen. They will trace the path taken by the pollen grains to reach the ovary and will see that because the path is a little uncertain, the flower

has been made fragrant and furnished with a little drop of honey. Insects, thus attracted, jar the pollen grains off, bend the flower by their weight, and send the pollen down the roadway leading to the ovary. They often, too, bring pollen from other flags, which is still better.

The young botanists will learn that their wild flag is also called the iris and the flower-de-luce, that is the flower of Louis. In 1137 King Louis VII made this the national flower of France.

These facts are from the prose of the flower, but

“These, and far more than these,
The poet sees.”

Now let us study the flower as Mr. Longfellow saw it when he wrote his beautiful poem, “The Flower-de-Luce.”

Reading it all through, one sees it is an address to the flower, not something written about it. So the poet at once takes the flower into his own world of consciousness and talks to it; already we are nearer the flower.

“Beautiful lily,” he begins, and you remember you have learned it is not really a lily although often called so.

Then he describes its home, “by still rivers,” “by solitary mere,” or where some meadow brook gathers a tributary for the mill-race. Yes, the last is just the place where you found your blossoms.

And while the poet sees the great mill-wheel toiling "amid the rushing of the flume," and gathering from the water a force which, midst din and whirl, sets spindle and loom to producing fabrics of beauty for us to wear, he sees the flower laughing at the mill.

"Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance," without sound or effort it gathers from the same stream materials which it weaves into far more delicate fabrics than any mill can produce. Then the sword-like leaves and tall rushes draw the poet's attention.

The wind has lifted a banner-like sepal of the flower, and quickly the rushes press around it while, in his steel-blue armor, the burnished dragon-fly, like the squire of some lordly knight, darts to its side. This is a picture of feudal times, when most of the people were servants to great lords to whose banners they flocked whenever this was displayed. Sometimes the noble knight was served by a band of outlaws forbidden to appear in public places.

Such a picture as this Longfellow thought of when he called the shade-loving rushes outlaws of the sun, pressing about their leader, the flower-de-luce. Is there not something military in their straight, compact, uniform ranks?

And then the poet, remembering their name, iris, recalls the legend which tells how Juno, the goddess of the air and the clouds, caused this plant to

spring up in honor of Iris, her beautiful maid. Iris was Juno's trusted messenger whom she sent on errands between the sky and earth. She poured out the refreshing rain and sometimes revealed herself to man for a few moments in the rainbow.

Thus in very early days people explained the rain, the rainbow, and the iris flower. We may think of this legend whenever we use the word iris, whether we refer to the flower, the colored ring in the eye, or the rainbow-tinted plumage of a dove.

Thus, speaking more lovingly and ever more reverently to the flower, the poet says, "Thou art the Muse," thinking still of the times so long ago in the childhood of the world when beings called muses were thought to live beside the brooks.

Their wondrous melodies played on simple reed pipes were thought to bring to men those thoughts and feelings which they, in turn, gave to the world in poetry. True poetry is so beautiful that it seems quite reasonable to think that poets have learned to write by the margin of some inspiring stream.

As the flower-de-luce said so much to Mr. Longfellow, we delight in saying with him —

" — bloom on and make forever
The world more fair and sweet."

We cannot help thanking Mr. Longfellow too for showing us so much in this lovely blossom. Will it not mean more to us now?

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest ;
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed,
And fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "why this waste of food ?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
While the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

ANALYSIS OF "WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID."*

Mr. Longfellow was a great student of the German language and literature. He knew a great deal about Germany's famous writers, its ruined castles, and the interesting stories connected with these.

Once he visited the old town of Würzburg in southern Germany. Here he heard the story of Walter of the Birdmeadow as he was called, a story which gave rise to one of the prettiest of Longfellow's poems.

Walter, the bird poet, lived seven hundred years ago. His home was at Würzburg during his latter life. During his early years, however, he was a wandering poet, a Minnesinger, or singer of love.

Strolling from village to village, he delighted all with the sweetness of his poems, which were often sung or chanted to the accompaniment of a harp.

As printing was unknown then there were no books, papers, or printed music to entertain people. They therefore eagerly welcomed the Minnesingers to their homes.

* "Walter of the Birdmeadow."

Once all the Minnesingers of Germany were invited to come to the beautiful and famous old castle of Wartburg to sing or recite their very best works before their rulers.

So great was the zeal and spirit displayed that the contest was called the War of Wartburg. Walter was one of the best of the contestants.

When about to die, Walter thought of the great pleasure his poems had been to him and remembered that nature had been his teacher. "From the birds," he said, "I have learned to sing; I will repay them." So he directed that he should be buried in the shade of the great cathedral tower and gave all his wealth to the monks on one condition. Every day at noon they were to scatter upon his tomb food for the birds.

For many years his will was executed. Every noon the birds came for their dinner. They covered the tomb, they perched upon the tree overshadowing the grave, they lighted upon the cloister windows and even upon the carved face of the poet. Their lively songs seemed to renew the War of Wartburg in which their benefactor had taken part.

At last the monks, growing weary of this, began to call it a great waste. They declared it was better to give it to the poor. So they ceased to feed the birds which now came in vain for their noontide meal.

But the birds had been entertained so long here that they never seemed quite to forget the place, and ever since they have lingered about the tomb, singing, as the monks declare, the name of Vogelweid.

Time has crumbled the marble and effaced the inscription, yet the presence of the birds to-day serves to recall the life and times of Walter.

Mr. Longfellow doubtless liked this story of the bird-poet, because he knew that nature does really teach each one who will listen ; that she will

"Sing to him night and day
The songs of the universe."

This is not Mr. Longfellow's only bird story. You would now like to read the poems, "Legend of the Crossbill," "The Emperor's Bird Nest," "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," and "The Birds of Killingworth," all of which narrate beautiful stories about birds.

ANALYSIS OF "MAIDENHOOD."

Longfellow's poem "Maidenhood" is a graceful tribute of affection to one of his daughters — his "Edith with golden hair," we infer from the language.

It is a father's wise and loving counsel to a beloved daughter whose growth he notes with pleasure.

She has begun to be thoughtful but has not quite determined to be wholly in earnest.

Picture the maiden. She has brown eyes, meek, the poet says ; not the restless, twinkling expression of the mere fun-loving girl, but eyes like clear, still water, eyes

“In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies.”

You know how we like to look into the darkening twilight sky, still bright and soft, yet with a hint of the night which is near.

Her face is radiant like the morning and the sunshine, as every girl's face should be. The poet says her looks “outshine the sun.”

Her braided band of golden hair reminds the poet-father of the shining little streams in the meadow, all uniting to form one broad stream.

Our maiden stands timidly and a little irresolutely at the point where the merry brook of childhood meets the deep, broad river of womanhood. All girls come to this river. Some linger by the brook, yet all cast their eyes out upon the river of their opening, expanding life.

What thoughts are in the maiden's mind the father seeks to guess. Rightly he guesses that she is startled to see the brook advance so swiftly and surely into the river. She is awed at the river's breadth. Life looks great and grand to

her. Life is great and grand to all who have the true feeling about it. Beautiful and enticing, too, the river looks in spite of its breadth. So look life's duties to her, all so new ; inviting, yet exacting.

Though the river beckons her to follow its course to its " fields Elysian," yet she pauses.

The father remembers that little things often deter the young. He knows that little doubts and troubles sometimes keep them from doing their best, even when they desire to.

So, using his beautiful figures, he asks the maiden looking at the river if she sees reflections as a dove might see with affright the falcon's reflection in the water.

He asks her if she hears voices which older ears, deafened by the cataract's roar, have ceased to detect.

Then, knowing how necessary it is that she should not loiter, he warns her, the child of many prayers, that there are quicksands and snares upon the banks.

He reminds her that like a swelling strain of music

"Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

Is not this a pretty way of telling her that age must come ?

Then he leaves the figure of the river and the

brook. He calls childhood a bough full of slumbering buds and blossoms, beneath which the child lives. Age he calls the same bough, but covered with snow, and forming a snowy tent in which one lives.

Gather then, he tells her, every flower that grows, to cheer that snowy tent. Learn all graces and accomplishments. Train the eye, the hand, and the ear; enrich your thought and feeling for the snowy time of age. Is not this what all girls must seek to do?

First and ever foremost be pure.

“Bear a lily in thy hand”

is the way the poet puts it.

And because he knew that truth and gentleness overcome very great obstacles, he said that gates of brass could not resist the lily's touch. It would be just like a fairy's magic wand.

He bids her carry everywhere a sunny, cheerful spirit, which he calls the dew of youth. He bids her wear the frank, honest smile of truth through all her life.

He tells her that these will be like balm poured into wounds and like sleep to tired eyes. Then, looking into her face so full of sunshine, he adds, kissing her as we may guess, —

“For a smile of God thou art.”

Would you not think that the maiden would feel like making her life all that her father had pictured to her?

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke,
Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with the
flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.
I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest !"
And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.
I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
" My errand is not Death, but Life, he said ;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door ?

4. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the distinguished physician and writer, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809, the birth year of Tennyson, Gladstone, and Lincoln.

He is one of the five children of Rev. Abiel Holmes, a noted clergyman and author. His mother, formerly Miss Sarah Wendell, descended from a long line of eminent families, the Dudleys, Quincys, and Bradstreets, noted in politics and literature. He was named from his mother's father, Hon. Oliver Wendell.

His earliest recollections, he tells us, are of tumbling about in a big room full of books, with a kind, sunny-faced man sitting at a table strewn with papers.

The boy went to various schools until sixteen, when he entered Harvard College at Cambridge. He graduated in the class of 1829. Among his classmates was the author of our national hymn, America, Rev. S. F. Smith.

While at college he wrote a number of poems, and determined to be an author. But he thought a literary man ought to have some regular calling. So he began to study medicine.

After two and a half years of study in Cambridge, he sailed to Europe, where for three years

he continued his studies in the hospitals of London and Paris.

During this time he continued writing, and on returning in 1834 gave to the world his first volume of poems.

He pursued his medical studies constantly, distinguishing himself in those diseases that are detected by the ear, as well as in those which require the use of the microscope.

He became in 1838 Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire; but after two years he resigned and returned to Boston that he might have a better chance to practise.

When thirty-one he married Miss Amelia Jackson, daughter of Hon. Charles Jackson, former judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. He now moved to a beautiful residence known as Montgomery Place, on Charles Street, in Boston. Here he passed eighteen happy years; here were born his three children.

In 1847 he was offered the professorship of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard College, where Professor Longfellow and Professor Agassiz were already teaching.

This position he accepted and most satisfactorily filled it for thirty-five years.

While professor at Harvard, Dr. Holmes not only prepared his medical lectures, but he also wrote

and delivered, in various places, lectures on the English poets. He also wrote his delightful poems, all of them short, many very witty, others pathetic, still others stirring and patriotic.

He was deeply interested in the civil war, which called forth several of his best poems. His son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was wounded in the war.

Besides his medical works, lectures, and poems, Dr. Holmes has written three charming stories: "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy."

He contributed for many years to the *Atlantic Monthly*, first publishing in it his Breakfast Table Series, including the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."

This magazine owed its brilliant success largely to him. In 1879, on his seventieth birthday, the managers of the *Atlantic* celebrated the occasion by a dinner given in his honor, at which distinguished writers from all parts of the land were present. He responded in a poem running over with fun, pretending, however, to be greatly embarrassed.

Since 1870 he has lived in a brown stone house on the north side of Beacon Street, in Boston. Charles River, widened almost into a bay, flows past the rear of the house.

His favorite room, the library, on the second

floor, looks out through a large bay window upon the river where ducks and gulls are always sporting.

The walls are lined with books, and through the heavy oak doors comes hardly a sound of the busy life in Beacon Street.

A picture of his great-grandmother, Dorothy Quincy, the "Dorothy Q." of his poem, hangs upon the wall. One of the beautiful framed embroideries for which Dr. Holmes's daughter-in-law is so famous, also ornaments the room.

Below, the handsome dining-room is also on the river side of the house. He invites his chosen guests to his library, saying, "The reception-room is good enough for your things but you must come to the library."

His summers are spent on the seashore at the Beverly Farms with his daughter, Mrs. Sargent.

In 1882 Dr. Holmes resigned his professorship at Harvard, and since then has written, traveled, and enjoyed his Beacon Street home. His class at parting presented him a "loving cup" inscribed with the words: "Love bless thee; joy crown thee; God speed thy career."

Two years later, at the age of seventy-five, he was given a complimentary dinner in New York by the medical profession.

In 1886, almost eighty years old, he again sailed for Europe. He was greeted with the greatest en-

thusiasm, and received every attention. He says of this trip, "I thought I had four friends in England; I found that I had four thousand." This visit he describes in his "One Hundred Days in Europe."

Dr. Holmes, besides being a learned scholar, is a hearty, whole-souled, generous man. He is running over with fun and jollity. He tells us in one of his poems that he never dares to write "as funny as he can."

His humor is like a bracing tonic, and Whittier declares that "he was born for the laughter cure."

Long live his genial smile and hearty laugh!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

Dr. Holmes once wrote a letter to the Cincinnati school children on the occasion of their celebrating his birthday.

In it he confessed he had written some poems which he did not prize highly. "But," he added, "if you will remember me by 'The Chambered Nautilus,' 'The Living Temple,' and 'The Promise,' your memories will be a monument I shall think more of than of any bronze or marble."

The first of these three, "The Chambered Nautilus," was his favorite. He chose the last stanza of this when asked to write in the album of Princess Louise of England.

Let us study this poem, and discover why Dr. Holmes prefers to be remembered by it.

First, however, as the poet did, we must study the shell and learn something of the little creature that once lived in it.

The large, pearly nautilus, divided into its numerous chambers, began with a tiny, undivided shell. In it the nautilus lived at the bottom of the sea for one year. In the second year the shell grew larger and the nautilus left the portion it had occupied the previous year, closed up the entrance, and began life anew in its second year's home. Each year in turn added a new chamber and gave the nautilus a larger home. Only a slender ligament passing through each chamber joined it to its first home.

Then it began to rise to the surface, where, spreading its purple, gauze-like tissues for sails, it might often be seen in the warm waters of the South Pacific. At last a storm cast it upon the shore. The fragile life perished, and the shell, treated with acids, revealed to the shell polisher its pearly hues.

So it came into the poet's hands. Dr. Holmes calls it a "ship of pearl." Pearly it is, but why a ship? He recalls the sight of the living nautilus, sailing the ocean. He remembers that centuries ago the Greeks saw the little sailor and named it nautilus, from the Greek word for ship.

A ship all of pearl! Would you not like to sail in such a fairy vessel?

This ship "poets feign," for really it does not so often appear on the surface as it stays on the bottom, "sails the unshadowed main" or sea. Did you ever think that though the sun shines on the sea, there are no shadows?

This ship of pearl he calls a "venturous bark," a daring little craft. It does not fear to sail on its purple wings, down into deep gulfs where sirens were fancied to dwell—those ocean singers whose music lured to destruction.

Down into these enchanted gulfs it sails, risking the sharp coral reefs which human sailors shun, and meeting, perhaps, the mermaids as they rise to sun their hair upon the reefs.

But at last the too venturesome bark was wrecked, and now, as the poet holds it, feelings of compassion come to him.

Those "webs of living gauze" which formed the fragile body will never again unfurl like sails before the wind. It is a wrecked ship. Its owner has perished.

Every secret room once so carefully locked is open. We may look upon the "irised ceiling" of the outermost chamber. We may peep through the broken side into the partitioned rooms which the poet calls "sunless crypts." No sunlight ever before entered them.

We may think of the "dim, dreamy life" which animated these chambers so long, for animals as low as the nautilus have few nerves. It is but a dream-life which they live.

Yet the "frail tenant" of the growing shell, in his dreamy way, knew how to find a fairy home.

Industrious and ambitious was the little dreamer. Silently it worked year after year building its "lustrous coil." Noiselessly it

"Stole with soft step its shining archway through."

Do you notice how pretty the words are which the author has put in this line? Do you notice how they convey the sound of a stealthy step?

Then it built up its door, for it had no wish to go back. Contentedly it stretched in its new home and "knew the old no more."

This is what the poet saw. Holding the shell to his ear, he heard a voice, the sound which all shells give. He listened. There is a message for him.

This shell, the child of the sea, cast away by its restless mother, spoke to him. Its words are clearer than any words ever blown by the Tritons, the bold trumpeters of the sea god, Neptune.

As the Triton's note sounded through "the deep caves of thought," came the shell's voice to the listening poet.

It said to him: "Do as the nautilus did, as the years pass — grow. Think more deeply, love more

broadly, look higher. Live a larger life. Do not be satisfied with your present self. Let every year be a house with a higher ceiling. Rather let it be a temple, with a loftier dome. Then death will be only leaving what you have outgrown."

Did not the shell bring a "heavenly message" to the poet?



THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen.
Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
Eternal wisdom still the same.

The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves,
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,

While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net,
Which, in unnumbered crossing tides,
The flood of burning life divides,
Then kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame,
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light ;
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Makes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear !

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes from the sovereign will !
Think on the stormy world that dwells

Locked in its dim and clustering cells ;
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine !
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms !

ANALYSIS OF "THE LIVING TEMPLE."

Dr. Holmes has given us several poems that remind us that he is a physician as well as a poet. The finest of these is "The Living Temple."

The "world of light," the sky, where shines "God's blazing throne," the sun, is indeed grand. The great globe of the earth, encircled by flowing seas and scattered with continents and islands, excites our admiration.

Yet these do not show forth all the Creator's glory. Close at home are wonders. Our own bodies are marvels of workmanship.

Let us, as Dr. Holmes bids us, look in upon these frames.

We breathe —

“The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring to its hidden caves.”

Opposite every one of the tiny air cells which constitute these caves is a blood cell with only a very thin wall between.

The pure air goes through this wall, enters the blood, and turns it from purple to scarlet. Then, loaded with the blood's impurities, it passes back to the lungs and out of the body.

The change has, at the same time, in some wonderful way, developed heat. The purified blood has not only been reddened but warmed. Now it returns to the heart, that warm fountain from which it is to flow outward to the body.

Not one instant can this organ cease its labor of opening and closing its valves for the coming and going streams. In sleep it does not work quite as rapidly, yet it never stops.

The stomach at times ceases to digest food. The eye closes to obtain rest. Sleep rests the tired ear. In repose the muscles cease to move. But the heart never knows a moment of rest. It is truly a throbbing slave —

“Forever quivering o'er his task.”

Now look at the large artery which carries outward that “flood of burning life,” the blood.

See it divide again and again "in unnumbered crossing tides." See the network of arteries which the crimson jets from the heart fill.

Then, having penetrated to every point of the body, the blood deposits in little cells which it finds there tiny particles of nourishment. These are to be the new bone, muscle, nerve, and cartilage.

All the old particles which have lost their freshness it sweeps out and carries on. These particles are good food for the fresh air to seize. They furnish heat for the body.

Thus "kindling each decaying part," the blood returns to the heart to start anew. So it makes its journeys, one every three minutes. What do the journeys accomplish? They build the bones, those —

"Living marbles, jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong."

Did you ever see the silvery ligaments and shining cartilage which pass over joints and bind them so nicely? All these the blood builds up from hour to hour. But nerves run through the bones and give them feeling. So there must be some connection with the brain. They must be, as Dr. Holmes says they are, "linked to reason's guiding reins."

The spinal column, with its twenty-four separate bones, each a strong ring, provides the means of

connection. All the rings together build a long channel through which a large nerve called the spinal cord passes from the brain.

The eye, too, is built up from the blood. Do you know what there is in a beam of sunlight? Look at it through a triangular piece of glass. You will see it has seven colors like a rainbow. If light should be separated by the eye, how confused objects would appear! Yet never by any chance do the seven rays go astray.

The ear, too, is built from the blood. It has wonderful equipments, arches, winding passages, tiny cords, fine bristles, and clear fluids with little floating granules.

Some one sings. The air is set to vibrating. Its vibrations strike the ear. They enter the arches and spirals, and are carried by the cords, bristles, and granules to the nerve of hearing. This conveys them to the brain.

So far they are only vibrations. But now the brain perceives them as music, music so beautiful that it is heaven to hear it.

But even the brain, "the cloven sphere," is built up by the blood. This most wonderful of all organs is a large sphere of soft gray and white matter lying in deep folds, enclosed in wrappings, both fine and coarse, and divided vertically through the middle. The meat of a walnut is a good representation of it.

In these, "mysterious folds" thought is somehow developed. Here feeling resides. From here, the will sends forth its commands. Our passions, "the stormy world" of love and hate, joy and sorrow, all lie locked in their own particular cells. Hollow, glossy nerves, passing from the brain, carry the brain force like "lightning gleams of power" along their threads.

A marvellous structure truly is this body, much more marvellous to us after we have looked upon it with the help of Dr. Holmes. Truly it is a temple to be kept pure.

Therefore the poet, full of reverence for this sacred possession, implores divine love to control these "mystic temples." He thinks of the time when age and care will have worn out the body. He knows that some time the leaning walls of this temple will be sapped, its pillars will fall, darkness will gather over it, and it will turn to dust.

He implores that then the dust of these temples may be moulded by the hand of the Creator into "heavenly forms."

Shall we not think more highly of our bodies, guarding them like a temple?

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 “ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

A METRICAL ESSAY.

[EXTRACT.]

And, most of all, the pure ethereal fire,
Which seems to radiate from the poet's lyre,
Is to the world a mystery and a charm,
An Ægis wielded on a mortal arm,
While reason turns her dazzled eye away,
And bows her sceptre to her subject's sway;
And thus the poet, clothed with godlike state,
Usurpt his Maker's title—to create;
He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
What others feel more fitly can express,
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world his own.
There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense:
The rudest savage roaming through the wild;
The simplest rustic bending o'er his child;
The infant listening to the warbling bird;
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large;
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge;

* * * * *

E'en trembling age, when Spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvery hair;—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name.

5. ALFRED TENNYSON.

In the year 1809, a little dark-eyed English baby first opened his eyes. He is known as Baron Tennyson, to-day, a white-haired man past eighty, poet laureate of England.

The same year saw the birth of William Gladstone and of Abraham Lincoln.

The life of the great English poet has been rather quiet. Yet every boy and girl wants to know something about him who wrote "The Brook" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Lord Tennyson is the third of the twelve children of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, an English rector. His mother was a clergyman's daughter. He has always enjoyed the advantages of a refined and wealthy home.

He studied first with his father and afterwards at Cambridge College where he graduated. While here he won a medal for writing a poem.

At eighteen, with his brother Charles, he published a little volume called "Poems by Two Brothers." Only those signed C. T. were thought promising. Yet Alfred has become a famous poet while Charles has ceased to write.

Mr. Tennyson married early and has a large and happy family.

For twelve years after he began to publish his

poems they were wholly overlooked or derided by the public. Meanwhile he worked with the most patient painstaking to render his poems faultless.

He found a fine subject in the old stories of King Arthur and the Round Table. These gave him his "Idyls of the King." A storm of applause greeted them. He became the idol of all. Many tried to imitate him. His style was learned in a degree by inferior poets. People came to doubt again whether Tennyson was so uncommon a writer as they had thought.

All these changes in his popularity, together with his natural vexation about it, are expressed in his poem called "The Flower."

But his fame has grown steadily, and he is now called the first of living poets.

Fortune has smiled upon him. In 1850 he was made laureate, though not required to write on national occasions unless he chose. Later he was made a lord. For his poem "Sea Dreams," of about three hundred lines or verses, he received fifty dollars per line.

Through his works one learns what Mr. Tennyson thinks.

In a long poem, called "The Princess," he has told us what he thinks of woman.

In another, called "Enoch Arden," a touching sailor story, he shows us the grandeur of conquering one's self.

The divine beauty of forgiveness is the moral of many of his works, as in "Guinevere" and in "Sea Dreams."

In another lengthy poem, called "In Memoriam," he grieves for the death of his dear friend, Mr. Arthur Hallam, who was to have married Tennyson's sister Cecilia.

The poet's nature was touched very deeply by this death. His mind began to question everything. He began to ask why, to study the purpose of life.

At last he grew strong and hopeful again. He wrote that

"Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use."

"Forever nobler ends," he adds.

He tells us : —

"Good shall fall — far off — at last to all,
And every winter change to spring."

So through this poem he has given comforting thoughts to many in similar trouble.

He is a believer in progress. He sounds the very keynote of history when he says : —

“And I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

He has given us a large number of the most charming songs and many of our familiar quotations. Among the latter one often hears “The grand old name of gentleman” or “Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.”

Mr. Tennyson is tall, slightly bent, with dark, dreamy eyes and whitened hair and beard.

He has lived a quiet, secluded life at his two beautiful homes in the Isle of Wight and at Haslemere in Sussex. He generally refuses to see strangers. He once sent away the Prince of Wales, mistaking him for a stranger.

It is said he is rather shy and unsocial, careless in dress and brusque in manner. He once told an American guest that he came very near visiting America. The visitor assured him that he would be very cordially received. “Ah,” said the poet, “that is just what I fear.”

He has taken no part in questions of the day, and has never taken his seat in the House of Lords.

Some blame him for this, charging him with indifference to the toiling, struggling lives around him.

Yet his manner is but the result of a long life spent with books and devoted to training his eye

to catch those fleeting images of beauty which he has built into magic word-pictures. We may trust his sympathies, when he addresses men as

“Men my brothers, men the workers:”

and when he tells us that —

“Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”



THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, “I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.”

ANALYSIS OF "THE POET'S SONG."

In a little allegory, called "The Poet's Song," Mr. Tennyson tells us his idea of a poet's work.

It had rained one summer day. But now it was clear and bright. A light west wind was sending shadows over the wheat fields. Inspired by the sight of invigorated, purified nature, a poet, who has watched all, passed from his room, out of the town and away from the streets.

He found his favorite spot where, seating himself, he began to sing.

Up in the sky among the clouds were a wild swan and a lark. The swan paused in rapture, and the lark, wild with joy, dropped at the feet of the singer.

A roving swallow, hearing the song, forgot the bee it was chasing. A snake could not glide away to its hiding-place. but waited under a spray of leaves.

A hawk, with its bill already covered with down, paused, — tarried for a moment. The nightingale, sweetest of the bird choir, owned herself surpassed.

Listening, she found that the wonderful song told what this world is to be "when the years have died away." Something very beautiful Tennyson thinks it is to be — so beautiful that the hawk nature in man will be tamed.

The swallowlike busybodies will become earnest.

The shy, snake-like spirit is to be wholly changed.
People are to acknowledge the good and true as
the snowy swan and the joyous lark first felt the
beauty of the poet's song.

Would not that be a joyous time in which to
live?

So Tennyson, a true poet, proclaims to us a
better world, a thought which is found in many of
his poems and which you may especially look for
in "Ring out Wild Bells."



CRADLE SONG.

(From "Sea Dreams.")

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer
Baby, too, shall fly away.

TOO LATE.

(From "Guinevere.")

Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we : for that we do repent ;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light ; so late ! and dark and chill the night !
Oh, let us in, that we may find the light !
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet !
No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.



GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

(From "Maud.")

Go not, happy day,
 From the shining fields ;
Go not, happy day,
 Till the maiden yields ;
Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
 Falters from her lips,

Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it through the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it through the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

THE BUGLE SONG.

(From "The Princess.")

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and sear
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



SWEET AND LOW.

(From "The Princess.")

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
O'er the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow;
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west.
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

“Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?”
Said Lady Clare, “that ye speak so wild?”
“As God’s above,” said Alice the nurse,
“I speak the truth: you are my child.”

“The old Earl’s daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.”

“Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife.”

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said “Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith?” said Alice the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?”

“If I come drest like a village maid
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."



DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son :
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die ;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter : he and I

Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora ; take her for your wife ;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short :
"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :
"You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece, and said : "My girl, I love you well ;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

“I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.”

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: “Where were you yesterday?”

Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;

And I will beg of him to take thee back ;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch : they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in : but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her :
And Allan set him down, and Mary said :

" O Father ! — if you let me call you so —
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child ; but now I come
For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me —
I had been a patient wife : but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
' God bless him ! ' he said, ' and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro' ! ' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd — unhappy that I am !
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room ;

And all at once the old man burst in sobs :

“I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill’d my son.
I have kill’d him — but I loved him — my dear son.
May God forgive me ! — I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.”

Then they clung about
The old man’s neck, and kiss’d him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse ;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold ;
And for three hours he sobb’d o’er William’s child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together ; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.



THE BROOK.

“Here, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late ;
One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;
Nor could he understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
Oh, had he lived ! In our school-books we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourish’d then or then ; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch’d
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect ; yet the brook he loved,

For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him ; for 'O brook,' he says,
'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy ; there the river ; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set,
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

“But Philip chatter’d more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow’d grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

“O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

“Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her,
For here I came, twenty years back, — the week

Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry — crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck ; and he clamor'd from a casement, ' run '
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
' Run, Katie ! ' Katie never ran : she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it ? less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie ; not illiterate ; neither one
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why ?
What cause of quarrel ? None, she said, no cause ;
James had no cause ; but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James ? I said.
But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender-pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. ' Coming every day,'
She answer'd ' ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short ;
And James departed vexed with him and her.'

How could I help her? 'Would I — was it wrong?'
(Clasped hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long, long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;

He gave them line : and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd something more,
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;
He gave them line : and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

“Then, while I breathed in sight of heaven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it ? recommenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still ; and so
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace ; and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :
I scraped the lichen from it ; Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings ;
And he looked up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within :
Then, wondering, ask'd her, " Are you from the farm ? "

“Yes,” answer’d she. “Pray stay a little : pardon me ;
What do they call you ?” “Katie.” “That were strange.
What surname ?” “Willows.” “No !” “That is my name.”
“Indeed !” and here he looked so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh’d, and laughing blush’d, till he
Laughed also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her ; “Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world’s best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
Above these meadows, twenty years ago.”

“Have you not heard ?” said Katie, “we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her ? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field :
But she — you will be welcome — Oh, come in !”



ELAINE.

Tennyson drew many of his best poems from the legends of King Arthur. Of these poem-stories, Elaine is one of the finest.

The story of Elaine is as follows :

King Arthur was a famous king of England in the sixth century. His wife, Queen Guinevere, “the pearl of beauty,” brought him at their marriage a large, circular table. Around it King Arthur used to gather his knights for counsel.

Among these Knights of the Round Table the bravest was Sir Launcelot, the flower of bravery.

King Arthur, wishing to encourage skill at arms, had for eight years held an annual tournament or combat of horsemen. He had each year offered a diamond as the prize. Sir Launcelot had won each time.

Now, the last and largest diamond remained to be won. Launcelot, hoping to win it, intended to present all to the queen. On the day before the last joust or tournament, the queen was ill. Launcelot, fancying that he read in her face unwillingness that he should go, gave up his purpose to attend. He told the king that his old wounds still troubled him.

After the king's departure, the capricious queen urged Launcelot to go.

Half-vexed, he starts for Camelot, the place of the joust. Ashamed to meet the king after his pretext, he stops on the way at the old castle of Astolat to exchange his shield.

In the castle lived the lord of Astolat, his two sons Torre and Lavaine and his only daughter Elaine, the darling of the house, so fair that she was called the lily maid.

Torre's shield is brought to Launcelot, and Lavaine is accepted as guide to Camelot.

All the evening the courtly Launcelot entertains the household with stories of King Arthur

and the Round Table, new and interesting to the secluded family. He does not, however, tell them his name. He prophesies that Torre would win the diamond if he chose to fight, and bade him give it to his fair sister, declaring that such a gift would not violate the law of like to like.

Elaine is pleased with these words; she feels that he is noble and good.

Next morning as he rides away with Lavaine, Elaine begs him to wear on his helmet a token from her. It is a scarf embroidered with pearls. He politely refuses, but as she urges saying that it will help disguise him, he consents.

At Camelot, taken for a stranger, he is closely beset by all. He wins, but before the prize is awarded, having received a severe wound, he rides away with Lavaine into a grove of poplars. Here a hermit dresses his wound.

King Arthur, not knowing who or where the victor was, now sends one of his knights, Sir Gawain, to find him and to give him the diamond. Gawain fails to find him, but coming to Astolat, and seeing Sir Launcelot's shield there, knows the victor is he. He tells Elaine, teases her about her love, and leaves the diamond with her.

Returning to the court he spread abroad the news of Elaine and Launcelot. The king replied, "You go no more on quest of mine; since you forget obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

Elaine now obtains leave of her old father to go in search of her brother and Launcelot. She finds Launcelot in the poplar grove, weak and burning with fever.

Kneeling, she presents the kingly diamond, and then for many weeks cares for him. The three at last return to Astolat Castle.

The grateful Launcelot urges Elaine to ask for some reward, declaring he would give lavishly. At last she makes known her love. He gently replies that she will yet live to honor some younger knight, and then he will endow them with lands and gold and that he will fight all her battles. Then he rode away with no word of parting.

The motherless girl, broken-hearted, gives herself up to grief. She does not care to live. She becomes ill, and calling her father and brother to her bedside, she tells them that she must die.

She dictates to Lavaine a letter which he writes and seals. Then she makes her father promise that when she dies she shall be dressed in her richest robes, and with the letter and a lily in her hands, she shall be placed upon a barge draped in black and borne by their dumb old serving-man up the river to the palace.

After ten days she dies, and all is done as she directed.

Sir Launcelot, standing with Queen Guinevere at a window facing the river, had just presented

the dearly won diamonds. The jealous queen, charging him with deceit, flung them into the river.

Launcelot, weary of life and all things, leaned back, when he espied the barge bearing Elaine, "a star in deepest night."

The whole court was touched with pity. Arthur approaching the bier, broke the letter and read. It begged Sir Launcelot and Lady Guinevere to pray for her soul and yield her burial.

Sir Launcelot, deeply mourning her death, related before all the knights the story of his visit, her love, and his answer. He proved himself guiltless, yet all sorrowed for the maiden. King Arthur gave orders for a costly funeral.

Queen Guinevere confessed her jealousy and begged Launcelot's forgiveness. King Arthur threw his arms about the unhappy knight and sought to comfort him.

But Launcelot, sad and remorseful, went apart and mourned for the maiden whose death he had unwittingly caused. He resolved that the deceit which he had practised toward the king, and which had been the starting-point of all this woe, should be the last.

The many interesting particulars of this beautiful story must be learned by reading the poem itself.

QUOTATIONS FROM TENNYSON.

“Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret,
Eyes with idle tears are wet.”

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me,
’Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

“In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin’s breast;
In the spring, the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
nished dove;
In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love.”

“A sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering hap-
pier things.”

“Ah yet, tho’ all the world forsake,
 Tho’ fortune clip my wings,
 I will not cramp my heart, nor take
 Half views of men and things.”

“Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.”

“It is the little rift within the lute
 That by and by will make the music mute
 And ever widening slowly silence all.”

“Men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves, to higher things.”

“To loyal hearts the value of all gifts,
 Must vary as the giver’s.”

“For manners are not idle, but the fruit
 Of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

“Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.”

“Mockery is the fume of little hearts.”

“We needs must love the highest when we see it.”

“For what is true repentance but in thought
Not even in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us.”

“Not die but live a life of truest breath,
To teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.”

“Indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame.”

“And I must work through months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil,
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom :
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.”

“The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe,
Teach me the nothingness of things.”

6. CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, was born in Landsport, England, in 1812.

He was one of the eight children of Mr. John Dickens, a poorly paid clerk in the navy pay office.

When Charles was nine, the family removed to London where the father soon became bankrupt, and with his family, was imprisoned several months.

Charles had already given a hint of what his life work was to be, in a little drama which he had written, called "Misnar, the Sultan of India."

He was now, however, set to work in a blacking factory where he pasted labels on bottles, visiting the family in prison on Sundays.

Mr. Dickens having inherited a small legacy was now released and soon obtained employment as a reporter. Charles was sent to school for two years.

He then worked for a brief time in a lawyer's office, but soon left to learn shorthand. At nineteen he became a reporter. He had seen a good deal of London life, for he was a keen observer. He went all over the city, photographing upon his mind the interesting places and scenes.

At the same time he was writing stories signed "Boz." This was a corruption of Moses, a nick-

name given to a younger brother of Dickens, on account of his resemblance to Moses, in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

The fame of Boz grew. His stories attracted attention, and it was not long before he was well paid for them. "The Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby" were among his first works.

At twenty-four he married Miss Catharine Hogarth, daughter of a London newspaper writer. Five sons and two daughters were born to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, in 1842, visited America, where they were warmly welcomed. Indeed, the Americans, not so much used to foreign celebrities as now, almost overdid their welcome. Dickens, alive to the humorous, could not help poking a little fun at them in his next book, "Martin Chuzzlewit." He visited Italy in 1844, remaining one year.

"Little Dorrit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and "The Tale of Two Cities" were now given to the public. He also produced a number of poems and an interesting history of England, designed for young people. He was the busy editor, first of a paper called *Household Words*, and afterwards of *All the Year Round*. His works first appeared in the papers.

All of his stories were written for some high purpose; all attack some wrong against which he

wished to arouse public feeling. "Oliver Twist" exposes the abuse of the poor-house system. "Nicholas Nickleby" shows the miseries of cheap boarding-schools. "Hard Times" depicts the sufferings of the manufacturing classes.

Dickens made a second visit to America in 1867, giving public readings from his own works in the eastern cities. They were brilliantly successful, but he overtaxed his strength. On returning to England he was obliged to seek the services of a physician.

His famous home known as Gad's Hill is a most beautiful place. When a boy, Dickens longed to own it; at forty-five he purchased the place. It stands on the high road running from London to Dover, half way between Gravesend and Rochester. The road divides the vast estate into two parts.

On one side is the house, with its lawns, pleasure grounds, driveways, and stables. On the other is a wilderness of large, stately elms and sturdy oaks, ivy-covered banks, and beds of mignonette and nasturtiums, threaded by winding woodland walks.

The house, built in 1780, is a two-story, red brick building with a cupola and a quaint porch which has two large bay windows opening into it, and a broad flight of stone steps leading up to it.

The highway is reached from the house by circular carriage-ways leading through massive oak gates at each corner.

For thirteen years Gad's Hill was the scene of a most generous hospitality. Many American guests have been kindly entertained there. Children loved the place and its master, for Dickens was always genial and hearty. The stables and kennels were of great interest to visitors, for Dickens was fond of horses and dogs. His enormous St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs — Linda, Turk, Sultan, and Bumble — defended his property very efficiently.

On the 8th of June, 1870, Dickens suddenly died at his pleasant home. He had strictly forbidden that any monument should be erected to him, desiring that his books and the memories of his friends should perpetuate his name.

Accordingly, he was buried in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, where a plain marble slab, bearing the name of Charles Dickens, marks his resting-place.

LYING AWAKE.

"My uncle lay with his eyes half closed, and his nightcap drawn almost down to his nose. His fancy was already wandering, and began to mingle up the present scene with the crater of Vesuvius, the French Opera, the Coliseum at Rome, Dolly's Chop-house in London, and all the farrago of noted places with which the brain of a traveler is crammed; in a word, he was just falling asleep."

Thus, that delightful writer, WASHINGTON IRVING, in his "Tales of a Traveller." But, it happened to me the other night to be lying: not with my eyes half closed, but with

my eyes wide open ; not with my nightcap drawn almost down to my nose, for on sanitary principles I never wear a nightcap : but with my hair pitchforked and tozzled all over the pillow ; not just falling asleep by any means, but glaringly, persistently, and obstinately, broad awake. Perhaps, with no scientific intention or invention, I was illustrating the theory of the Duality of the Brain ; perhaps one part of my brain, being wakeful, sat up to watch the other part which was sleepy. Be that as it may, something in me was as desirous to go to sleep as it possibly could be, but something else in me *would not* go to sleep, and was as obstinate as George the Third.

Thinking of George the Third — for I devote this paper to my train of thoughts as I lay awake : most people lying awake sometimes, and having some interest in the subject — put me in mind of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and so Benjamin Franklin's paper on the art of procuring pleasant dreams, which would seem necessarily to include the art of going to sleep, came into my head. Now, as I often used to read that paper when I was a very small boy, and as I recollect everything I read then, as perfectly as I forget everything I read now, I quoted "Get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed clothes well with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool ; in the meanwhile, continuing undressed, walk about your chamber. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed, and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant." Not a bit of it ! I performed the whole ceremony, and if it were possible for me to be more saucer-eyed than I was before, that was the only result that came of it.

Except Niagara. The two quotations from Washington Irving and Benjamin Franklin may have put it in my head by an American association of ideas ; but there I was, and the Horse-shoe Fall was thundering and tumbling in my

eyes and ears, and the very rainbows that I left upon the spray when I really did last look upon it, were beautiful to see. The night-light being quite as plain, however, and sleep seeming to be many thousand miles further off than Niagara, I made up my mind to think a little about Sleep; which I no sooner did than I whirled off in spite of myself to Drury Lane Theatre, and there saw a great actor and dear friend of mine (whom I had been thinking of in the day) playing Macbeth, and heard him apostrophizing "the death of each day's life," as I have heard him many a time, in the days that are gone.

But, Sleep. I *will* think about Sleep. I am determined to think (this is the way I went on) about Sleep. I must hold the word Sleep, tight and fast, or I shall be off at a tangent in half a second. I feel myself unaccountably straying, already, into Clare Market. Sleep. It would be curious, as illustrating the equality of sleep, to inquire how many of its phenomena are common to all classes, to all degrees of wealth and poverty, to every grade of education and ignorance. Here, for example, is her Majesty Queen Victoria in her palace, this present blessed night, and here is Winking Charley, a sturdy vagrant, in one of her Majesty's jails. Her Majesty has fallen, many thousands of times, from that same Tower, which *I* claim a right to tumble off now and then. So has Winking Charley. Her Majesty in her sleep has opened or prorogued Parliament, or has held a Drawing Room, attired in some very scanty dress, the deficiencies and improprieties of which have caused her great uneasiness. I, in my degree, have suffered unspeakable agitation of mind from taking the chair at a public dinner at the London Tavern in my night-clothes, which not all the courtesy of my kind friend and host MR. BATHE could persuade me were quite adapted to the occasion. Winking Charley has been repeatedly tried in a worse condition. Her Majesty is no stranger to a vault or firmament,

of a sort of floorecloth, with an indistinct pattern distantly resembling eyes, which occasionally obtrudes itself on her repose. Neither am I. Neither is Winking Charley. It is quite common to all three of us to skim along with airy strides a little above the ground; also to hold, with the deepest interest, dialogues with various people, all represented by ourselves; and to be at our wits' end to know what they are going to tell us; and to be indescribably astonished by the secrets they disclose. It is probable that we have all three committed murders and hidden bodies. It is pretty certain that we have all desperately wanted to cry out, and have had no voice; that we have all gone to the play and not been able to get in; that we have all dreamed much more of our youth than of our later lives; that — I have lost it! The thread's broken.

And up I go. I, lying here with the night-light before me, up I go, for no reason on earth that I can find out, and drawn by no links that are visible to me, up the Great Saint Bernard! I have lived in Switzerland, and rambled among the mountains; but, why I should go there now, and why up the Great Saint Bernard in preference to any other mountain, I have no idea. As I lie here broad awake, and with every sense so sharpened that I can distinctly hear distant noises inaudible to me at another time, I make that journey, as I really did, on the same summer day, with the same happy party — ah! two since dead, I grieve to think — and there is the same track, with the same black wooden arms to point the way, and there are the same storm-refuges here and there; and there is the same snow falling at the top, and there are the same frosty mists, and there is the same intensely cold convent with its menagerie smell, and the same breed of dogs fast dying out, and the same breed of jolly young monks whom I mourn to know as humbugs, and the same convent parlor with its piano and the sitting round the fire, and the same supper, and the same

lone night in a cell, and the same bright fresh morning when going out into the highly rarefied air was like a plunge into an icy bath. Now, see here what comes along; and why does this thing stalk into my mind on the top of a Swiss mountain!

It is a figure that I once saw, just after dark, chalked upon a door in a little back lane near a country church — my first church. How young a child I may have been at the time I don't know, but it horrified me so intensely — in connection with the churchyard, I suppose, for it smokes a pipe, and has a big hat with each of its ears sticking out in a horizontal line under the brim, and is not in itself more oppressive than a mouth from ear to ear, a pair of goggle eyes, and hands like two bunches of carrots, five in each, can make it — that it is still vaguely alarming to me to recall (as I have often done before, lying awake) the running home, the looking behind, the horror of its following me; though whether disconnected from the door, or door and all, I can't say, and perhaps never could. It lays a disagreeable train. I must resolve to think of something on the voluntary principle.

The balloon ascents of this last season. They will do to think about, while I lie awake, as well as anything else. I must hold them tight though, for I feel them sliding away, and in their stead are the Mannings, husband and wife, hanging on the top of Horsemonger Lane Jail. In connection with which dismal spectacle, I recall this curious fantasy of the mind. That, having beheld that execution, and having left those two forms dangling on the top of the entrance gateway — the man's, a limp, loose suit of clothes as if the man had gone out of them; the woman's, a fine shape, so elaborately corseted and artfully dressed, that it was quite unchanged in its trim appearance as it slowly swung from side to side — I never could, by my utmost efforts, for some weeks, present the outside of that prison

to myself (which the terrible impression I had received continually obliged me to do) without presenting it with the two figures still hanging in the morning air. Until, strolling past the gloomy place one night, when the street was deserted and quiet, and actually seeing that the bodies were not there, my fancy was persuaded, as it were, to take them down and bury them within the precincts of the jail, where they have lain ever since.

The balloon ascents of last season. Let me reckon them up. There were the horse, the bull, the parachute, and the tumbler hanging on — chiefly by his toes, I believe — below the car. Very wrong, indeed, and decidedly to be stopped. But, in connection with these and similar dangerous exhibitions, it strikes me that that portion of the public whom they entertain, is justly reproached. Their pleasure is in the difficulty overcome. They are a public of great faith, and are quite confident that the gentleman will not fall off the horse, or the lady off the bull or out of the parachute, and that the tumbler has a firm hold with his toes. They do not go to see the adventurer vanquished, but triumphant. There is no parallel in public combats between men and beasts, because nobody can answer for the particular beast — unless it were always the same beast, in which case it would be a mere stage-show, which the same public would go in the same state of mind to see, entirely believing in the brute being beforehand safely subdued by the man. That they are not accustomed to calculate hazards and dangers with any nicety, we may know from their rash exposure of themselves in overcrowded steamboats, and unsafe conveyances and places of all kinds. And I cannot help thinking that instead of railing, and attributing savage motives to a people naturally well disposed and humane, it is better to teach them, and lead them argumentatively and reasonably — for they are very reasonable, if you will discuss a matter with them — to more considerate and wise conclusion.

This is a disagreeable intrusion ! Here is a man with his throat cut, dashing towards me as I lie awake ! A recollection of an old story of a kinsman of mine, who, going home one foggy winter night to Hampstead, when London was much smaller and the road lonesome, suddenly encountered such a figure rushing past him, and presently two keepers from a madhouse in pursuit. A very unpleasant creature indeed, to come into my mind unbidden, as I lie awake.

— The balloon ascents of last season. I must return to the balloons. Why did the bleeding man start out of them ? Never mind ; if I inquire, he will be back again. The balloons. This particular public have inherently a great pleasure in the contemplation of physical difficulties overcome ; mainly, as I take it, because the lives of a large majority of them are exceedingly monotonous and real, and further, are a struggle against continual difficulties, and further still, because anything in the form of accidental injury, or any kind of illness or disability, is so very serious in their own sphere. I will explain this seeming paradox of mine. Take the case of a Christmas Pantomime. Surely nobody supposes that the young mother in the pit who falls into fits of laughter when the baby is boiled or sat upon, would be at all diverted by such an occurrence off the stage. Nor is the decent workman in the gallery, who is transported beyond the ignorant present by the delight with which he sees a stout gentleman pushed out of a two pair of stairs window, to be slandered by the suspicion that he would be in the least entertained by such a spectacle in any street in London, Paris, or New York. It always appears to me that the secret of this enjoyment lies in the temporary superiority to the common hazards and mischances of life ; in seeing casualties, attended when they really occur with bodily and mental suffering, tears, and poverty, happen through a very rough sort of poetry without the least harm being done to any one — the pretence

of distress in a pantomime being so broadly humorous as to be no pretence at all. Much as in the comic fiction I can understand the mother with a very vulnerable baby at home, greatly relishing the invulnerable baby on the stage, so in the Cremorne reality I can understand the mason who is always liable to fall off a scaffold in his working jacket and to be carried to the hospital, having an infinite admiration of the radiant personage in spangles who goes into the clouds upon a bull, or upside down, and who, he takes it for granted—not reflecting upon the thing—has, by uncommon skill and dexterity, conquered such mischances as those to which he and his acquaintance are continually exposed.

I wish the Morgue in Paris would not come here as I lie awake, with its ghastly beds, and the swollen saturated clothes hanging up, and the water dripping, dripping all day long, upon that other swollen saturated something in the corner, like a heap of crushed over-ripe figs that I have seen in Italy! And this detestable Morgue comes back again at the head of a procession of forgotten ghost stories. This will never do. I must think of something else as I lie awake; or, like that sagacious animal in the United States who recognized the colonel who was such a dead shot, I am a gone 'Coon. What shall I think of? The late brutal assaults. Very good subject. The late brutal assaults.

(Though whether, supposing I should see, here before me as I lie awake, the awful phantom described in one of those ghost stories, who, with a head-dress of shroud, was always seen looking in through a certain glass door at a certain dead hour—whether, in such a case it would be the least consolation to me to know on philosophical grounds that it was merely my imagination, is a question I can't help asking myself by the way.)

The late brutal assaults. I strongly question the expediency of advocating the revival of whipping for those crimes.

It is a natural and generous impulse to be indignant at the perpetration of inconceivable brutality, but I doubt the whipping panacea gravely. Not in the least regard or pity for the criminal, whom I hold in far lower estimation than a mad wolf, but in consideration for the general tone and feeling, which is very much improved since the whipping times. It is bad for a people to be familiarized with such punishments. When the whip went out of Bridewell, and ceased to be flourished at the cart's tail and at the whipping-post, it began to fade out of madhouses, and workhouses, and schools, and families, and to give place to a better system everywhere than cruel driving. It would be hasty, because a few brutes may be inadequately punished, to revive, in any aspect, what, in so many aspects, society is hardly yet happily rid of. The whip is a very contagious kind of thing, and difficult to confine within one set of bounds. Utterly abolish punishment by fine — a barbarous device, quite as much out of date as wager by battle, but particularly connected in the vulgar mind with this class of offence — at least quadruple the term of imprisonment for aggravated assaults — and above all let us, in such cases, have no Pet Prisoning, vain-glorifying, strong soup, and roasted meats, but hard work, and one unchanging and uncompromising dietary of bread and water, well or ill; and we shall do much better than by going down into the dark to grope for the whip among the rusty fragments of the rack, and the branding iron, and the chains and gibbet from the public roads, and the weights that pressed men to death in the cells of Newgate.

I had proceeded thus far, when I found I had been lying awake so long that the very dead began to wake too, and to crowd into my thoughts most sorrowfully. Therefore I resolved to lie awake no more, but to get up and go out for a night walk — which resolution was an acceptable relief to me, as I dare say it may prove now to a great many more.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas Tree. The tree was planted in the middle of a great round table, and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers; and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls, hiding behind the green leaves; there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity of being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were French-polished tables, chairs, bed-steads, wardrobes, and eight-day clocks, and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made, in tin, at Wolverhampton), perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping; there were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men — and no wonder, for their heads took off, and showed them to be full of sugar-plums; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambourines, books, work-boxes, paint-boxes, sweet-meat boxes, peep-show boxes, all kinds of boxes; there were trinkets for the elder girls, far brighter than any grown-up gold and jewels; there were baskets and pin-cushions in all devices; there were guns, swords, and banners; there were witches standing in enchanted rings of paste-board, to tell fortunes; there were tee-totums, humming-tops, needle-cases, pen-wipers, smelling-bottles, conversation-cards, bouquet-holders; real fruit, made artificially dazzling with gold leaf; imitation apples, pears, and walnuts, crammed with surprises; in short, as a pretty child, before me, delightfully whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There was everything, and more." This motley collection of odd objects, clustering on

the tree like magic fruit, and flashing back the bright looks directed toward it from every side — some of the diamond-eyes admiring it were hardly on a level with the table, and a few were languishing in timid wonder on the bosoms of pretty mothers, aunts, and nurses — made a lively realization of the fancies of childhood; and set me thinking how all the trees that grow and all the things that come into existence on the earth, have their wild adornments at that well-remembered time.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. I begin to consider, what do we all remember best upon the branches of the Christmas Tree of our own young Christmas days, by which we climbed to real life.

Straight, in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top — for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downwards towards the earth — I look into my youngest Christmas recollections!

All toys at first, I find. Up yonder, among the green holly and red berries, is the Tumbler with his hands in his pockets, who wouldn't lie down, but, whenever he was put upon the floor, persisted in rolling his fat body about, until he rolled himself still, and brought those lobster eyes of his to bear upon me — when I affected to laugh very much, but in my heart of hearts was extremely doubtful of him. Close beside him is that infernal snuff-box, out of which there sprang a demoniacal Counsellor in a black gown, with an obnoxious head of hair, and a red cloth mouth, wide open, who was not to be endured on any terms, but could not be put away either; for he used suddenly, in a highly magnified state, to fly out of Mammoth Snuff-boxes in

dreams, when least expected. Nor is the frog, with cobbler's wax on his tail, far off; for there was no knowing where he wouldn't jump; and when he flew over the candle, and came upon one's hand with that spotted back — red on a green ground — he was horrible. The card-board lady in a blue-silk skirt, who was stood up against the candlestick to dance, and whom I see on the same branch, was milder, and was beautiful; but I can't say as much for the larger card-board man, who used to be hung up against the wall and pulled by a string; there was a sinister expression in that nose of his; and when he got his legs round his neck (which he very often did), he was ghastly, and not a creature to be alone with.

When did that dreadful Mask first look at me? Who put it on, and why was I so frightened that the sight of it is an era in my life? It is not a hideous visage in itself; it is even meant to be droll; why, then, were its stolid features so intolerable? Surely not because it hid the wearer's face. An apron would have done as much; and though I should have preferred even the apron away, it would not have been absolutely insupportable, like the mask? Was it the immovability of the mask? The doll's face was immovable, but I was not afraid of *her*. Perhaps that fixed and set change coming over a real face, infused into my quickened heart some remote suggestion and dread of the universal change that is to come on every face, and make it still? Nothing reconciled me to it. No drummers, from whom proceeded a melancholy chirping on the turning of a handle; no regiment of soldiers, with a mute band, taken out of a box, and fitted, one by one, upon a stiff and lazy little set of lazy tongs; no old woman, made of wires and a brown-paper composition, cutting up a pie for two small children; could give me a permanent comfort, for a long time. Nor was it any satisfaction to be shown the mask, and see that it was made of paper, or to have it

locked up and be assured that no one wore it. The mere recollection of that fixed face, the mere knowledge of its existence anywhere, was sufficient to awake me in the night all perspiration and horror, with, "O I know it's coming! O the mask!"

I never wondered what the dear old donkey with the panniers — there he is! — was made of, then! His hide was real to the touch, I recollect. And the great black horse with round red spots all over him — the horse that I could even get upon — I never wondered what had brought him to that strange condition, or thought that such a horse was not commonly seen at Newmarket. The four horses of no color, next to him, that went into the wagon of cheeses, and could be taken out and stabled under the piano, appear to have bits of fur-tippet for their tails, and other bits for their manes, and to stand on pegs instead of legs, but it was not so when they were brought home for a Christmas present. They were all right, then; neither was their harness unceremoniously nailed into their chests, as appears to be the case now. The tinkling works of the music-cart, I *did* find out to be made of quill tooth-picks and wire; and I always thought the little tumbler in his shirt sleeves, perpetually swarming up one side of a wooden frame, and coming down, head foremost, on the other, rather a weak-minded person — though good-natured; but the Jacob's Ladder, next him, made of little squares of red wood, that went flapping and clattering over one another, each developing a different picture, and the whole enlivened by small bells, was a mighty marvel and a great delight.

Ah! The doll's house! — of which I was not proprietor, but where I visited. I don't admire the Houses of Parliament half so much as that stone-fronted mansion with real glass windows, and door-steps, and a real balcony — greener than I ever see now, except at watering-places; and even they afford but a poor imitation. And though it *did* open

all at once, the entire house-front (which was a blow, I admit, as cancelling the fiction of a staircase), it was but to shut it up again, and I could believe. Even open, there were three distinct rooms in it: a sitting-room and bedroom, elegantly furnished, and, best of all, a kitchen, with uncommonly soft fire-irons, a plentiful assortment of diminutive utensils — oh, the warming-pan! — and a tin man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fish. What Barmecide justice have I done to the noble feasts wherein the set of wooden platters figured, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued on to it, and garnished with something green, which I recollect as moss! Could all the Temperance Societies, of these later days, united, give me such a tea-drinking as I have had through the means of yonder little set of blue crockery, which really would hold liquid (it ran out of the small wooden cask, I recollect, and tasted of matches), and which made tea, nectar. And if the two legs of the ineffectual little sugar-tongs did tumble over one another, and want purpose, like Punch's hands, what does it matter? And if I did once shriek out, as a poisoned child, and strike the fashionable company with consternation, by reasons of having drunk a little teaspoon, inadvertently dissolved in too hot tea, I was never the worse for it, except by a powder!

Upon the next branches of the tree, lower down, hard by the green roller and miniature gardening tools, how thick the books begin to hang. Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, and with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with! "A was an archer, and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility, that I never knew him to go beyond Xerxes or Xantippe — like Y, who was always confined to a Yacht or a Yew-

tree; and Z condemned for ever to be a Zebra or a Zany. But, now, the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk up which Jack climbed up to the Giant's house! And now, those dreadfully interesting, double-headed giants, with their clubs over their shoulders, begin to stride along the boughs in a perfect throng, dragging knights and ladies home for dinner by the hair of their heads. And Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness, and his shoes of swiftness! Again those old meditations come upon me as I gaze up at him; and I debate within myself whether there was more than one Jack (which I am loth to believe possible), or only one genuine original admirable Jack, who achieved all the recorded exploits.

Good for Christmas time is the ruddy color of the cloak, in which—the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through, with her basket—little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling Wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But, it was not to be; and there was nothing for it but to look out the Wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded. O, the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in, even there—and then, ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch—but what was *that* against it! Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant: the lady-bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art!

Consider the goose, whose feet were so small, and whose balance was so indifferent, that he usually tumbled forward, and knocked down all the animal creation. Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string!

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf (I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders, without mention), but an Eastern King with a glittering scimitar and turban. By Allah! two Eastern Kings, for I see another, looking over his shoulder! Down upon the grass, at the tree's foot, lies the full length of a coal-black Giant, stretched asleep, with his head in a lady's lap; and near them is a glass box, fastened with four locks of shining steel, in which he keeps the lady prisoner when he is awake. I see the four keys at his girdle now. The lady makes signs to the two kings in the tree, who softly descend. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights!

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful; all rings are talismans. Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beef-steaks are thrown down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. Tarts are made, according to the recipe of the Vizier's son of Bussorah, who turned pastrycook after he was set down in his drawers at the gate of Damascus; cobblers are all Mustaphas, and in the habit of sewing up people cut into four pieces, to whom they are taken blind-fold.

Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave which only waits for the magician, and the little fire, and

the necromancy, that will make the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date, with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genie's invisible son. All olives are of the stock of that fresh fruit, concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive merchant; all apples are akin to the apple purchased (with two others) from the Sultan's gardener for three sequins, and which the tall black slave stole from the child. All dogs are associated with the dog, really a transformed man, who jumped upon the bakers counter, and put his paw upon the piece of bad money. All rice recalls the rice which the awful lady, who was a ghoul, could only peck by grains, because of her nightly feasts in the burial-place. My very rocking-horse,—there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside-out, indicative of Blood!—should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of all his father's Court.

Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas Tree, I see this fairy light! When I wake in bed, at daybreak, on the cold dark winter mornings, the white snow dimly beheld, outside, through the frost on the window-pane, I hear Dinarzarde. "Sister, sister, if you are yet awake, I pray you finish the history of the Young King of the Black Islands." Scheherazade replies, "If my lord the Sultan will suffer me to live another day, sister, I will not only finish that, but tell you a more wonderful story yet." Then, the gracious Sultan goes out, giving no orders for the execution, and we all three breathe again.

At this height of my tree I begin to see, cowering among the leaves—it may be born of turkey, or of pudding, or pie, or of these many fancies, jumbled with Robinson Crusoe on his desert Island, Philip Quarll among the monkeys,

Sandford and Merton with Mr. Barlow, Mother Bunch, and the Mask — or it may be the result of indigestion, assisted by imagination and over-doctoring — a prodigious nightmare. It is so exceedingly indistinct, that I don't know why it's frightful — but I know it is. I can only make out that it is an immense array of shapeless things, which appear to be planted on a vast exaggeration of the lazy tongs that used to bear the toy soldiers, and to be slowly coming close to my eyes, and receding to an immeasurable distance. When it comes closest, it is worst. In connection with it I descry remembrances of winter nights incredibly long; of being sent early to bed, as a punishment for some small offence, and waking in two hours, with a sensation of having been asleep two nights; of the laden hopelessness of morning ever dawning; and the oppression of a weight of remorse.

And now, I see a wonderful row of little lights rise smoothly out of the ground, before a vast green curtain. Now, a bell rings — a magic bell, which still sounds in my ears unlike all other bells — and music plays, amidst a buzz of voices, and a fragrant smell of orange-peel and oil. Anon, the magic bell commands the music to cease, and the great green curtain rolls itself up majestically, and The Play begins! The devoted dog of Montargis avenges the death of his master, foully murdered in the Forest of Bondy; and a humorous Peasant with a red nose and a very little hat, whom I take from this hour forth to my bosom as a friend (I think he was a Waiter or an Hostler at a village Inn, but many years have passed since he and I have met), remarks that the sassigassity of that dog is indeed surprising; and evermore this jocular conceit will live in my remembrance fresh and unfading, overtopping all possible jokes, unto the end of time. Or now, I learn with bitter tears how poor Jane Shore, dressed all in white, and with her brown hair hanging down, went starving through the

streets; or how George Barnwell killed the worthiest uncle that ever man had, and was afterwards so sorry for it that he ought to have been let off. Comes swift to comfort me, the Pantomime — stupendous Phenomenon! — when Clowns are shot from loaded mortars into the great chandelier, bright constellation that it is; when Harlequins, covered all over with scales of pure gold, twist and sparkle, like amazing fish; when Pantaloon (whom I deem it no irreverence to compare in my own mind to my grandfather) puts red-hot poker in his pocket, and cries “Here’s somebody coming!” or taxes the Clown with petty larceny, by saying “Now, I sawed you do it!” when Everything is capable, with the greatest ease, of being changed into Anything; and “Nothing is, but thinking makes it so.” Now, too, I perceive my first experience of the dreary sensation — often to return in after-life — of being unable, next day, to get back to the dull, settled world; of wanting to live for ever in the bright atmosphere I have quitted; of doting on the little Fairy, with the wand like a celestial Barber’s Pole, and pining for a Fairy immortality along with her. Ah she comes back, in many shapes, as my eye wanders down the branches of my Christmas Tree, and goes as often, and has never yet stayed by me!

Out of this delight springs the toy-theatre, — there it is, with its familiar proscenium, and ladies in feathers, in the boxes! — and all its attendant occupation with paste and glue, and gum, and water colors, in the getting-up of *The Miller and his Men*, and *Elizabeth*, or *the Exile of Siberia*. In spite of a few besetting accidents and failures (particularly an unreasonable disposition in the respectable *Kelmar*, and some others, to become faint in the legs, and double up, at exciting points of the drama), a teeming world of fancies so suggestive and all-embracing, that, far below it, on my Christmas Tree, I see dark, dirty, real Theatres in the daytime, adorned with these associations as with the freshest garlands of the rarest flowers, and charming me yet.

But hark! The Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas Tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the open roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a Cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard. "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Still, on the lower and maturer branches of the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. School-books shut up; Ovid and Virgil silenced; the Rule of Three, with its cool impertinent inquiries, long disposed of; Terence and Plautus acted no more, in an arena of huddled desks and forms, all chipped, and notched, and inked; cricket-bats, stumps, and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is still fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at Christmas time, there will be girls and boys (thank Heaven!) while the World lasts; and they do! Yonder they dance and play upon the branches of my Tree, God bless them, merrily, and my heart dances and plays too!

And I *do* come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding-school, where we are for ever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest. As to going a visiting, where can we not go, if we will; where have we not been, when we would; starting our fancy from our Christmas Tree!

Away into the winter prospect. There are many such upon the tree! On, by low-lying misty grounds, through fens and fogs, up long hills, winding dark as caverns between thick plantations, almost shutting out the sparkling stars; so, out on broad heights, until we stop at last, with sudden silence, at an avenue. The gate-bell has a deep, half-awful sound in the frosty air; the gate swings open on its hinges; and, as we drive up to a great house, the glancing lights grow larger in the windows, and the opposing rows of trees seem to fall solemnly back on either side, to give us place. At intervals, all day, a frightened hare has shot across this whitened turf; or the distant clatter of a herd of deer trampling the hard frost, has, for the minute, crushed the silence too. Their watchful eyes beneath the fern may be shining now, if we could see them, like the icy dew-drops on the leaves; but they are still, and all is still. And so, the lights growing larger, and the trees falling back before us, and closing up again behind us, as if to forbid retreat, we come to the house.

There is probably a smell of roasted chestnuts and other good comfortable things all the time, for we are telling Winter Stories—Ghost Stories, or more shame for us—round the Christmas fire; and we have never stirred, except to draw a little nearer to it. But, no matter for that. We came to the house, and it is an old house, full of great chimneys where wood is burnt on ancient dogs upon the hearth, and grim portraits (some of them with grim legends,

too) lower distrustfully from the oaken panels of the walls. We are a middle-aged nobleman, and we make a generous supper with our host and hostess and their guests — it being Christmas-time, and the old house full of company — and then we go to bed. Our room is a very old room. It is hung with tapestry. We don't like the portrait of a cavalier in green, over the fireplace. There are great black beams in the ceiling, there is a great black bedstead, supported at the foot by two great black figures, who seem to have come off a couple of tombs in the old baronial church in the park, for our particular accommodation. But, we are not a superstitious nobleman, and we don't mind. Well! we dismiss our servant, lock the door, and sit before the fire in our dressing-gown, musing about a great many things. At length we go to bed. Well! We can't sleep. We toss and tumble, and can't sleep. The embers on the hearth burn fitfully and make the room look ghostly. We can't help peeping out over the counterpane, at the two black figures and the cavalier — that wicked-looking cavalier — in green. In the flickering light, they seem to advance and retire: which, though we are not by any means a superstitious nobleman, is not agreeable. Well! we get nervous — more and more nervous. We say "This is very foolish, but we can't stand this; we'll pretend to be ill, and knock up somebody." Well! we are just going to do it, when the locked door opens, and there comes in a young woman, deadly pale, and with long fair hair, who glides to the fire, and sits down in the chair we have left there, wringing her hands. Then, we notice that her clothes are wet. Our tongue cleaves to the roof of our mouth, and we can't speak; but we observe her accurately. Her clothes are wet; her long hair is dabbled with moist mud; she is dressed in the fashion of two hundred years ago; and she has at her girdle a bunch of rusty keys. Well! there she sits, and we can't even faint, we are in such a state about it. Presently

she gets up, and tries all the locks in the room with the rusty keys, which won't fit one of them; then, she fixes her eyes on the portrait of the cavalier in green, and says, in a low, terrible voice, "The stags know it!" After that, she wrings her hands again, passes the bedside, and goes out at the door. We hurry on our dressing-gown, seize our pistols (we always travel with pistols), and are following, when we find the door locked. We turn the key, look out into the dark gallery; no one there. We wander away, and try to find our servant. Can't be done. We pace the gallery till day-break; then return to our deserted room, fall asleep, and are awakened by our servant (nothing ever haunts *him*) and the shining sun. Well! we make a wretched breakfast, and all the company say we look queer. After breakfast, we go over the house with our host, and then we take him to the portrait of the cavalier in green, then it all comes out. He was false to a young house-keeper, once attached to that family, and famous for her beauty, who drowned herself in a pond, and whose body was discovered, after a long time, because the stags refused to drink of the water. Since which, it has been whispered that she traverses the house at midnight (but goes especially to that room where the cavalier in green was wont to sleep), trying the old locks with the rusty keys. Well! we tell our host of what we have seen, and a shade comes over his features, and he begs it may be hushed up; and so it is. But, it's all true; and we said so, before we died (we are dead now) to many responsible people.

There is no end to the old houses, with resounding galleries, and dismal state-bed-chambers, and haunted wings shut up for many years, through which we may ramble, with an agreeable creeping up our back, and encounter any number of ghosts, but (it is worthy of remark perhaps) reducible to a very few general types and classes; for, ghosts have little originality, and "walk" in a beaten track.

Thus, it comes to pass, that a certain room in a certain old hall, where a certain bad lord, baronet, knight, or gentleman, shot himself, has certain planks in the floor from which the blood *will not* be taken out. You may scrape and scrape, as the present owner has done, or plane and plane, as his father did, or scrub and scrub, as his grandfather did, or burn and burn with strong acids, as his great-grandfather did, but, there the blood will still be — no redder and no paler — no more and no less — always just the same. Thus, in such another house there is a haunted door, that will never keep open; or another door that never will keep shut; or a haunted sound of a spinning-wheel, or a hammer, or a foot-step, or a cry, or a sigh, or a horse's tramp, or the rattling of a chain. Or else, there is a turret-clock, which, at the midnight hour, strikes thirteen when the head of the family is going to die; or a shadowy, immovable black carriage which at such a time is always seen by somebody, waiting near the great gates in the stable-yard. Or thus, it came to pass how Lady Mary went to pay a visit at a large wild house in the Scottish Highlands, and, being fatigued with her long journey, retired to bed early, and innocently said, next morning, at the breakfast-table, "How odd, to have so late a party last night, in this remote place, and not to tell me of it, before I went to bed!" Then, every one asked Lady Mary what she meant? Then, Lady Mary replied, "Why, all night long, the carriages were driving round and round the terrace, underneath my window!" Then, the owner of the house turned pale, so did his Lady, and Charles Macdoodle of Macdoodle signed to Lady Mary to say no more, and every one was silent. After breakfast, Charles Macdoodle told Lady Mary that it was a tradition in the family that those rumbling carriages on the terrace betokened death. And so it proved, for, two months afterwards, the Lady of the mansion died. And Lady Mary, who was a Maid of Honor at Court, often told this story to

the old Queen Charlotte; by this token that the old King always said, "Eh, eh? What, what? Ghosts, ghosts? No such a thing, no such a thing!" And never left off saying so, until he went to bed.

Or, a friend of somebody's, whom most of us know, when he was a young man at college, had a particular friend, with whom he made the compact that, if it were possible for the Spirit to return to this earth after its separation from the body, he of the twain who first died, should reappear to the other. In the course of time, this compact was forgotten by our friend; the two young men having progressed in life, and taken diverging paths that were wide asunder. But, one night, many years afterwards, our friend being in the North of England, and staying for the night in an inn, on the Yorkshire Moors, happened to look out of bed; and there, in the moonlight, leaning on a bureau near the window steadfastly regarding him, saw his old college friend! The appearance being solemnly addressed, replied, in a kind of whisper, but very audibly, "Do not come near me. I am dead. I am here to redeem my promise. I come from another world, but may not disclose its secrets!" Then, the whole form becoming paler, melted, as it were, into the moonlight, and faded away.

Or, there was the daughter of the first occupier of the picturesque Elizabethan house, so famous in our neighborhood. You have heard about her? No! Why, *She* went out one summer evening, at twilight, when she was a beautiful girl, just seventeen years of age, to gather flowers in the garden; and presently came running, terrified, into the hall to her father, saying, "Oh, dear father, I have met myself!" He took her in his arms, and told her it was fancy, but she said, "Oh no! I met myself in the broad walk, and I was pale and gathering withered flowers, and I turned my head, and held them up!" And, that night, she died; and a picture of her story was begun, though never finished, and

they say it is somewhere in the house to this day, with its face to the wall.

Or, the uncle of my brother's wife was riding home on horseback, one mellow evening at sunset, when, in a green lane close to his house, he saw a man standing before him, in the very centre of the narrow way. "Why does that man in the cloak stand there!" he thought. "Does he want me to ride over him?" But the figure never moved. He felt a strange sensation at seeing it so still, but slackened his trot and rode forward. When he was so close to it, as almost to touch it with his stirrup, his horse shied, and the figure glided up the bank, in a curious, unearthly manner — backward, and without seeming to use its feet — and was gone. The uncle of my brother's wife, exclaiming, "Good Heaven! It's my cousin Harry, from Bombay!" put spurs to his horse, which was suddenly in a profuse sweat, and, wondering at such strange behavior, dashed round to the front of his house. There, he saw the same figure, just passing in at the long French window of the drawing-room, opening on the ground. He threw his bridle to a servant, and hastened in after it. His sister was sitting there, alone. "Alice, where's my cousin Harry?" "Your cousin Harry, John?" "Yes. From Bombay. I met him in the lane just now, and saw him enter here, this instant." Not a creature had been seen by any one; and in that hour and minute, as it afterwards appeared, this cousin died in India.

Or, it was a certain sensible old maiden lady, who died at ninety-nine, and retained her faculties to the last, who really did see the Orphan Boy; a story which has often been incorrectly told, but, of which the real truth is this — because it is, in fact, a story belonging to our family — and she was a connection of our family. When she was about forty years of age, and still an uncommonly fine woman (her lover died young, which was the reason why she never

married, though she had many offers), she went to stay at a place in Kent, which her brother, an Indian-Merchant, had newly bought. There was a story that this place had once been held in trust, by the guardian of a young boy; who was himself the next heir, and who killed the young boy by harsh and cruel treatment. She knew nothing of that. It has been said that there was a Cage in her bed-room in which the guardian used to put the boy. There was no such thing. There was only a closet. She went to bed, made no alarm whatever in the night, and in the morning said composedly to her maid when she came in, "Who is the pretty forlorn-looking child who has been peeping out of that closet all night?" The maid replied by giving a loud scream and instantly decamping. She was surprised; but, she was a woman of remarkable strength of mind, and she dressed herself and went down stairs, and closeted herself with her brother. "Now, Walter," she said, "I have been disturbed all night by a pretty, forlorn-looking boy, who has been constantly peeping out of that closet in my room, which I can't open. This is some trick." "I am afraid not, Charlotte," said he, "for it is the legend of the house. It is the Orphan Boy. What did he do?" "He opened the door softly," said she, "and peeped out. Sometimes, he came a step or two into the room. Then, I called to him, to encourage him, and he shrunk, and shuddered, and crept in again, and shut the door." "The closet has no communication, Charlotte," said her brother, "with any other part of the house, and it's nailed up." This was undeniably true, and it took two carpenters a whole forenoon to get it open, for examination. Then, she was satisfied that she had seen the Orphan Boy. But, the wild and terrible part of the story is, that he was also seen by three of her brother's sons, in succession, who all died young. On the occasion of each child being taken ill, he came home in a heat, twelve hours before, and said, Oh, Mamma, he

had been playing under a particular oak tree, in a certain meadow, with a strange boy—a pretty, forlorn-looking boy, who was very timid, and made signs! From fatal experience, the parents came to know that this was the Orphan Boy, and that the course of that child whom he chose for his little playmate was surely run.

Legion is the name of the German castles, where we sit up alone to wait for the Spectre—where we are shown into a room, made comparatively cheerful for our reception—where we glance round at the shadows, thrown on the blank walls by the crackling fire—where we feel very lonely when the village inn-keeper and his pretty daughter have retired, after laying down a fresh store of wood upon the hearth, and setting forth on the small table such supper-cheer as a cold roast capon, bread, grapes, and a flask of old Rhine wine—where the reverberating doors close on their retreat, one after another, like so many peals of sullen thunder—and where, about the small hours of the night, we come into the knowledge of divers supernatural mysteries. Legion is the name of the haunted German students, in whose society we draw yet nearer to the fire, while the schoolboy in the corner opens his eyes wide and round, and flies off the footstool he has chosen for his seat, when the door accidentally blows open. Vast is the crop of such fruit, shining on our Christmas Tree; in blossom, almost at the very top, ripening all down the boughs!

Among the latter toys and fancies hanging there—as idle often and less pure—be the images once associated with the sweet old Waits, the softened music in the night, ever unalterable! Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof, be the star of all the Christian world! A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the

lower boughs are dark to me as yet, and let me look once more! I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled; from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead girl and the widow's son; and God is good! If Age be hiding for me in the unseen portion of thy downward growth, O may I, with a gray head, turn a child's heart to that figure yet, and a child's trustfulness and confidence!

Now, the tree is decorated with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow! But, as it sinks into the ground, I hear a whisper going through the leaves. "This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This, in remembrance of Me!"

THE UNITED STATES.

It was in the reign of George the Third that England lost North America, by persisting in taxing her without her own consent. That immense country, made independent under Washington, and left to herself, became the United States, one of the greatest nations of the earth. In these times in which I write, it is honorably remarkable for protecting its subjects, wherever they may travel, with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England.

— FROM "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

7. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Over three hundred years ago, in the year 1564, in the English town of Stratford-upon-Avon was born the greatest master of English literature, William Shakespeare.

Only a very few facts are positively known regarding his life. He was one of the eight children of John Shakespeare, a man of intelligence and character.

The father followed at different times the occupation of glover, butcher, and wool-dealer. He was also an alderman and a justice of the peace.

Shakespeare's mother, whose maiden name was Mary Arden, was of an old and well-known family.

During Shakespeare's childhood, his father was in good circumstances and the boy attended the grammar school at Stratford until about fourteen years of age. Then, his father failing in business, Shakespeare was obliged to leave school. He assisted his father in the butcher business and wool trade. Afterward he became a schoolmaster and was for a short time a lawyer's clerk.

At eighteen he married Miss Anne Hathaway. Three children were born, none of whom are known to fame.

Soon after his marriage he was charged with stealing a deer in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy,

whose severe treatment of the young marauder drove the latter to London.

He is said to have begun his London life by holding horses at the theatre doors. Then he became prompter and occasionally took part in a play.

His talent for writing soon began to appear and he was occasionally engaged to work upon some play in process of preparation; it was customary then for several writers to produce a play in common.

However his genius may have first put forth its power, there soon began to appear, one after another, those wonderful dramas which in his own time were overlooked, but which later ages have marvelled at.

“Hamlet,” “The Merchant of Venice,” “Julius Cæsar,” “Macbeth,” “Othello,” and “King Lear” are considered the best of his thirty-seven plays.

Having amassed a moderate fortune in London, Shakespeare returned to Stratford. Here he lived in comparative retirement until his death in 1616.

He was buried in Stratford Church, where his tomb is now to be seen. A life-sized colored bust of Shakespeare, erected in the church soon after his death, shows that he had hazel eyes, auburn hair and beard, full lips, and a large, symmetrical head.

The whole world unite to do homage to the greatest of their writers.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. (1600.)

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salarino. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Antonio. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salarino. Why, then you are in love.

Antonio.

Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Lorenzo and Gratiano after a little banter depart. Bassanio then confides to Antonio his desire to woo Portia, the beautiful heiress at Belmont. Though conscious that he is already deeply indebted to Antonio he ventures to appeal further to his friendship and asks a loan.

Antonio immediately promises it, but as his fortunes are out on the sea, Bassanio is bidden to raise the sum on Antonio's credit.

We are then introduced, by Scene II., to Portia's home.

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty that were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the crip-

ple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. — O me, the word *choose*! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike: so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery which he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection toward any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Nerissa then in a lively recital describes Portia's various wooers, Portia declaring that there is not one of them on whose absence she does not dote.

Nerissa finally mentions a certain Bassanio, a young Venetian scholar and soldier who had once paid a visit to Belmont. Of all her suitors Portia remembers him only with pleasure. Thus they converse, the arrival of new suitors being from time to time announced.

Meantime Bassanio is seeking, as Antonio had commanded him, to borrow the desired sum of the wealthy Jewish merchant, Shylock.

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months, — well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound, — well.

Bassanio. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves, — I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats, — I think I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. — What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shylock. I am debating of my present store ;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months
Do you desire ? — [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior ;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd
How much you would ?

Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

* * * * *

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this;
'Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me on such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, i' faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months — that's a month before
This bond expires — I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O father Abram ! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! — Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Antonio. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE. *Belmont. PORTIA'S House.*

Two princes visit Portia, and are led before the caskets. They choose wrongly and accordingly depart.

Lorenzo, a servant of Shylock, quits the latter's service and engages himself to Bassanio. He also persuades Jessica, Shylock's faithless daughter, to rob her father's house and elope with him.

Salarino, Salanio, Gratiano, and Antonio aid the eloping lovers. Bassanio sails to Belmont and rumor reports the loss of Antonio's vessels.

Shylock learning of his daughter's disappearance is furious, furious toward her and her abettors, but hears with satisfaction of Antonio's losses, as is depicted in the third act.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie

buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salanio. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. —

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shylock. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*]

Shylock. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never

fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now ; two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? — Why, so : and I know not how much is spent in the search : why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs but o' my breathing ; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shylock. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God ! I thank God ! Is it true ? is it true ?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal ! — Good news, good news ! ha, ha ! — Where ? in Genoa ?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! four-score ducats !

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him ; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal,

fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear a while. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well, — And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, — I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours, — Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O, these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bassanio. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

While soft music sounds and the queenly Portia and her attendants wait, Bassanio advances to the caskets, chooses the leaden one, and opening it finds Portia's picture, the sign that his choice is right. Scarcely able to believe his fortune he turns to greet his love.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words ;

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead !

Hardly have they received congratulations when the news of Antonio's peril is brought. Portia bids Bassanio hasten away with twice the sum to rescue his friend. They repair to the church and are married ; then Bassanio departs. At Venice he finds that Shylock is deaf to all entreaties of mercy.

SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him : tell not me of mercy. —
This is the fool that lends out money gratis. —
Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice. — I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond. [Exit.

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone :
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salarino. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go :
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, gaoler, on. — Pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

While Bassanio is absent Portia consults a learned lawyer, acquaints herself with Antonio's case, and with Nerissa repairs to the court at Venice dressed as a doctor of law and purporting to come from Dr. Bellario, a lawyer to whom the duke had appealed, who is unable to attend.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. —

* * * * *

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive

Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that :
But, say, it is my humor : is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat :
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice ?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what harder ? —
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands! You will answer,
The slaves are ours. — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Nerissa then enters with a letter from Bellario introducing Portia and commending her to the Duke as a young but accomplished lawyer. The

letter is read by the clerk. The Duke then announces the young doctor.

Duke. Here I take it, is the doctor come, —

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. —
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenor. —
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shylock. It is not nominated in the bond.

Portia. It is not so express'd : but what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. Come, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Antonio. But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd. —

He then speaks concerning the fickleness of fortune and of the love he bears to Bassanio's wife. Bassanio is willing to sacrifice the love of his wife to save his friend, as also is Gratiano.

Shylock grows impatient, and says —

[*To PORTIA.*] We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine : The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge !

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast : The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge ! — A sentence ! Come, prepare !

Portia. Tarry a little ; there is something else. This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ; The words expressly are, a pound of flesh : Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ; But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge ! — Mark, Jew : — O learned judge !

Shylock. Is that the law ?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the act :
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew : — a learned judge!

Shylock. I take this offer, then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice ; — soft ! no haste : —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple — nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause ? — Take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

The Jew, however, receives more mercy than he was wont to give. The Duke graciously spares his life but half of his goods are confiscated. The other half he is upon his death to confer on his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

The poor Jew is overcome and leaves the court-room amid the jeers of the audience.

Bassanio and Antonio then attempt to repay the lawyer for his services, as follows:—

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To Antonio.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake;
[*To Bassanio.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you. —

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir, — alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There's more depends on this than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Antonio. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house : away ! make haste. [*Exit Gratiano.*]
Come, you and I will thither presently ;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

Portia and Nerissa are overtaken by Gratiano, who brings to Portia the ring she sought. After much pleading on the part of the clerk, Nerissa, Gratiano reluctantly parts with the ring his wife had presented him at their betrothal. Laughing over the joke, they proceed homeward.

ACT V.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook,
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !—
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked ! [*Music ceases.*

Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of *Portia*.

Portia. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned ?

Lorenzo. Madame, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, *Nerissa* :
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence. — * * *

Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Portia. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick ;
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Bassanio, *Antonio*, and *Gratiano* then enter,
being heartily welcomed by *Portia* and *Nerissa*,

who compliment Antonio on his happy release from his bond.

A quarrel is soon under way between Nerissa and Gratiano, who is unable to show his wedding ring. He says he gave it to a mere boy, a clerk of the lawyer who saved his friend. To lessen his own trouble he implicates Bassanio, as follows : —

Gratiano. My L^{ord} Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, — it is gone.

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

After a little scolding the ladies bring forth the rings, explaining how they got them. Antonio showers his thanks and compliments on Portia, and then peace is once more restored to the happy household. Thus the troublesome play is brought to a peaceful and happy ending.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

PORTIA.

In reading the "Merchant of Venice" we form the acquaintance of the queenly Portia. So true a woman does Shakespeare show us in this character that we can well understand Bassanio's love.

Portia, we learn from the play, was an orphan and a rich heiress living at Belmont, near Venice. She had dwelt from childhood in princely halls. Servants did her bidding. Wealth and luxury surrounded her. She had never known sorrow nor disappointment. Even the one restraint of her father's will turned out happily.

Under this sunshine, the gifted girl had ripened into a large-hearted, sunny-tempered woman. She was accomplished, dignified, and full of practical good sense. Yet she carried her accomplishments as lightly as a flower its loveliness. She was full of that healthful wit and love of adventure which every young girl should have.

The prosperity which might have spoiled a smaller nature only developed hers. Golden, juicy fruits gather their luscious sweetness out of the sunshine. Fruits of a smaller kind are only burned and dwarfed in its glow.

The sensible, vigorous, healthy nature of Portia could stand the sunshine of wealth and flattery.

The clear head and honest heart saw things in their true value.

She values Bassanio's love and fidelity more than wealth. Yet she will give him no hint of the right casket. However, when she has won her lover honestly, she bestows upon him the whole wealth of her soul. She gives all and wishes she were richer and fairer that she might give more.

In the midst of her joy, she learns of Antonio's danger. Immediately she is the prompt, efficient woman of action who uses her brains for her friends. Bassanio departs to relieve his friend. She herself does not mourn his absence or idly wait for his return. Nor does she place the responsibility upon him and await the result.

Informing herself of the case, and securing the shrewd advice of an old lawyer, she goes to Venice. The romantic girl can both plan and execute. Her self-possession, logic, and eloquence win the respect of the court.

Her tender heart leads her first to appeal to Shylock's sense of mercy. With wonderful eloquence she pictures the beauty of being merciful. Then she bids Antonio speak for himself. Only when all appeals fail does she make use of the ingenious quibble of law by which Shylock was to take no blood with the flesh.

Her purpose accomplished, Portia takes no great

credit to herself. She obtains Bassanio's ring and hastens home laughing to think how he will explain the loss of it.

Everywhere Portia is the clear-headed, warm-hearted, quick-witted woman. She overrules all obstacles, not so much by her will as by her enthusiasm and hopefulness. There is not a bit of despondency in her. Her household catch her spirit. Nerissa talks almost as well as her mistress.

Yet there is no vanity or self-consciousness in Portia. She is a queen who uses her power for good as naturally as the summer uses its showers and sunshine to create fruits and blossoms.

We can imagine how pleasant a home her presence would create.

SHYLOCK.

The character of the Jewish merchant, Shylock, fills us with pity and with indignation.

We pity the baffled, broken old man leaving the court-room amid the jeers of all. We are touched by his pathetic words, "No tears but o' my shedding," as he searches for his faithless daughter.

We see him spit upon in the street. We see his business hindered and his enemies encouraged. We hear him called dog and cut-throat because he takes interest on his loans.

When at last Shylock has his enemies in his

power, we cannot wonder at the fiery outbreak of his long-smothered hate. We shudder at his cruelty to Antonio. Neither Portia's eloquent plea for mercy nor Antonio's farewell words move him.

Yet all is natural. Forgiveness, it is true, would be noble. But he is human. He sees around him no examples of forgiveness. His parched heart has too long missed the gentle dew of kindness to respond now to its soft appeal. Excluded from all employments except trade, as all his race are, he has bent his energies to money-making. Wealth, at least, will bring respect.

Confined to trade alone, Jews often became rich. They were able to loan money when it could be obtained from no other source. Naturally enough, they charged interest. This custom, which is now universal, was then looked upon with scorn. Yet since wealth was the path which led to influence, they pursued this path in spite of all obstacles.

The finer qualities of man are often sacrificed to wealth. This is the case with Shylock. We see in him a man of keen intellect, strong will, and quick wit. Yet his feelings have been dwarfed. He lives for gain. Revenge on those who oppose him is dear to him. He is the wreck of a noble nature. Yet he is but the natural outgrowth of years of suffering and injustice. His story should make us ponder whether we are not sometimes accountable for the evil actions of another.

ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK.

Antonio is the opposite of Shylock. He is the popular, successful merchant whom everybody courts and assists. Shylock has everything to oppose him in the pursuit of his business.

Antonio is open-handed and generous. He is as much interested in his friend Bassanio's enterprise as if it were his own. He is self-sacrificing, risking his life to do a favor to his friend. Shylock is close and exacting. He demands returns for all his favors.

Antonio is surrounded by scores of friends who sympathize with him in his misfortunes. Shylock has no friends. He is jeered at on account of his losses. He exclaims, "No sighs but o' my own breathing; no tears but o' my own shedding."

Antonio's nature is passive, even melancholy. He is inclined to offer little resistance. He lets matters take their own course without much protest. He is quiet, courteous, and dignified in his manner, but he is not given to any great expression of his feelings. Shylock is active and strong-willed. He is a man of passion. His manner is emphatic and his conversation is excited.

Antonio nearly lost his life at the hands of Shylock, yet Antonio was not wholly free from blame in the matter.

The two characters form a most interesting study.

PART VI.

LITERARY NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. JOSEPH ADDISON.

If there is a power above us
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.

— IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Joseph Addison, whose tomb is now to be seen in Westminster Abbey, was a great English poet who lived in England two hundred years ago, from 1672 to 1719. You notice he was one generation later than Shakespeare and one earlier than Goldsmith. Alexander Pope was his great contemporary.

Addison lived in a time of much coarseness and bitterness of feeling. Nearly every work of that age was full of ridicule of men and events. The English people were struggling for more liberty, which they finally obtained by what is called the great English Revolution, — which dethroned the tyrannical King James II. and placed William III. upon the throne.

As people were not free, as now, to openly criti-

cise public acts, nearly all authors expressed their ideas of right and wrong through some allegory or fable. Others, rather than meddle with politics, wrote essays on purely literary subjects.

Addison, like the rest, wrote allegories and essays. They formed a collection called "The Tatler" and "The Spectator."

These two excelled other writings of his age in faultless purity of language and thought. They are indeed masterpieces of literature.

Like Cowper, Moore, and Montgomery, he has given the world many hymns. [Pages 77, 210.]



2. THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

— ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Thomas Gray, a contemporary of Goldsmith and Cowper, lived in England, from 1716 to 1771. He is widely known through a beautiful revery, which he wrote, on the thoughts and feelings awakened by an English country churchyard. This is known as his Elegy. [See page 263.]

In person Gray was small, delicate, and handsome; he was unusually refined in manner and

very stylish in dress. He was reserved and sensitive, and by many was thought to be cold and proud. Yet he was really a man of deep and warm emotions.

His writings were at first ridiculed, causing him unhappiness most of his life. In his discontent and extreme sensitiveness he reminds one of Cowper.

He was a very learned man, being a good botanist, zoölogist, and architect. He was professor of history at Cambridge.



3. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

If the soul be happily disposed everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name.

— ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

Oliver Goldsmith, one of the great masters of English, was born in Ireland, in 1728. He was burdened by poverty nearly all his life, and his ignorance of human nature and his total inaptness for business kept him in constant embarrassment.

His great work "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a charming story of great purity and the richest humor. If you will read it, you will learn just what kind of a man he was, for he is the original of the "Philosophical Vagabond" of the story. This book is such a masterpiece of good English that it is used in the schools of Germany for teach-

ing English, as Cæsar's works are used for teaching Latin.

Mr. Goldsmith is also well known by two especially fine poems, "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller." Besides these he wrote a history of England and also one of Greece. He has also a very interesting work called "Animated Nature," a description of animals.

He lived a century later than Shakespeare, the dates of his birth and death being respectively 1728 and 1774. He was contemporary with Cowper in England and with Patrick Henry in America, and lived just before the time of Wordsworth, Scott, and Mrs. Hemans.

A statue of Goldsmith has been erected in Westminster Abbey. [See pages 100, 259, 260.]



4. WILLIAM COWPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

— WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

William Cowper lived from 1731 to 1800. He was the greatest poet of his time, and still ranks

among the best. His life was clouded by great trouble, for which reason probably he did not publish his first volume until the age of fifty. He was naturally very timid and despondent. He suffered nearly all of his life from ill-health, and was at times even insane.

He owed his best work to the friendly sympathy of two ladies; Mrs. Unwin, the kind, gentle wife of an English clergyman; and the witty, genial Lady Austin, whose lively conversation chased away the gloom from which he had tried in vain to escape.

Lady Austin led him to write his two most famous poems: "John Gilpin's Ride" and "The Task," poems which made him instantly famous and which even now everybody delights to read.

Cowper also wrote sixty-eight hymns, many of which are still sung in church services. [See page 110.]



5. GOETHE.

He who is only half instructed ever errs and talks much. He who knows all is content with performing, and speaks little or late.

Goethe was a great German poet, who lived from 1749 to 1832. [A long life extending clear through the American Revolution and all the conquests of Napoleon.]

He surpasses all other modern poets, and finds a rival only in Shakespeare.

At ten years of age he read and wrote several languages. He mastered nearly every department of knowledge; for he was skilled in law, medicine and natural science, besides being the great poet famed throughout the world.

Yet he was never satisfied, always reaching out for more. He said, "Art is long; life is short. Judgment is difficult, opportunity fleeting." He worked and wrote to the very hour of his death, and his last words were "More Light."

A handsome seal which was presented to him on his eighty-second birthday, by fifteen celebrated English authors, was inscribed with these words from one of his poems which is given you to read: "Without haste, without rest!" Goethe was greatly delighted with this gift.

Goethe's prose story of "Wilhelm Meister" and his drama called "Faust" are his greatest works.

An American writer, Mr. J. S. Dwight, has distinguished himself by his fine translations of Goethe's poems. [See page 195.]

6. PATRICK HENRY.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past.

—APPEAL TO ARMS.

This is one of the many spirited utterances which, over a hundred years ago, fell from the lips of Patrick Henry, the orator of the American Revolution, the mouthpiece of an indignant people.

He was governor of Virginia and member of the House of Burgesses during most of the war. His thrilling speeches did much to keep up the spirit of the soldiers.

In an age renowned for able statesmen, he was acknowledged the superior of all in powerful eloquence. Jefferson said he seemed to speak "as Homer wrote."

He had a natural genius for inciting men. When silent he was stern-featured, stooping, and unprepossessing. The moment he spoke to an audience his figure was erect, graceful, and alive with force. His power to express feeling by a simple movement of a feature was extraordinary. The stern face would relax and grow soft, pensive, and gentle; or a withering rage would burn in his eyes; or mouth and voice would quiver with tenderest pathos.

In private life, he was kind, very devout, good-

humored, a wonderful story teller, and a lover of hunting and fishing; but like his English contemporary, Goldsmith, he was totally inapt for business.

He was the first, during those stormy pre-Revolutionary days publicly to oppose foreign control. He lived from 1736 to 1799. [See page 138.]



7. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

William Wordsworth, a renowned English poet, lived between 1770 and 1850. His home was in the north of England, among the famous lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland counties.

He has made the lovely scenery of these lakes and hills immortal, as Washington Irving has the Hudson River. He with Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, and Southey formed what is called the Lake School of poets, because they lived near these lakes and wrote about the beauty of their scenery. Before that time, English poets were mostly of the Romantic School; that is, they thought they were obliged to write about foreign places and classic legends. Mr. Wordsworth especially lived in and loved nature; for this reason, his works made a great change in poetry.

During the last year of his life he was poet laureate, being succeeded by Mr. Tennyson, who at present holds that honorable position.

His face is said to have resembled very closely that of Milton, so that a certain fine portrait of the latter is also a good likeness of Wordsworth. He was second only to Milton and Shakespeare in originality.

Serious as most of his poems are, he wrote a great many for children that are very pleasing. Among these are: "Lucy Gray," "Alice Fell," "The Pet Lamb," "We are Seven," and "To a Butterfly." [See pages 62, 75.]



8. THOMAS MOORE.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

—A HYMN.

Thomas Moore, Ireland's famous poet, is known the world over by his song, "The Last Rose of Summer." He lived from 1779 to 1852. His early childhood, therefore, coincided with the time of the American Revolution, and he saw the rise and fall of Napoleon in France. He took no active part in politics, however, although he sympathized with the Whig or people's party.

Though born and educated in Ireland, he spent most of his life in England. He made visits to France and Italy, and in 1805, during President Jefferson's administration, he made a tour through the United States. He wrote a poetical account of what he saw in America. At that time Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant, the earliest American writers, were all young boys. Indeed, our most famous American writers were just becoming known when Mr. Moore died. Mr. Moore's great work is "Lalla Rookh," a charming Oriental romance, consisting of four poems bound together by a thread of prose. Every young person would enjoy reading it. He has also given to the world some of its best songs.

His works are marked by sweetness, tenderness, beautiful figures, and musical language. As he was very small, he wrote under the name of Thomas Little.

His especial friend was the celebrated English poet, Lord Byron, whose biography he wrote. His last years were clouded by the loss of all his children, heavy debts, and complete failure of health. [See pages 76, 209, 214.]

9. JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Through the art of printing, the fruits of observation and reflection, of discoveries and inventions, with all the accumulated stores of previously acquired knowledge, are preserved and widely diffused. —INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

John C. Calhoun was an American statesman, the rival in eloquence of Webster and Clay.

He graduated from Yale with distinction. He was United States representative and senator from South Carolina for a number of years. He was Secretary of War for President Monroe, and was Vice-President when John Q. Adams was President.

Mr. Calhoun was a strong believer in free trade; that is, he thought no tax should be levied on imported goods. He also believed in states' rights, or that states should not be obliged to obey the general government if they prefer a different course. He even thought that states had the right to make null or destroy the effect of United States laws if objectionable to them. This was called the Doctrine of Nullification.

Mr. Calhoun was tall and slender, with dark, brilliant, penetrating eyes, and with an expression of decision and firmness when silent, but of great animation when speaking. He spoke rapidly, energetically, and very forcibly, but, unlike Webster, used no flowers of speech. His life was from 1782 to 1850. [See page 167.]

10. NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

I can give up my mother's look, my sister's kiss ;

* * * * *

I can give up the young fame I burned to win,
All — but the spotless name I glory in.

— ANDRÉ'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. N. P. Willis was born in Portland, Maine, in 1806, the birthplace and almost the exact birth year of Longfellow.

He is a graduate of Yale College. He inherited from his father, a noted journalist, — the founder of the "Youth's Companion," — great talent.

He traveled widely through southern Europe, Turkey, and Asia Minor, and returning wrote an account of his travels under the head of "Pencilings by the Way." He is a humorist, too, as appears in his "Fun Jottings or Laughs I have taken a Pen to."

He is well known as a poet, especially of Bible subjects.

He lived for many years at a beautiful residence called Idlewild, near Newburgh, on the Hudson. He has described the beauties of the adjacent country in his "Out Doors at Idlewild."

Both Willis and Irving have made Hudson River famous by their writings. [See page 182.]

11. CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all there
Even they — the dead — though dead, so dear :
Fond Memory to her duty true
Brings back their faded forms to view, —
How lifelike, through the mist of years
Each well-remembered face appears !

—THE FAMILY MEETING.

Mr. Sprague was an American writer, who lived in Boston from 1791 to 1875. At thirteen years of age he became a clerk, and during forty-five years of his life was engaged as a banker.

He is best known by his poems. [See pages 118, 129.]



12. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Advance, then, ye future generations ! We would hail you, as you rise, in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing and shall soon have passed our own human duration.

—THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE ORIGIN OF NEW ENGLAND.

Daniel Webster, a great American statesman and orator, was born in New Hampshire, in 1782. When not in Congress, his home during most of his life was on a farm at Marshfield, near Boston.

He was a most brilliant lawyer, and pleaded

some of the most important cases on record. He was United States senator for twenty years, and during President Harrison's administration was Secretary of State.

His speeches are masterpieces of oratory. He was imposing in form, being tall and commanding, with a head of great size, and large deep-set, lustrous black eyes, like those of the poet Whit-tier, a relative of his.

His manner was impressive, yet easy ; his voice was powerful, sonorous, and flexible, and his conversational power has seldom been equalled. He died in 1852. [See pages 157, 178.]



13. JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore.
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be
Till time is o'er.

—NEW ENGLAND.

Mr. Percival, born in Connecticut in 1795, was a noted scholar and poet, a friend of William Cul-len Bryant, who was born just one year earlier. Like Bryant, too, he wrote some of his poems when but fourteen years old.

When twenty, he graduated from Yale. A play

which he wrote then was a part of the commencement exercises.

He became a physician, and at one time was surgeon at the military school of West Point.

He was a surveyor and geologist also, and surveyed the lead mining region of Wisconsin, where he became state geologist.

He died in that state in 1856. He is well known to school children through a beautiful poem called "The Coral Grove." [See page 196.]



14. THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

How sweet it is at that enchanting hour,
When earth is fresh with April's sunny shower,
To wander thro' some green and quiet lane,
O'erhung with briars and wild flowers moist with rain!

— EVENING.

Mr. Macaulay was a brilliant English historian and essayist. He made a careful and extensive study of the history both of his own and of early times. His father, who was an East India merchant, and a great worker for the good of his fellow men, imparted his own feelings to his son.

The latter lived for a considerable time in India, made close studies of the people, and tried to improve the condition of the natives. He exposed the wrong-doings of the English governors of India.

He was a member of the English Parliament and made eloquent speeches, always for the purpose of bettering the condition of abused classes. Two especially were very noted: one on the duty of allowing Jews equal rights in government, the other on abolishing slavery in the West Indies.

He wrote a fine history of England, which you will read some day. Besides this, he has some stirring historical poems, in which he seemed to catch the very spirit of his subject. You will enjoy some of these, especially "Horatius" and "Virginia."

He lived from 1800 to 1859. [See page 162.]



15. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Institutions may crumble and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth. The petals of the flower wither that fruit may form. Each people that has disappeared, every institution that has passed away, has been a step in the ladder by which humanity ascends toward the perfecting of its nature. — HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

George Bancroft, a son of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, was born in 1800. He graduated from Harvard, and afterwards from the German University of Göttingen.

He traveled and studied much in Europe, mastering its languages, examining its literature and

art, and becoming acquainted with the scholars of Germany and France.

Returning he chose history as his special study, and in the course of his long life prepared a most elaborate history of the United States, in two volumes.

It is a masterpiece of scholarship and learning, and has been translated into several languages, and is very popular in Germany.

Mr. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy for President Polk. While in this office, in 1845, he established the navy school at Annapolis, which corresponds to the military school at West Point. Before this there was no school for training sailors. He did a great deal to improve the American navy. He was minister to Great Britain and afterwards to Germany, and was welcomed with great enthusiasm in these countries. He died January 17, 1891. [See page 143.]



16. AARON BANCROFT.

Rev. Aaron Bancroft, born in Massachusetts in 1755, was a noted scholar and writer. He served in the Revolutionary War while yet a student. He afterward graduated at Harvard, and became a professor there.

He was the father of the illustrious historian of our own time, George Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft

imbued his son, who fell readily into his father's easy and simple style, with much of his own patriotism and love for his country.

His "Life of Washington" is a highly prized work. He died in 1839. [See page 146.]



17. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen, born in 1805, is a famous Danish writer of stories and fairy tales. He was poor, and met great discouragements when a boy, but kind friends finally helped him so that he graduated from the Royal College at Copenhagen.

Mr. Andersen was tall and angular, with a long, narrow face; high, receding forehead; thick, bushy, curly hair; small, piercing eyes; a feminine mouth; receding chin and large, prominent jaws. His expression was careworn and pinched, but one would hardly think that he was anything but joyful on reading his works. Have you ever read his charming stories about "The Conceited Apple Branch," "A Leaf from Heaven," or "The Angel"? In a pretty little story, entitled "Children's Prattle," Mr. Andersen proves conclusively, by using Thorwaldsen's name, that the ending *sen* is no hinderance to a person with a name of that ending attaining fame. Have we not still another proof of this? [See page 184.]

18. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

They came with nothing but the open Bible in their hands, leading a march of civilization and human freedom which shall go on till time shall be no more,—if only that Bible shall remain open, and shall be accepted and revered by their descendants as it was by themselves as the Word of God.

—THE GREAT PROCESSION OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Robert C. Winthrop is an American statesman, a descendant, in the sixth generation, of John Winthrop, an early governor of Massachusetts.

He was born in the year 1809, the birth year of O. W. Holmes, Abraham Lincoln, and Alfred Tennyson. He graduated at Harvard, and studied law in the office of Daniel Webster. He was a United States representative and senator, and in 1847 and 1848 was Speaker of the House. He has for a long time been president of the Massachusetts Historical Society and other literary associations. He has delivered many addresses on historical and political subjects. [See page 153.]



19. JOHN W. TYNDALL.

Professor Tyndall, born in England in 1820, is one of the world's foremost men of science.

He has especially studied the wonderful glaciers

of the Alps, in company with Professor Huxley. He has also explained many of the wonderful facts concerning heat and light. You know him through an extract on "The Influence of the Sun." His work on sound has been translated into Chinese at the expense of the Chinese government.

In 1872, he delivered a fine series of lectures in the United States. The proceeds, thirteen thousand dollars, were donated towards establishing a fund for the promotion of the study of natural science in America. Americans are, therefore, deeply indebted to Professor Tyndall. His vigorous language and happy explanations make him the first of scientific lecturers. [See page 17.]



20. JOHN G. SAXE.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please, —
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

— KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

Mr. Saxe was born in Vermont in 1816. He has been a successful lawyer and afterwards editor for a number of years.

He wrote, besides many other works, "Stories

of "Many Nations" and "Fables and Legends in Rhyme." He was very quick to see the laughable side of things, and very witty in his use of puns, as you may notice in "The Cold Water Man."

In this respect he was very much like the English poet, Thomas Hood, who died in 1845, just as Saxe was beginning to be known. Mr. Saxe's home was in New York. [See pages 202, 238.]



21. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

— THE ART OF OBSERVING.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, born in 1819, was an English clergyman, lecturer, and social reformer. He was also a practical student of science.

He has strongly interested himself in the condition of the poor in England, and has done much toward improving their condition. He caused them to establish co-operative associations for doing work in common and sharing the proceeds. His story "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet" gives some of his ideas on the advantages of such work.

Some of his lectures were strong pleas for cleanliness of person as necessary for the best

mental work. He has a wonderfully interesting little description of marine plants and animals called "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore." Besides these, he wrote some Greek fairy tales called "The Heroes," and a charming fairy story called "The Water Babies."

He lectured in the United States in 1873 and 1874. [See page 191.]



22. HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Only that day dawns to which we are awake.

— WALDEN.

Thoreau lived in Massachusetts from 1817 to 1862. After graduating from Harvard, he was for a time a teacher and also a land surveyor.

He has been called a poet-naturalist. He had a passion for studying plants and animals. He built himself a small frame house in the pine woods on the shore of Walden Pond, Concord, and lived here alone two years, observing, studying, and writing.

He gives us his observations in a book called "Walden." Two others, called "The Maine Woods" and "Life on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," show how close a student of nature he was. He was a strong abolitionist, though he took no active part in politics. [See page 103.]

23. THOMAS STARR KING.

The great law of life will be more fully manifest there, than even here, that our joy shall consist in the quality of our affections, in our sympathy, and in our charity.

—THE BUSINESS AND GLORY OF ETERNITY.

Mr. King was a self-educated Unitarian minister and lecturer, first in Boston, afterward in San Francisco. When California seemed in danger of seceding from the Union, he traveled over the State, speaking enthusiastically for the Union. California's loyalty is largely due to his influence.

He was well acquainted with the grand scenery of the Pacific coast. You are already acquainted with him through his description of "The Falls of the Yosemite." He has, also, thoroughly studied the White Mountains, and has written several legends and poems, containing the most complete account existing of their floral and landscape scenery. He lived from 1824 to 1863. [See page 42.]



24. THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

The nation has found its true grandeur by war; but must retain it in peace.

—A PLEA ON CULTURE.

Mr. Higginson was born in Cambridge in 1823, and graduated at Harvard College at eighteen

years of age. He became a minister, but at thirty-five ceased to preach and occupied himself with literature.

He was a strong anti-slavery man, and, like Whittier and Garrison, sometimes suffered for his active interest in the cause of the slaves. He received once a sabre cut in his face, while trying to liberate a fugitive slave imprisoned in a Boston court-house.

During the Civil War, he was for two years captain of the first slave regiment. Being badly wounded in the war, he retired, and since then has lived at Newport, Rhode Island. He has told us of his army life in his book "Army Life of a Black Regiment." He wrote an interesting story called "Malbone, an Oldport Romance." Besides these, he has a "Young Folks' History of the United States," a very valuable work. [See page 132.]



25. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

A man may be proud of his family if he chooses, and, if he have noble ancestors, with good reason. But there is no sense in parading that pride. It is an affectation the more foolish that it achieves nothing.

—THE NEW LIVERY.

Mr. Curtis, a distinguished American journalist, lecturer, and author, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1824. He did not enjoy* the advantages

of a college course, but trained himself by private study and travel.

With Emerson and Hawthorne, he was a member of the Brook Farm Society, a co-operative association of noted New England writers, who managed a farm for several years in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, living in common, and combining agricultural labor with literary work. The plot of Mr. Hawthorne's "Blithdale Romance," is located on this farm.

He traveled abroad extensively, especially in Egypt, making that land a study.

He edited *Harper's Magazine* for a number of years, and has also discoursed and made readings from authors, and lectured successfully on political matters. He has written "Lotus Eating," "Nile Notes," and "Potiphar Papers," all of which titles suggest Egypt. Besides these, he has a story called "Prue and I." [See pages 142, 148.]



26. JOHN WESLEY POWELL.

What tale of time the shining sands can tell,
When mountain peak is brought to island dell,
Where every bay is hour-glass of time,
And every isle a chronogram sublime!

— ISLANDS.

Major Powell, an American geologist, was born in the state of New York in 1834. He received

his education in a public school of Wisconsin, and in Oberlin College, Ohio. While in college he became interested in the study of nature, and on leaving school spent four years traveling through the Western states, collecting plants, animals, and fossils, thus laying the foundation of his life-work.

He served in the Civil War as major of artillery, being engaged in a number of the most critical battles. He lost his right arm in the battle of Shiloh.

After the war, he was professor of geology for two years in Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois. He retired from this position to engage in the exploration of the far West by authority of the government. His most famous exploit was the navigation of the Colorado River from its source to its mouth, giving us our first definite knowledge of the numerous, immense cañons of that wonderful river.

Soon after the exploration of the Colorado, Major Powell was made director of the United States Geological Survey, which position he still holds. He is also director of the Ethnological Bureau, whose scholarly reports as well as those of the Geological Survey have given him a wide reputation as a scholar, thinker, and author. [See page 33.]

27. READING ALOUD.

An ability to read well aloud is an accomplishment worthy the efforts of the ambitious pupil. It is desirable especially that every student of literature should acquire a good delivery when reading aloud, if he would secure the full measure of good resulting from his knowledge and cultivation.

The power to read well, without special training, a selection in a distinct, comprehensive, and pleasing manner, with clear voice and appropriate gesture, is a gift always appreciated by one's friends, and is often the talisman insuring entrance to new circles or securing to the possessor new and valued friendships.

In the evening, when the toils of the day are done, and the members of the family are assembled at home in a loving circle, recounting the doings of the day, one especially derives and imparts pleasure from this most delightful substitute for the song, or for the piano, the violin, or other musical instrument.

To be able to entertain and lessen the pains of a sick father or mother, or other relation or friend, in the hour of affliction, by reading to him, with true feeling and understanding, selections from his favorite poet or novelist, is a blessing which every one should be able to confer.

You are therefore most earnestly recommended, for your own pleasure and profit, as well as for the pleasure and profit of your friends, to learn to read aloud, not to declaim or rant, but simply to read aloud well.

It is not possible to give you any set rules that will benefit you much. Some suggestions for self-improvement may be made, however.

You must know and remember that good reading aloud, without special technical training, proceeds from—

1. A thorough understanding of the thought expressed by what is to be read: this comes only by close and careful study.

2. An exact knowledge of the pronunciation of every word: this comes by careful observation of the speech of cultivated persons and by diligent study of the dictionary.

3. A habit of speaking distinctly: this comes only by much correct practice or drill in giving aloud all the consonant sounds of the language.

4. A control of the vocal organs of speech: this comes by the thoughtful reading aloud of matter whose finest shade of meaning is well understood and whose purpose the reader thoroughly appreciates.

5. An appreciation of the feeling intended to be aroused by what is to be read: this comes

by a critical analysis of the thought expressed, together with the author's manner of expressing it.

Only by the possession of the above-named requirements can one read as Hamlet directed the players to speak. All of which, however, one can acquire for himself.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, — trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, — thus, — but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

"Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, — with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature."

STUDY THE TEXT.

One of the principal errors likely to be committed by the younger class of reading students is the attempt to read something which they do not understand. Good reading will not result from such effort; for, to give the proper expression and feeling to that which one reads, a precise and accurate knowledge of the meaning of the text is necessary. He who would be a good reader, therefore, must study his work with thoughtful discrimination.

It is advisable to take something simple at first. A simple selection, well delivered, is more valuable and enjoyable to the listener than a more difficult one which, through the misunderstanding of the pupil, is poorly rendered.

Advance by easy stages from simple selections to those that are more difficult, mastering each selection by repeated reading and practice. Do not risk your reputation by attempting something which is too difficult for you to read. Keep this in mind, be governed by it, and you will never fail to interest your listeners, and besides you will constantly improve in your work.

PRONUNCIATION.

Correct pronunciation of all words is a requisite of good reading as well as of good talking. You should no more be willing to mispronounce a word than you would be to misspell it in a letter to your parent, or in any other composition. If in doubt, ask your teacher or parent, or, what is better still, be independent; do not rely on others, but make yourself sure by consulting some standard dictionary. To do this with profit, it will be necessary first for you to know the signs and marks of pronunciation. By thus informing yourself you may always know you are right, and your knowledge and assurance therefrom will add much to your ability as a good reader. If you make

yourself an authority on this subject, you will never regret the time you may spend in turning the leaves of a dictionary.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

Many words frequently mispronounced even by persons who are thought to be correct speakers are of the same character, the cause of mispronunciation being the same. These may be grouped for economy in learning. Select a good example of each group, master its difficulties, and be careful to pronounce it correctly on all occasions. If you will do this you will find the pronunciation of other words of the group easy for you. Do not at any time fail to give the correct pronunciation of a word because of the universality of its mispronunciation.

Many words containing a *ū*, as in *tūne*, are mispronounced. To pronounce the word *during* as if it were spelled *dooring* is wrong, if not vulgar. Give the sound of long *u* as if it were *ew*, as in *hew*. You are recommended to make lists of words of this class, to acquaint yourself with their pronunciation, and perfect yourself in the same. [See the Fourth Reader of this series, page 358.] Add to this list. Drill yourself in pronouncing the words therein a short time (two minutes) each day.

The sound of short Italian *a* is often given

wrong. Give the sound of *a* as heard in the word *far* or *star*. Give it short three times. Give it very short. Put this very short sound of the letter *a* in the words —

glass class branch master pastor shaft

Add to the above list and pronounce it daily. This should result in cultivating the ear.

Pronounce the word *nor* three times. Leave off the *n*, and pronounce the remaining word three times. Leave off the *r*, and pronounce the remaining sound. Make this sound short, as short as it is possible to make it, preserving the quality. Give the sound in —

beyond top solemn song forest spot off hot rot

Other words should be added to the above list.

Too much prominence is given to the vowel sounds of many syllables. This is a common error. The sounds of those vowels in the following words having dots under them are often made too prominent. Consult the dictionary, and add to this list —

believing depart descend before across erect acute

Be careful to give the long sound of *oo* in the following words : —

oozing broom roof soon hoof root boot doom

Be careful in the pronunciation of the following words to give the sound of *th* as heard in the word *them* —

with beneath northern thither northward underneath

Do not give the long sound of *i* in the following: —

direction divest digest dilute director imagination

Do not wrongly accent the following words: —

ac'cent (<i>n</i>)	accent' (<i>v</i>)	detail	interest	industry
	increase	perfume		

Consult the dictionary, and add to each of the above lists of words. Drill on each list till your speech is reasonably correct.

The pupil is advised to make a list of miscellaneous words that he mispronounces, to be used like the other lists.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

A tendency to hurry over or slur obscure sounds or difficult consonant combinations should be carefully guarded against. It is better at first to exaggerate the difficult sounds. An error often committed is to run together two or more consonants and thus lose or suppress some sound necessary to the proper pronunciation of the word.

You are recommended to spell many words by sounds, to master the consonant elements of the

language. For economy of effort, these may be arranged in groups.

Arrange a list of words beginning with *p*, as *pin*, *pit*; then one beginning with *b*, as *bin*, *bit*.

Next make a list of words ending with *p*, as *sip*, *lip*; then one whose words end with *b*, as *nib*, *glib*, etc.

Take short daily drills in spelling the words of these lists by sounds.

In like manner make lists, using the following letters as far as it is possible to use them, both at the beginning and the ending of words. Take daily drills on the lists —

<i>t and d</i> ;	<i>k and g</i> ;	<i>s and z</i> ;	<i>sh and zh</i> ;
<i>st and dst</i> ;	<i>st and rst</i> ;	<i>n and ng</i> ;	<i>br and rd</i> .

By drilling on a few such lists as above indicated, you will begin the habit of speaking distinctly. It will come to you when reading, without especial effort. Your ear will also become sensitive to careless speech in others. This sensitiveness you must consider an index of your success in mastering the sounds of the language.

You are now prepared to study your own defects. Many kinds of drill will suggest themselves to you. These will be of vastly more benefit to you than any further work in that direction that may be here laid down for your guidance.

After you have acquired a knowledge of vowel

sounds and have had some drill in consonant sounds, you would do well to select difficult passages from the body of this book and test yourself as well as drill yourself in reading aloud connected discourse. Nearly all of the selections in Part III. are well adapted to this kind of drill. Those of Part IV. furnish a valuable variety of exercises for elocutionary practice.

RAPID OR SLOW READING.

You must decide for yourself whether a selection should be read rapidly or slowly. One suggestion may be given you: slow reading is secured, not by pausing between words, but by dwelling on such sounds of the words as allow prolongation. These are usually the long vowel sounds. If these (the long vowel sounds) and some of the initial or final consonant sounds allowing prolongation, as *m*, *n*, *sh*, *ng*, etc., be prolonged, slow, effective reading is made easy.

When reading rapidly, be careful to preserve the quality of the long vowel sounds. Much bad pronunciation results from the violation of the foregoing suggestion.

PITCH.

Read so that your listeners can hear you. This is of the first importance whatever you read. You may know whether they hear you or not, by looking at them frequently while reading.

The ability to look at your listeners while reading you will acquire by practice in keeping the eye and mind in advance of the voice. Accomplish this by slow and easy stages. For first practice, select articles whose sentences are short and little involved, and read them at your listeners as much with your eye as with your voice.

The reader who fails to use his eyes to aid in conveying thought loses a large percentage of the effectiveness of his reading.

You cannot read well unless you fully understand what you read.

You cannot read well unless you pronounce the words correctly.

You will not read well unless you give proper values to the consonants, and enunciate them distinctly yet smoothly.

You will not read acceptably unless you are heard distinctly and without too much effort on the part of the listener.

You will not read acceptably unless you know the sentiment of the writer, and appreciate the feeling he wanted to arouse in his readers or listeners. You should study your selection carefully, and choose the proper speed for reading as well as the proper voice and pitch.

You will read more acceptably if by the use of your eyes you help the listener to understand you.

An Arabian proverb says, "He is the best orator who can turn men's ears into eyes." This truth will apply with equal force to the reader, who should so put himself in place of the author, so possess himself of the thoughts, sentiments, and emotions to be expressed, that they shall be unconsciously his own. He will then be able to present to the listener the clearest possible pictures of the persons represented, and the scenes delineated; he will then be able to read the story as if it were his own.



KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF WORDS.



ā <i>as in</i> āle.	ī <i>as in</i> īce.	ōō <i>as in</i> fōōd.
â “ senâte.	î “ īdea.	ōō “ fōōt.
â “ câre.	ĩ “ ĩll.	ou “ out.
ă “ ăm.	ō “ ōld.	oi “ oil.
ä “ ärm.	ô “ ôbey.	ai “ chair.
á “ ásk.	ô “ ôrb.	g “ go.
a “ final.	ō “ ōdd.	ng “ sing.
a “ all.	ū “ ūse.	n “ ink.
ē “ ēve.	û “ ûnite.	th “ them.
é “ évent.	u “ ryde.	th “ thin.
ě “ ěnd.	u “ full.	n “ bon.
ē “ fěrn.	ũ “ ũp.	ñ <i>as ny in</i> cañon.
ê “ thére.	û “ ûrn.	ŵ <i>same as</i> v.
e “ recent.	ÿ “ pity.	zh <i>as z in</i> azure.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, edition of 1890, is the authority for the above key, as also for the accentuation and syllabication of the words in the vocabularies that follow.

VOCABULARIES

PART I.

- ad jā'cent** (-sěnt) [35], lying close or near.
- Āl'pine** (-pīn or -pīne) [34], of or relating to the Alps.
- ām'phī thē'ā tre** [38], an oval or circular building having rows of seats one above another around an open space.
- Ā lās'ka** [25], a territory of the United States bought from Russia in 1867 for over seven million dollars.
- ān'thēm** [20], any church music adapted to passages from the Scriptures.
- ār'id** [35], exhausted of moisture ; parched with heat.
- au'dī ble** [50], loud enough to be heard.
- āv'ā lānche'** [17], a large mass of snow, ice, and earth sliding or rolling down a mountain.
- ba'sin** (bā'sn) [28], the entire tract of country drained by a river. A depression of the surface, the lowest part of which is generally occupied by a lake or is traversed by a river.
- bomb** (būm) [18], a hollow ball of cast-iron filled with explosive materials and ignited with a fuse or by percussion.
- brā vu'rās** [54], airs characterized by minute divisions giving several notes to a syllable and requiring great force and spirit in the performer.
- brīl'lian cý** [47], splendor ; great brightness.
- Cal i for'ni a** (kāl i fôr'nī a) [34].
- Can'a da** (kān'a da) [27], a country north of the United States, under British rule.
- ca ñon'** (kā nyōn' ; anglicized, kān'yūn) [36], a deep ravine between high and steep banks, worn by water-courses.
- ca pri'cious ly** (ká prīsh'ūs) [50], in a capricious manner ; changing suddenly.
- cark** (kärk) [63], care ; anxiety.
- cas cade'** (kās kād') [34], a small fall or flowing of water over a precipice in a river.
- cat'a ract** (kāt'ā rākt) [17], a great fall of water over a precipice.
- ca thē'dral** (ká) [24], the principal church in a diocese, so-called because in it the bishop has his official chair.
- chān'nēl** [35], the bed of a stream of water, especially the part through which the main current flows. [rocks.
- cliffs** (klīfs) [36], high, steep

- co he'sion** (kô hê'zhŭn) [26], the act of sticking together.
- Col o ră'dô** (kôl) [34].
- côm'păr á ble** (kôm') [46], capable of being compared.
- com plex'i ties** (kôm plêks'í tîz) [44], complications.
- con stella'tions** (kôn stêl lâ'shŭnz) [58], clusters or groups of fixed stars, designated by the names of animals or other terrestrial objects which they are thought to resemble.
- crys'tal line** (krîs'tal lin) [55], consisting of or made of crystal. [face; a slope.
- dê clîv'í tŷ** [43], a descending sur-
- dê file'** [48], a long, narrow pass between hills.
- dêg'râ dâ'tion** (-shŭn) [35], a gradual wearing down or wasting of rocks and banks by the action of water and frost.
- dê li'cious ly** (-lish'üs ly) [30], pleasantly, delightfully.
- dês'êrt** [19], without life or cultivation; unproductive.
- dês'ô lâ'tion** (-shŭn) [50], gloominess; ruin.
- dîlât'ed** [57], enlarged or extended in all directions.
- drought** (drou) [28], dryness of the weather which prevents the growth of plants.
- êd'dies** [50], currents of water or air moving in a circular direction.
- ê rô'sion** (-zhŭn) [35], the act or operation of eating away.
- ê rūp'tions** (-shŭns) [17], burstings forth in a sudden and violent manner.
- Ês cāl ăn'te** [35], a river having its source in Utah.
- ê văn'gêls** [71], good news; announcements of happy tidings.
- êx hîl'á rā tîng** (êgs) [37], enlivening; making merry.
- êx pěr'iment** [45], an operation to discover something unknown, or to test or illustrate some known truth.
- ex plo'sion** (êks plô zhun) [48], a bursting with loud noise.
- ex'quis ite** (êks'kwí zît) [51], refined; matchless; perfect.
- fan tās'tic** [24], imaginary; not real.
- Flām'ing Gorge** (gôrg) [36].
- fôr'mî da ble** [24], exciting fear; impressing dread.
- flŭc'tú âtes** [58], moves as waves; rolls hither and thither.
- Frê mōnt's' Peak** (pêk) [34].
- Frob'ish er's Sound or Strait** (frôb'ish êrz strât) [25], in the Arctic Ocean, British North America.
- ge râr'dî á** (jê) [72], an herb named in honor of John Gerarde.
- glā'cis** (sis) [38], an easy, insensible slope.
- glāde** [66], an open, cleared space in a forest.
- glĕn** [66], a depression or space between hills.
- gorg'es** (gôrj'ez) [34], defiles between mountains.
- Grĕen'land** [25], a region north-east of North America, belonging to Denmark.
- gŭlch** [41], a ravine.
- Hă bāk'kūk** [43], a Hebrew prophet and author. His language is highly poetical and imaginative. He died about 600 B.C.

Hēs pē'rī án [61], Western.
im'be cile (im'bē sīl) [67], one destitute of strength, either of body or mind.
īl lū'mī nā ted [48], enlightened; supplied with light.
īn cūm'brance [20], a burdensome or troublesome load.
īn dīs pēn'sā ble [19], impossible to be omitted or spared.
īn'ex haust'ī ble (īn'ēgz ąst'ī b'l) [19], unfailing.
īn fīn'ī tūde [19], without limits; boundless number.
īn quis'ī tive (īn kwīz'ī tīv) [51], inclined to seek information by questions, investigation, or observation.
īn tū'ī tive [50], seeing clearly; capable of knowing without reasoning.
jōc'ūnd [75], merry; gay; lively.
Kā nāb' [35], a river having its source in Utah.
lāb'y rīnth [36], a place of winding passages which render it difficult to find the way from the interior to the entrance.
ledge (lēj) [29], a shelf of rocks; often a ridge of rocks near the surface of the sea.
līn'ērs [24], vessels belonging to a regular line of packets.
lux u'ri ant (lūgz yū'rī ant) [42], abundant; in great abundance.
lux'u ry (lūk'shū rý) [47], gratification.
māg níf'ī cence (sens) [46], greatness and splendor of show.
mā lā'rī á [21], bad airs capable of causing fever or other diseases.
mān'ī fēs tā'tions (-shūnz) [17], discoveries to the eye or understanding.

me chan'ic al (mē kán'ī kal) [17], performed without conscious effort of will.
mēl'án chol y (-kōl ý) [50], sad; gloomy.
Mer ced' (mēr sād) [43], a river of California.
mī rāc'ū loūs lý [32], supernaturally; wonderfully.
Nī āg'a ra, Falls of [27]. These falls are situated in Niagara River between New York and the Province of Ontario.
nōd ūles [45], rounded masses of irregular shape.
ōb trudes' [50], enters without permission.
ōp'ū lence (-lens) [44], wealth; riches.
ōr gān'ic [17], having organs or dependent parts.
Pa'ri a or Pha'riah (pā're ä) [35], a river having its source in Utah.
Pār'thē nōn [59], a celebrated marble temple of Athene.
pe cul'iar (pē kūl'yār) [50], unusual; singular.
pēnd'ū lūm [45], a body so suspended as to swing freely to and fro.
Pēn tēl'ī cus (-kūs) [59], a mountain of Attica, Greece.
pict'ur esque' (pik'tūr ěsk') [42], forming a pleasing picture.
pīn'nā cles [41], slender turrets elevated above the main building.
pōp'ū lace (-lās) [59], the common people.
pōr'tag es (-tāj ěs) [38], the act of carrying merchandise, etc., between two bodies of navigable water.

prec'i pice (prěs'í pīs) [46], a very steep, perpendicular, or overhanging rock.

pre cip'í toūs lŷ (prě sĭp') [29], with steep descent.

prěd'ě ces'sor (-sēs'sēr) [47], one who precedes.

prin'ci ple (-sĭ p'l) [51], origin; fundamental truth.

prō ject'ile [18], a body projected or impelled forward by force, especially through the air.

Prō'tē ūs [19], a sea god in the service of Neptune, who could change his form at will.

Price (prīs) [35], a river having its source in Utah.

rě vēr'bēr ā'těd [46], returned or sent back.

rift [41], an opening made by splitting; a cleft.

Ri o Vir'gen (rě ō vēr'hěn) [35], a river having its source in Utah. [in Utah.

Sān Ju an' (hōō ān') [35], a river

Sān Rā fā ěl' [35] a river having its source in Utah.

sēr'aph (-af) [54], an angel of the highest order.

sēr'pēn tīne [45], winding or turning one way or the other like a moving serpent.

sheer (shēr) [43], perpendicular.

shin'glŷ [56], abounding with gravel.

spār'rŷ [61], resembling spar.

Spitz'berg en (spits'bērg en) [25], a group of islands in the Arctic Ocean.

sprāy [32], water flying in minute drops caused by the force of the wind or the dashing of waves.

těr'rā ces (-ses) [38], raised level spaces of earth, supported on one side by a wall or bank of turf.

těr rēs'trī al [17], earthy.

Ti tān'ic (-ik) [24], enormous in size or strength.

trān scēnd'ent [55], very excellent.

trě mēn'dous (-dūs) [48], fitted to excite fear or terror.

Ū in'tah (win tá) [35], a river in Utah having its source in the Uintah Mountains.

Yām'pa [35], a river whose source is in Colorado.

Yō sēm'í tē Val ley [42], a valley eight miles in length situated in California. It is noted for the splendor and magnificence of its scenery.

Si er'ra Ne va'da (sē ěr'rā nē vā'dā) [42], a mountain chain of California.

Smith Strait [24], Baffin's Bay, west of Greenland.

PART II.

āb hōr' [91], hate; detest.

A chil'les (ā kĭl'lēz) [104], a hero of Greece who took part in the Trojan War.

A.D. [103], Anno Domini; in the year of our Lord.

ād'vēr sǎ rŷ [104], an enemy; a foe.

ān tǎg'ō nĭst [101], an enemy.

ān tēn'næ (-nē) [84], feelers.

āp pān'ent lŷ [107], evidently, plainly.

- är'chi tects** (-kĩ tĕkts) [121], persons skilled in the art of building.
- ās sĭd'ũ oũ lỹ** [106], diligently ; attentively.
- ās sŏ'ci ate** (-shĩ át) [88], sharing responsibility or authority.
- Aus'ter litz** (-lĭts) [106], a small town of Moravia, twelve miles from Brünn, Austria. This town is noted for a great battle that was fought there between the Austrians and the French under Napoleon.
- ban'quet ing** (băn'kwĕt) [90], feasting.
- blight** (blĭt) [112], blast.
- car'nage** (kār'năj) [107], slaughter.
- chăm'pĩ on** (-ăn) [104], one who engages in any contest.
- cŏm'băt ant** [102], a fighter.
- cŏm mũ'nĩ tỹ** [90], a number of animals living in a common home.
- Con'cord** (kong'kord) [105], a town of Middlesex County, Massachusetts.
- cŏrse/lĕt** [81], the thorax.
- daunt'ed** (dănt) [102], checked by fear or danger.
- dĕ fĕnd'ant** [102], one who defends.
- dĕ mŏl'ish** [100], to destroy.
- dĕs'cants** (-kănts) [109], variations of an air.
- dīs'sĩ pā tĕd** [115], viciously idle.
- dis solv'ing** (dĭz zŏlv'ing) [112], melting.
- Dres'den** (drĕz'den) [106], the capital of Saxony, Germany, on the Elbe River.
- ec'stá sỹ** (ĕk) [113], rapture.
- ē'lās tiĕ'ĩ tỹ** [94], having power to return to its former shape after the removal of external pressure or altering force.
- ĕp'ĩ cures** (-kŭrz) [115], those who indulge in the luxuries of the table.
- ĕs chew'** (-chų) [115], avoid.
- fac'ets** (făs'ĕts) [84], the numerous small eyes which make up the compound eyes of an insect.
- fă cĭl'ĩ tỹ** (-sĭl) [97], ease ; readiness.
- fĕ rŏc'ĩ tỹ** (-rŏs) [107], cruelty.
- fŏr tĩ fĩ ca'tion** (-kă'shŭn) [102], a work erected to defend a place or position against attack.
- găs'trŏ nŏm'ĩc** [114], pertaining to the art of good eating.
- gor'ges** (gŏrj'z) [115], swallows with greediness.
- gour'mand** (gŏor'mănd) [114], a glutton.
- há raugued'** (-răngd') [110], addressed.
- hăr'bĩn ger** (-jĕr) [88], a forerunner.
- hăr'rowed** (-rŏd) [107], hurt ; tormented.
- hĕr'ŏ ism** (-ĩz'm) [106], courage.
- Hô tel' des** (dez) **In'va lides** (ĩvăl'idz, English pronunciation) [107], a hospital for soldiers situated in Paris, France.
- ĩ lĩm'ĩt á ble** (-b'ĩ) [116], boundless ; limitless.
- ĩ lŭs'tră ting** [97], representing.
- ĩm'plĕ ments** [120], those things which supply a want or use.
- ĩn'ăd vĕrt'ent** [99], careless ; heedless.
- ĩn'dŭs trỹ** [107], steady attention to business.

in'fēr ence (-ens) [96], a truth drawn from what is supposed to be true. [ful.

in gen'ious (in jēn'yūs) [86], skill-
in'tēr nē'cine (-sīn) [104], deadly ; destructive.

īr rēp'ā rā ble [101], not capable of being repaired.

l'gions (lē'jūns) [104], great numbers.

Lus'cin a (lūs'sī nā) **Phil'o me la** (fīl'ō mē'lā) [107], a genus of birds including the nightingale.

marge (mārj) [116], margin ; brink.

me dīc'ī nal (-dis) [121], pertaining to medicine.

mēm'ō rā ble [106], worthy of being remembered.

mīn'strēl sý [110], the singing and playing of a minstrel.

mī rāc'ū loūs lý [89], by miracle ; supernaturally.

mōl'ēs tā'tion (-shūn) [98], disturbance.

Mu'die (mū'dī), **Rob ert'** [108], a Scottish naturalist and author (1777-1842).

myr'mi dōns (mēr'mī dōns) [104], desperate soldiers under a daring leader.

ōf fēn'sive [85], disagreeable.

Pā tro'clus (-klūs) [105], a friend of Achilles.

pēn'ance (-ans) [121], repentance.

pēr'tī nāc'ī tý [104], the state of being firm.

prē cā'rī oūs (-kā) [101], depending on the will or pleasure of another.

prēf'ēr ence (-ens) [98], the act of preferring one thing before another.

prēj'ū dice (-dis) [91], an opin-

ion formed without due consideration.

prō bōs'cis (-sīs) [83], a hollow organ or tube attached to the head, or connected with the mouth, generally used in taking food or drink.

prō'pō līs [81], a resinous substance gathered by bees from buds of plants.

rē cū'pēr āt ing (-kū) [87], regaining strength.

rē lī'ance (-ans) [84], dependence ; trust. [sition.

rē sist'ance (-zist'ans) [96], opposition. **rī'val rý** [108], strife.

sā gā'cious (-shūs) [79], shrewd ; keen. [ness.

sā gac'ī tý (-gās) [100], shrewd-
sec'ta ries (sēk'tā rīz) [111], followers of some particular teacher or philosopher.

sēn'sī bīl'ī tý [114], feeling.

sī mīl'ī tūde [90], likeness.

stū'pe fied [89], made stupid.

sūb sīst'ence (-ens) [102], means of support.

sūs'tē nance (-nans) [101], food.

trāv'ersed (-ērst) [100], wandered over.

ūn sus pī'cious (-sūs pīsh'ūs) [89], not inclined to suspect.

vār'lēt [113], an attendant.

vērd'ūre [112], freshness of vegetation.

vī'tals (-talz) [106], organs that are necessary for life.

vō lūp'tū ā rý [114], one who makes his bodily enjoyments his chief care.

Wal'ton (wəl'ton), **Isaac** [109], an English writer (1593-1683).

One of his principal works is "The Complete Angler."

war'rīor (wār'yēr) [105], a soldier.

PART III.

- āb'jēct** [152], mean ; despicable.
- ab solved'** (-sōlvd) [154], set free.
- ac cu'mu la'tion** (āk kū'mu lā-shūn) [139], that which has been collected.
- ā droit'nēss** [136], skill and read-
iness.
- Al'le gha'nies** (āl'e gā'nīz) [144],
a mountain range in Pennsyl-
vania, Maryland, and Virginia,
running parallel to the Atlan-
tic coast.
- āl lē'giance** (-jans) [154], loyalty.
- ān'arch ŷ** (-ārċ) [167], want of
government.
- an'ces tors** (ān'sēs tērz) [134],
forefathers.
- Ān nāp'ō līs** [143], the capital city
of Maryland. The United
States Naval Academy is lo-
cated here.
- ār'chives** (-kīvz) [154], public
papers and records.
- ār'dū oūs** [138], difficult.
- ār'mor ers** (-mēr ērz) [164], mak-
ers of armors or arms ; those
who manufacture the instru-
ments of war.
- ar ray'** (ār rā') [139], posture for
fighting.
- ār'rō gant** [169], giving one's self
an undue degree of impor-
tance ; lordly ; proud.
- au spi'cioūs** (aš pish'ūs) [160],
fortunate ; favorable.
- au stere'** (aš tēr') [175], rigid ;
stern ; severe.
- au then'ti ca'tion** (a thēn'tī kā-
shūn) [157], confirmation.
- āw ā'rice** (-rīs) [175], greediness
after wealth.
- ā vērse'** [134], opposed to.
- Bal'ti mōre** [143], "The City of
Monuments." A city of Mary-
land on an estuary of the Pa-
tapsco River.
- bānned** [168], cursed.
- bār'rī ēr** [171], any obstruction.
- be nign'** (bē nīn') [157], of a kind
or gentle disposition.
- be sieged'** (bē sēj'd') [126], sur-
rounded by armed forces.
- bē sōt'ting** [175], making stupid
by drink.
- bēv'ēr age** (-āj) [136], a mixed
drink ; a mixture of water,
cider, and spice.
- burgh'er** (būrg'ēr) [134], one who
enjoys the privileges of the
town of which he is a freeman.
- Bērg'en** [137], a village of Genesee
County, New York.
- Caed'mon** (kēd'mon) [128], the
father of English song. An
Anglo-Saxon poet. The exact
dates of his birth and death
are not known, but he lived
about 670 A. D.
- can'on ized** (kān'ūn īzd) [149],
placed upon the catalogue of
saints.
- cha'os** (kā'ōs) [163], a confused
state of affairs.
- chār'tēr** [133], a written evidence
of things done in due form
between man and man.
- chron'i cles** (krōn'ī k'ls) [131],
narratives of events.
- clem'en cy** (klēm'en sŷ) [131],
kindness ; mercy.
- co'a lesee'** (kō'ā lēs') [163], unite ;
grow together.

col'league (köl'lēg) [154], a partner in office.

Cōm mun'i paw [137], a town of New Jersey, two miles from New York City.

cōm plex ion (-plēk'shūn) [146], the color of the skin.

con'fi den'tial (kōn'fi dēn'shal) [146], secret; trustworthy.

conjure' (kōn jūr') [157], implore earnestly.

con spir'a tors (kōn spīr'á tērz) [169], those who conspire with others for an evil purpose.

con sūm'māte (kōn) [146], complete; perfect.

con'tēm plāte (kōn) [159], to look at on all sides; to study.

con ven'tion (kōn vēn'shūn) [171], arbitrary custom.

co quet'ting (kō kēt') [137], treating a person with favor with the design to deceive or disappoint.

cū'pō lá [156], a spherical or dome-like vault on top of a building, so-called because of its resemblance to a cup.

Dānes [124], natives of Denmark.

Dān'ish [125], belonging to the Danes.

dē cō'rūm (-kō) [136], that which is becoming in act or appearance.

dē gēn'ēr āte [136], having lost in goodness.

dē lēc'tā ble (-lēk) [134], highly pleasing.

dēlft [136], earthenware made at Delft, in Holland.

dē lū'sīve [141], deceptive. [over.

dē plōre' [150], lament; sorrow

dē scry' (-skrī') [155], to spy out and make known.

dēs'pōts [145], those who have absolute rule over others.

Dēv'on shire [125], a mining and pastoral county of England.

dīf fū'sion (-zhūn) [159], extension.

dīs āp prō bā'tion (-shūn) [134], mental condemnation of what is judged wrong.

dīs ārmed' [143], deprived of arms.

Dis'mal Swamp [143], located between Virginia and North Carolina. It is thirty miles long and ten miles wide.

dī vērt'ise ments (-īz) [137], recreations.

dow'ā ger (-jēr) [135], a widow who enjoys the benefits of the property left to her by her deceased husband.

dūl'cet (-sēt) [135], harmonious.

Ēlk'horn [144], a stream and valley of Fayette County, Kentucky.

ēm blā'zoned (-z'nd) [155], displayed pompously.

ēn chānt'ēd [125], possessed by enchanters.

eq'ui ty (ēk'wī tī) [170], giving each person his due according to reason and the law of God to man.

Ēth'el wulf (-wōolf) [123] a king of the the West Saxons (——— 858).

ex clu'sive (ēks klū'sīv) [175], possessed and enjoyed to the exclusion of others.

ex'ile (ēks'il) [169], forced separation from one's native country.

ex plīc'it (ēks plīs'it) [154], plain in language.

- ex'tant** (ěks) [154], still existing.
- ex tén'ũ āte** (ěks) [141], to lessen; to weaken.
- ex tēr'mĩ nā tors** (ěks -těrs) [131], those who exterminate.
- fal'con** (faw'k'n) [130], sharp; piercing.
- fěd'ēr ā ted** [183], united by compact.
- feūd'al** [171], pertaining to feuds.
- frān'chised** (-chĩzd) [172], made free.
- frĩ vól'ĩ tỹ** [175], triflingness.
- Gen'tiles** (jěn'tilz) [173], rejected people by divine law.
- Graves'end** (grāvz) [127], a town of Kent County, England, on the right bank of the Thames.
- Grims/by** (grĩmz'bĩ) [170], a sea-port town of Lincoln County, England.
- grōv'el** [162], creep.
- Gũth'rũm** [126], a Dane who fought against King Alfred.
- gyves** (jĩvz) [164], shackles.
- hār'ried** [168], worried.
- Hās'tings** [127], a Scandinavian viking or sea-rover (812—).
- hĩ'ēr arch** (-ārk) [176], one who rules in sacred things.
- Hōl'ston** [144], a branch of the Tennessee River, Virginia and Tennessee.
- hon'or a ble** (õn'ēr ā b'l) [126], fit to be esteemed.
- hōrdes** [166], wandering bands.
- hōs'tile** [163], warlike.
- hoy'den** (hoi'd'n) [137], rude; bold.
- ĩl lũ'mĩ nā'ted** [123], filled with ornamental illustrations.
- ĩl lũ'sions** (-zhũns) [138], deceptive appearances. [ness.]
- ĩm'pō tence** (-ens) [169], weak-
- ĩn cen'tive** (-sẽn) [174], encouragement.
- ĩn cõn tẽst'ā ble** [134], unquestionable.
- ĩn ěv'ĩ tā ble** [141], certain.
- ĩn sĩd'ĩ oũs** [138], deceptive; treacherous.
- ĩn'tēr pō si'tion** (-zĩsh'ũn) [140], coming between.
- ĩn'tĩ mã cy** (-sỹ) [134], nearness of friendship.
- ĩn tĩm'ĩ dāte** [152], frighten; terrify.
- ĩn vĩn'ci ble** (-sĩ b'l) [141], incapable of being overcome.
- Is'ra el ite** (iz'rā ěl ĩt) [153], a descendant of Israel or Jacob; a Jew; a Hebrew.
- jũn'tō** [135], a secret society composed of a few designing persons.
- lām'bent** [149], playing on the surface; flickering.
- lewd** (lũd) [147], unchaste; impure.
- Ley'den** (lĩ'den) [170], a manufacturing city of South Holland, situated twenty-two miles from Amsterdam.
- mac'ā rō'nies** (māk -nĩz) [136], fops; dandies.
- Māg'nā Char'ta** (kār'tā) [155], the great charter; a fundamental constitution which guarantees rights and privileges.
- mār'tial** (-shal) [139], warlike.
- Mās'sa soit'** [174], the sachem of the Wampanoag Indians. He was the father of King Philip (1580-1660).
- měr'ce nā rỹ** (-sẽ) [152], serving for pay.
- Mõnt're al'** [143], a city and river-

- port town of Quebec Province, Canada.
- mýth'ô log'ic al** (-lôj'í kal) [149], fabulous.
- Năn'se mond** [143], a county of South Carolina.
- ne cēs'si toūs** [147], very needy.
- New'bern** or **New Berne** (bĕrn) [143], a city of North Carolina, on the Neuse River.
- no blĕsse'** [135], the nobility.
- Ôs'būr gă** [123], the mother of King Alfred.
- pag'eant ry** (păj'ent rĭ) [161], show.
- păl mĕt'tos** (-tôz) [144], palm trees of the West Indies and United States.
- Păr'lia ment** (-lĭ) [134], the legislative body of England corresponding to our Congress. It consists of the lower house, the House of Commons, and the upper house, the House of Lords.
- pă thĕt'ic** (-ik) [131], affecting the tender emotions.
- Ô ri'ôn** [157], a large and bright constellation on the equator.
- Pe nŏb'scot** [143], a river of Maine flowing through Somerset County to Penobscot Bay.
- pĕr pĕt'ŭ âte** [158], to preserve from oblivion.
- Phil'a del' phi a** (fil'a dĕl'fĭ a) [143], "The City of Brotherly Love." A manufacturing city of Pennsylvania.
- pĭl'grĭm ages** (-ăjs) [123], journeys; tours.
- pŏl lŭt'ed** [178], corrupted; dishonored.
- pŏs tĕr'ī tŷ** [157], offspring.
- pŏ'ten cies** [174], powers.
- Pŏ tŏ'mac** (-mak) [143], a river of West Virginia, Maryland, and Virginia. It flows past Washington, the capital of the nation, and washes the banks of Mount Vernon, General Washington's homĕ.
- prĕ dĕs'tined** [176], foreordained; determined beforehand.
- prĕl'âte** [169], bishop.
- prŏb'ī tŷ** [175], strict honesty.
- prŏ gen'ī tors** (-jĕn'ī tĕrz) [130], forefathers.
- prŏ mŭl gă'tion** (-shŭn) [156], publication; open declaration.
- prŏne** [146], inclined.
- Que bec'** (kwe bĕk') [143], a city of Canada in a province of that name.
- rec'on cil i a'tion** (rĕk'ŏn sĭl ĭ ā'shŭn) [139], reunion; renewal of friendship.
- rĕ găled'** [135], entertained.
- rĕg'nant** [168], having the chief power.
- rĕ mŏn'stră ted** [140], presented strong reasons against.
- re veil'le** (rĕ văl'yă) [143], the beat of drum at break of day to give notice that it is time for soldiers to rise.
- rĕ vĕred'** [150], adored.
- Rŏb'in son** (-sŭn), John [173], an English Puritan divine and author (1575-1625).
- Săm'o sĕt** [174], the first Indian who visited the Puritans in 1621.
- sedg'y** (sĕj'y) [138], overgrown with sedge.
- sŏl'ace** (-ăs) [138], comfort.
- Som'er set shire** (sŭm'er sĕt shir) [125], a county of England.
- sŭb jŭ gă'tion** (-shŭn) [139], the

act of bringing under the control of another.

sủ pīnē/lỹ [141], in a heedless, thoughtless state.

sỹ/lá bũbs [135], drinks made of wine and milk.

Thames (tẽmz) [127], a river of England. It flows through London, the capital of England.

tỷ răn/nĩ cal (-kal) [140], despotie; cruel.

u nique' (ủ nẽk') [168], unequalled.

Wăp'en tăke [172], a Saxon name for a division of a county. Some counties of England are divided into wapentakes instead of hundreds.

Wă tau'ga (-tạ'ga) [144], a county of North Carolina.

Wĩl'mĩng ton [143], a manufacturing town and port of entry of Delaware.

PART IV.

ăc'clă mǎ'tions (-shũnz) [207], shouts of applause.

ăl'che my (-kẽ) [242], an ancient science which aimed to change metals into gold. It led the way to modern chemistry.

ăl lũ'sion (-zhũn) [219], a reference to something supposed to be known.

bǎr'bế cue (-kũ) [235], a large social entertainment in the open air, at which animals are roasted whole.

bes'tial (bẽs'chal) [233], brutal; beastly; depraved.

bẻ trǎy'ěr [180], a traitor. [ing.

buoy'ant (bwoi'ant) [197], float-

Cal'ĩ cut (kăl'ĩ kũt) [218], a seaport town of India on the western coast. Rice, coconuts, ginger, cardamom, sandalwood, and teak are exported. The weaving of cotton for which the town used to be famous is now of no importance.

Cam'bray' or **Cam'brai'** (kõn'-brǎ') [218], a fortified town

in France in the department Noud.

Căs'sio, Michael, [233], a character of Shakespeare's "Othello."

Cey lon' (sẻ lỏn') [207], an island in the Indian Ocean. A British colony.

chĩ mer'ic al (kĩ mẻr'ĩ kal) [242], imaginary.

con'ster na'tion (kõn'stẻnǎ'-shũn) [182], surprise; wonder.

con'tũ mẻ lỹ (kõn) [236], despiteful treatment.

con vỹ'ĩ al ist (kõn) [225], a person of social habits.

crim'ĩ nal (krĩm) [180], one who is found guilty by verdict, confession, or proof.

củr'few (kủr'fũ) [196], the ringing of a bell at nightfall. Originally this was a signal for the inhabitants to cover fires, extinguish lights, and retire.

Des'dẻ mỗ'nǎ (dẻz) [235], the heroine of Shakespeare's "Othello."

đỏm'ĩ nǎ'tions (-shũnz) [180], [governments.

- Dôr'eas** (-kas) [243], a Biblical character. Societies for supplying the poor with clothing are named after her (Acts ix. 39).
- ĕl'ĕ gy** (-jý) [226], a poem expressive of sorrow.
- et'iquette** (ĕt'í kĕt) [225], the forms of conduct to be observed in social and official life.
- ex pa'ti at ed** (ĕks pā'shī āt ed) [230], ranged at large or without restraint.
- ex traor'dī nă rý** (ĕks trôr') [205], that which is unusual.
- France** (frāns) [218], a republic situated in the west centre of Europe.
- glĕbe** [264], soil.
- gŏn dô liĕr'** [198], one who rows a gondola, a long, narrow boat with a high prow and stern, used in the canals of Venice.
- Gra nă'dă** [272], a province in Andalusia, Spain.
- gud'geon** (gŭj'ŭn) [239], a small fresh-water fish.
- gui tar'** (gī tār') [196], a stringed instrument having six strings, played upon with the fingers.
- hăr mŏn'ic** (-ik) [208], musical.
- Hĕl'í con** (-kŏn) [203], the Muses' grove on the mountain Helicon, in Greece.
- hi'ĕr arch ies** (-ărk ĭz) [181], governments administered by the priesthood and clergy.
- Hy'dra** (hī'dra) [235], a monster having nine heads. Hercules was sent to kill it. As soon as he cut off one head two more shot up in its place.
- I a'go** (ĕ ä'gŏ) [233], the villain of Shakespeare's "Othello."
- ĭm'pŏr tŭne'** [235], to tease.
- ĭm'pŏ sĭ'tion** (-zĭsh'ŭn) [239], deceit.
- ĭm pri'mĭs** [250], first in order.
- ĭm pŭte'** [264], charge.
- ĭn gen'ŭ oŭs** (-jĕn) [266], undisguised.
- ĭn grĕ'dĭ ent** [235], that which forms a part of a mixture.
- ĭn ôr'dĭ năte** [235], excessive ; immoderate.
- ĭt'ĕr al lŷ** [221], according to the primary meaning.
- mĭ'rage'** (mĕ rāzh') [213], an optical illusion causing distant objects to appear double or as if suspended in air.
- Mŏ'ab** [256], the son of Lot (Gen. xix. 37).
- Mous sel'** (mous soul' or mŭs sŏl') [218], a town in Asiatic Turkey.
- ŏr'a cle** (-k'l) [220], a wise decision of great authority.
- Pă gă ni'ni** (-nee'nee), Nicolò, [203], an Italian violinist (1784-1840).
- pas'sion ate** (păsh'ŭn āt) [190], excited.
- Pe ru'** (pe rŏŏ') [223], a republic of South America.
- pĕs'tĭ lence** (-lens) [229], plague.
- pĭn'nace** (-năs) [197], a small vessel navigated with oars and sails.
- prĕ'cincts** (-sĭnkts) [266], boundaries.
- prŏf'ligăte** [180], an openly vicious man.
- ra'tion al** (răsh'ŭn al) [201], wise ; judicious. [strument.
- rĕ'bec** (-bĕk) [199], a musical in-

rec'ôm mên dā'tions (rĕk -shūnz) [184], qualities ; attributes.
sac'ēr dō'tal (sās) [242], relating to the priesthood.
Sān'scrīt (sanskrit is preferable) [218], the ancient language of the Hindoos.
sāt'ire [219], sarcasm.
scathed (skāthd) [230], injured.
sheen (shĕn) [213], brightness ; splendor ; sunshine.
sô nā'tā [205], a kind of musical composition.
spīt [186], an iron prong on which meat is roasted.
stān'chion (-shūn) [207], an upright post or beam.
sūf ficed' (-fized) [237], was sufficient.
tē'dī oūs [193], wearisome ; fatiguing.
Thor'wald sen (tor'wauld sen),

Albert Bertel, [187], a famous Danish sculptor (1770-1844).
trăn'sĕpt [257], a cross section of a church at right angles to its greatest length.
trăns pâr'en cîes (-sîz) [182], pictures painted on thin glass or cloth. [commotion.
tûr'bū lent [213], with violent
Vien'na (vē ěn'a) [207]. The German of this word is **Wien** (wĕn). It is the capital of Austro-Hungary.
vir'tu ô'sô (vēr) [241], one having a love for curiosities.
Vol taire' (vol târ'), Francois de, [243], a French author (1694-1778).
wake (wāk) [197], the track left by a vessel in the water.
yōre (yōr) [189], in old times ; long since.

PART V.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ab o rig'i nes (-rĭj'ī nēz), the original inhabitants of a country.
ad vert' (ăd vērt'), allude to.
al'i ments (ăl'ī ments), food.
ap'pel la'tion (ăp'pel lă'shūn), name ; title.
ap pro'pri ate ness (-ăt), fitness.
Ar'ab (Ar'ăb), an inhabitant of Arabia, a country of eastern Asia.
as'si du'i ties (ăs'si dū'ī tĭz), close attentions.
Ās tō'rĭ a, a town of Clatsop County, Oregon.
a'zure (ă'zhur), sky-blue.
bairn (b'ărn), the Scotch for child.

Beau'mont (bō'mōnt) and **Fletch'er** (flech'er). Francis Beaumont, an English dramatic poet (1586-1615), a colleague of John Fletcher, an English dramatic poet and author (1579-1625).
big'ot ed (bĭg'ūt), blindly attached to some set opinion.
blights (blĭts), to kill or frustrate.
Bonne'ville (bŏn'vil), Benjamin, an American soldier and traveler (1795-1878).
bur lesque' (bûr lĕsk'), a satirical representation intended to cause laughter.
Cam'den (kăm), William, an English antiquary (1551-1623).

ca pri'cious (ká prish'ús), whimsical ; changeable.

chap'let (cháp'lět), a wreath.

Clew yd', modern **Clw yd'**, pronounced (klw id'), a river of Wales.

com pas'sion ate (kóm pásh'ün-ät), having a disposition to pity.

com punc'tious (-shüs), caused by conscience.

con'tem pla ting (kõn'tëm plät), thinking of.

con tri'tion (kõn trish'ün), deep sorrow and repentance for sin.

cor rodes' (kõr rôdz'), preys upon ; wears away by degrees.

cor rupt'ed (kõr rüpt'), changed from a sound to an unsound state.

corse (kors), corpse.

cowed (koud), having the spirits or courage dampened.

de funct' (dě fũnkt'), dead.

delve (dělv), to penetrate ; to search out.

dis crim'i na'tion (dís krím'í nā'-shũn), the act of noting and marking differences.

dole'ful (dõl'ful), full of grief.

dupe (dũp), one who is misled or cheated.

e lab'o rate (ě läb'õ rät), wrought with great care.

em blem at'i cal (-ĩ kál), pertaining to an emblem. [ened.]

e ner'va ted (ě nēr'vāt), weakened (âr), before.

Ev'e lyn (-lĩn), John, an English royalist and author (1620-1706).

ex ter'mi nate (ěks tēr'mĩ nāt), to drive away ; to utterly destroy.

fe ro'cious (fě rō'shüs), wild ; fierce.

frank'in cense (-ĩn sěns), a sweet-smelling resin.

fron'tier (frõn'tēr), that part of a country which fronts on another country. Here the boundary between the known and the less known parts of our country.

fu'tile (fũ'til), vain.

Gla môr'gan shire, a county of South Wales.

Grä nā'dä, a province of Andalusia, Spain.

grap'ple (-p'l), to meet and overcome difficulties.

he red'i ta ry (hě rěd'ĩ tã rỹ), descended by inheritance or from an ancestor.

Her'rick (hě'r'ík), Robert, an English poet (1591-1674).

hi'er o glyph'ics (-glĩf'iks), emblems.

hu mil'i a ted (hũ mil'ĩ ät), reduced to a low portion ; humbled.

hu'mor ist (hũ'měr), one who speaks or writes in a funny strain.

Hỹ pē'rĩ õn, the god of the sun.

im pu'ni ty (ĩm pũ'nĩ tỹ), exempt from punishment or penalty.

in eul'cate (ĩn kũl'kāt), to impress or urge on the mind.

in'sig nif'i cant (ĩn'sĩg nĩf'ĩ kant), less important.

in terred' (-těrd), buried.

in'ti mates (ĩn'tĩ mătēs), friends.

in ves'ti gate (ĩn vės'tĩ gāt), to inquire and examine into with care.

ĩ'van hoe (-hõ), a novel by Sir Walter Scott. [1200 B.C.]

Jěph'thá, a judge of Israel about

ju'venile (jū'vē nīl), youthful.

Lă ēr'tes (-tēz), brother to Ophelia in Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

lard'ed (lărd'), enriched.

laud'able (lăd'ă b'ī), praiseworthy.

Mar seilles' (măr sālz'), the principal seaport town of France.

mē men'tos (-tōz), those things which recall to memory.

men'ial (mēn'yāl), a servant or retainer.

Mt. Ve su'vi us (Vě sū'vī ūs), situated on the Bay of Naples, overlooking the city of that name.

O phe'li a (ō fē'lī ā), the principal lady character of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

or'de al (ōr'dē al), test.

Ork'ney (ōrk'nē) **Islands**, archipelago north of Scotland.

o'siers (ō'zhērz), twigs of willow trees.

Ō'ver bury (-ber ī), Sir Thomas, an English poet and philosopher (1581-1613).

pa'gan (pā'gan), one who worships false gods; a heathen.

pa'thos (pā'thōs), that which excites emotion and passion.

peas'ant (pēz'ant), countryman; rustic.

pen'sive (-sīv), thoughtful or sad.

pil'grim (pil'grīm), one who slowly and wearily treads his way.

pomp (pōmp), brilliant display.

pomp'ous (pōmp'ūs), stately.

pre em'i nent (prē ĕm'ī nent), superior in excellence.

pu'sillan'i mous (-lăn'ī mūs), weak-spirited; cowardly.

rev el ry (-rĭ), noise; festivity.

ru'ral (rū'ral), pertaining to or belonging to the country.

Rŭth'vĕn (preferably Ruthin or Rhuthyn), a borough of Wales on the Clwyd.

sal'ly ing (săl'lĭ), bursting forth.

Săl'mă gŭn'dī, a potpourri; a miscellany.

sanc'tion (sănk'shŭn), to give authority to; to confirm.

sculp'tured (skŭlp'tŭrd), carved; engraved.

sen'ti ment (sĕn'tī ment), thought prompted by passion or feeling.

se ques'tered (sĕ kwĕs'tĕrd), far distant from any centre of population.

Sic'ily (sīs'īl ĭ), the largest island in the Mediterranean Sea.

so lic'i tude (sō līs'ī tŭd), care; concern.

spi'cy (spī'sĭ), sharp; bright.

spon ta'ne ous (spōn tā'nē ūs), proceeding from natural feelings.

Stăn'ley (-lĭ), Esq., Thomas, an English poet and philosopher (1625-1678).

sub lime' (sŭb lim'), distinguished by lofty or noble traits.

su per'flu ous (sŭ pĕr'flŭ ūs) useless; needless.

su'per in duced (-dŭst), brought upon, added to something.

sup plant'ed (-plănt), displaced or taken the place of.

Sur'rey (sŭr'ī), an agricultural county of England.

sym'pa thy (sĭm'pă thĭ), kindness of feeling toward one who suffers.

Tay'lor (tā), Jeremy, an English bishop and author (1613-1667).

trans'lated (trā dūst'), represented; exposed.

tran'quil (trān'kwil), peaceful.

trans'late' (-lāt'), to change from one language to another.

trite (trīt), common by constant repetition.

un'pol'lu'ted (-pōl lū'ted), pure; undefiled.

vil'i fy (vīl'i fī), traduce.

wan'ton (wōn'tūn), not regular; useless.

West min'ster Ab bey, one of the finest churches of London, as well as of the world. Here all the kings and queens of England have been crowned since the time of Edward the Confessor, (1042-1066).

Whit'sun tide (-s'n tīd), the week commencing with Whit Sunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter.

with'er ing (wīth'ēr), losing freshness.

zeal'ous ly (zēl'ūs), with ardor and eagerness.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ab'o li'tion (āb'ō lish'ūn), the act of abolishing.

ad'mi ra'tion (ād'mī rā'shūn), an emotion excited by a thing of high excellence.

a lum'nus (ā lūm'nūs), a graduate of a college or other seminary of high learning.

A.M., master of arts.

a nal'y sis (ā nāl'i sis), an examination of the different parts of a thing taken separately.

ar tis'tic (ār tīs'tik), showing taste or skill.

ben'e fi'cial (běn'ē fish'al), useful.

cen ten'ni al (sēn tēn'nī al), commemoration of an event that occurred a hundred years before.

Central Park, the great park of New York City.

cer'e mony (sēr'ē mō nŷ), forms of civility prescribed by custom.

com mer'cial (kōm mēr'shal), carrying on or occupied with commerce or trade.

com mun'ion (kōm mūn'yūn), intimate association.

con'di ments (kōn'dī), something used to give relish to food.

con serv'a to ry (kōn sēr v'ā tō rŷ), a house built especially for preserving plants and flowers.

cul'ture (kūl'tūr), refinement in manner and taste.

de sign' (dē zīn'), model; pattern.

dig'ni fied (dīg'nī fid), marked with dignity.

dis'ci pline (-plīn), training.

dis tin'guished (dīs tīp'gwīshd), set apart from others by visible marks.

em bod'y (ēm bōd'y), represent.

es tab'lished (ēs tāb'lishd), settled; confirmed.

ex'hor ta'tion (ēks'hōr tā'shūn), incitement to that which is good and commendable.

ex trav'a gant (ēks trāv'ā gant), exceeding due bounds.

foun da'tion (foun dā'shūn), an established basis.

Homer, a famous Greek poet.

home'stead (-stēd), a home place.

im mersed' (īm mērst'), deeply plunged in anything.

in'flu en'tial (īn'flū ēn'shal), exerting or possessing power.

jour'nal ism (jûr'nal ísm), the act of editing or writing for a journal.

Maz zin'i (mât see'nee), an Italian patriot and revolutionist (1808-1872).

me dal'liion (mě dăl'yŭn), a large medal.

med'i ta tive (měd'i tă tîve), reflective.

mois'ture (mois'tŭr), a moderate degree of wetness.

or'na men ta'tion (-mĕn tā'shŭn), adorning.

per'ma nent (pĕr'mă nent), fixed; lasting.

project'ing (prŏ jĕkt'), extending beyond anything else.

rec re a'tion (rĕk'rĕ ā'shŭn), sport; pastime.

rev'er y (rĕv ĕr y), a deep musing.

ro bust' (rŏ būst'), indicating vigorous strength.

Ros'lyn (rŏz'lin), a town of Queens County, New York.

sen'si tive (sĕn'sī tîv), easily and acutely affected.

shac'kles, a ring or band enclosing the wrist or ankle.

stern'ness, state of being strict.

sym met'ri cal (sĭm mĕt'rĭ kal), proportionable in its form.

Tay'lor (tā), Benjamin F., an American poet, author and newspaper correspondent of the present century.

tes ti mo'ni al (-mŏ'nĭ al), something presented to a person as a token of respect.

Than'a top'sis (-tŏp'sĭs), a view of death. [image.]

typ'ify (tĭp'i fi), represent by an

un veil'ing (ŭn vāl'), uncovering.

Until entirely completed a veil

is placed over a statue, which is removed with appropriate ceremonies at its completion.

ven'er a ble (vēn'ĕr ā b'l), deserving of honor and respect.

Williams College, a college founded in 1793. It is situated at Williamstown, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONG-FELLOW.

ac com'plished (ăk kŏm'plisht), effected; performed.

ad min'is tra'tion (ăd mĭn'is trā'shŭn), term of an official service.

Ag'as siz (-a see), a Swiss naturalist, philosopher, and teacher of great eminence (1807-1873).

am'a ranth (ăm'ā rānth), an ornamental annual plant.

as'pho del (ăs'fŏ dĕl), a hardy perennial plant.

au thor'i ties (ā thŏr'ĭ tĭz), persons exercising power or commands.

au'to graph (ā'tŏ gráf), a person's own signature or writing.

awed (ăd), struck with fear or reverence.

back'woods'man, a man living in the forest, away from civilization.

bal'us trade' (băl'ŭs trād'), a row of balusters topped by a rail.

ban dĭt'ti (băn dĭt'tĭ), outlaws.

be hest' (bě hĕst'), command; injunction.

ben'e fact'or (běn'ĕ făk'tĕr), one who confers a benefit.

Bon'ni'vard (bo'ne'văr), François de, "The Prisoner of Chil-

lon," born in 1496. Imprisoned in the castle of Chillon for political reasons for six years. He died in 1570.

boo'ty (bōō'tỹ), plunder.

bot'a ny (bōt'á nỹ), the science of plants.

Bow'doin (bō'den), a college situated in the town of Brunswick, Maine.

bru nette' (brũ nět'), a girl or woman having a somewhat dark complexion.

bur'nished (bũr'nisht), glowing; shining.

Cas'co (kās'kō) **Bay**, a bay on the coast of Maine.

ce les'tial (sě lēs chal), heavenly.

chant'ed (chánt'ed), recited in measured musical tones.

Chil'lon' (shē'yōn'), a castle or fortress on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, surrounded by deep water and connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge.

clois'ter (klois'tēr), a place for retirement from the world for religious duties.

com'pli men'ta ry (kōm'plĩ mēn'tá rỹ), expressive of regard or praise.

couch (kouch), a place for repose or sleep.

coun'sel (koun'sěl), advice.

cour'te sy (kũr'tě sỹ), politeness.

Craig'ie (krāg'ĩ), a friend of Mr. Longfellow.

cray'on (krā'ũn), an implement for drawing.

crush'ing (krũsh), overwhelming.

cur'lews (kũr'lũz), birds.

Dãn'te, an Italian poet (1265-1321).

dis cord'ant (dis kōrd'ant), not harmonious.

dis creet'ly (dis krēt'lỹ), prudently; cautiously.

dis till'er ies (dis tĩll'ēr iz), works in which distillation, especially of alcoholic liquors, is carried on.

dit'ties (dit'tiz), songs.

E ly'sian (ě lĩzb'an) **Fields**, the Paradise or Happy Land of the Greeks. *Elysian* means happy or delightful.

en'ter tain'er (ěn'tēr tãn'ēr), one who affords amusement.

en'vel ope (ěn'vėl ōp), the cover or wrapper on a letter.

fab'ric (fāb'rik), manufactured cloth.

flam'ing (flām), brilliant; high-colored.

flume (flũm), a stream.

for'a ger (fōr'ā jēr), one who takes without consent what he wants or needs.

frig'ate (frĩg'āt), a war-ship.

fu ne'rē al (fũ nē'rě al), suiting a funeral.

goth'ic (gōth'ík), a style of architecture.

harp (hārp), a musical instrument.

Hēs'pēr ūs, evening.

Hĩ á wa'thā, a poem by Mr. Longfellow.

in com mode' (ĩn kōm mōd'), trouble; annoy.

in scrip'tion (ĩn skřĩp'shũn), a word or words written or engraved on something for preservation.

in spir'ing (ĩn spĩr'), animating; cheering.

in struc'tor (ĩn strũk'tēr), a teacher.

- ir res'o lute ly** (ir rěz'ò lût lý), without determination.
- Jū'nō**, the sister and wife of Jupiter; the queen of Heaven.
- Kav'a nagh** (-näh), a poem by Mr. Longfellow.
- lauds** (lädz), praises.
- leg'is la'tor** (lēg'is lā'tēr), one who makes laws for a country or community.
- li'bra ry** (li'brä rý), a room in which books are kept.
- lin** (lín), a pool of water.
- lin'tel** (lín'těl), the horizontal cross-piece over any opening.
- list'ed** (líst'ed), provided with an enclosed field for combat.
- man'u scripts** (măn'ũ skrípts), literary compositions written by the hand.
- min'strel** (mĩn'strėl), one who subsists by the art of poetry and music.
- mo las'ses** (mò lās'sěz), a thick, dark-colored syrup.
- Moore** (mōr), Thomas, a famous Irish poet (1780-1852).
- mourn'ing** (mōrn), grieving; sorrowing.
- neck** (něk), a long, narrow tract of land stretching out into the sea. [stands in the way.
- ob'sta cle** (òb'stá k'l), that which
- per'fume** (pěr'fũm), a substance that emits an agreeable odor.
- Pěr'sian** (-shan), from Persia, a kingdom of Asia.
- plov'ers** (plův'ěrz), birds.
- plum'age** (plũm'áj), the entire clothing of feathers of a bird.
- pol'len** (põl'lěn), the dust-like substance of the anthers of flowers.
- pot'tery** (põt'těr ý), place where earthen vessels are made.
- re splen'dent** (rě splěn'dent), very bright.
- rev'er ent ly** (rěv'ěr ent lý), with respectful regard.
- ro mance'** (rò mǎns'), a tale of extravagant adventures of love and the like.
- Rõt'ter dām'**, a manufacturing and commercial town of Germany.
- Sĩ bē'rĩ a**, a country of northern Russia, in Asia.
- slug'gish** (slũg'gish), having little motion.
- som'bre** (sõm'bēr), sad; grave.
- son'net** (sõn'nět), a poem of fourteen lines.
- squire** (skwĩr), an armor-bearer who attended a knight.
- syl'van** (sĩl'van), forest-like.
- tan'ner ies** (tǎn'něr ĩz), works where hides are tanned or made into leather. [dle.
- ta'per** (tǎ'pěr), a small wax candle.
- text** (těkst), a kind of type used in printing.
- tilts** (tĩlts), engages against with a lance.
- treas'ures** (trězh'ũrz), those things which are very much valued.
- trem'u lous** (trēm'ũ lūs), trembling; quivering.
- trib'ute** (trĩb'ũt), a personal contribution of money, praise, or service.
- trib'u ta ry** (trĩb'ũ tǎ rý), a stream or river running into a larger river or lake.
- tur'moil** (tũr'moil), trouble; disturbance.
- type** (tĩp), representative.
- un rec'ompensed** (-rěk'õm-pěnst), not paid for.

up hol'stered (úp hól'stêrd), covered with cloth, silk, velvet, etc.

ve ran'da (vē răn'dá), an open, roofed gallery or portico.

weir (wêr), a dam in a river to stop and raise the water.

Wurtz'burg (würts'böörg), a town of Bavaria, Germany, on the Main River.

yeo'men (yô'men), retainers.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

æ'gis (ē'jis), a shield or armor.

a nat'o my (á năt'ô mÿ), the science of the structure of organic bodies.

an tip'a thy (ăn tîp'á thÿ), disgust; aversion.

ar'ter ies (ăr'têr iz), the vessels which carry blood from the heart.

au'to crat (ă'tô krăt), one who rules with undisputed sway in any company.

car'ti lage (kăr'ti lâj), gristle.

dis ease' (diz êz'), sickness; illness.

em broid'er ies (êm broid'êr iz), needle-work used to enrich fabrics.

e quip'ments (ê kwîp'mentz), whatever is used in the make-up.

e the're al (ê thê'rê al), spirit-like.

frag'ile (frăj'il), weak; frail.

gran'ules (grăn'ûlz), little grains.

ha'lo (hă'lô), a bright ring represented in paintings as surrounding the heads of saints and other holy persons.

hos'pi tal (hôs'pîl al), a building in which the sick are treated.

lig'a ment (lîg'á ment), a band of connective tissue.

lu'cid (lū'sîd), bright; clear.

ma'ni ac (mă'nî äk), a madman.

mer'maid (mêr'măd), a fabled creature of the sea, half woman and half fish.

myr'i ad (mîr'î ad), a very great many.

mys'tic (mîs'tîk), mysterious.

Nêp'tune, the god of the waters, especially of the sea.

phys i o'lo gy (fiz'î ôl'ô jÿ), the study of the process of life.

scep'ter (sêp'têr), a staff or baton borne by a sovereign.

struc'ture (strûk'tûr), form; construction.

Tri'tôn, a fabled sea demigod, son of Neptune and Amphitrite, and the trumpeter of Neptune.

u surpt' (û zûrpt'), held in position by force, or without rights.

vi bra'tions (vî bră'shûnz), quick motions to and fro.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

al'le go ry (ăl'lê gô rÿ), a figurative discourse, in which the principal subject is described by another subject resembling it in its properties and circumstances; a fable.

Aus'tral ā'si an (-ă'shîan), of or relating to Australasia, one of the six geographical divisions of the globe, located south of Asia.

Ayl'mer (ăl'mer).

Bêl lër'ô phon (-fôn), the Joseph of Greek mythology. Being successful in enterprises, he attempted to fly to heaven on

the winged horse Pegasus, but the horse was stung by a gad-fly and the rider was overthrown.

Bēn'gal', the largest of twelve main divisions of British India.

Bru nel les'chi (brōō nēl lēs'/kee), Filippo, one of the greatest of Italian architects (1377-1446).

brusque (brōōsk), rough and prompt in manner.

Cam'bridge (kām'brīj) **College**. This university is situated in Cambridge or Cambridgeshire, an inland county of England.

Cām'e lot, a steep hill in Somersetshire, England. The place is identified, by tradition, as one of the capitals of King Arthur.

civ'ic (siv'ik), relating to or derived from a city or citizen.

de rid'ed (dē rid'), laughed at; mocked.

Ĕlf'lānd, the realm ruled over by Obëron, king of the Faëry.

feud (fūd), a contention or quarrel.

gran'deur (grăn'dūr), greatness; magnificence.

Guin'e vere (gwīn'ē vēr), queen to King Arthur.

Hā'sle mere (-mēr).

Isle of Wight (wīt), an island in the English Channel off the south coast of England.

poet lau're ate (lā'rē āt), one who receives an honorable degree in grammar, especially in poetry and rhetoric.

Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, eldest son of Queen Victoria (1841-—).

re dress' (rē drēss'), a setting right; remedy.

rus'set (rūs'sēt), homespun; coarse.

spied (spīd), saw.

Sūs'sex (-ēks), an agricultural and pastoral county of England.

trow (trō), to think or suppose.

wroth (rath), angry; incensed.

The Brook and Elaine.

Ār bā'ces (-sēs), a Mede and an Assyrian ruler.

Ās'to lat, a castle situated in the town of Guildford, Surrey County, England. The castle was the residence of several Roman and Saxon sovereigns.

bick'er (bīk'ēr), to move quickly and unsteadily, or with a pattering noise.

bier (bēr), a portable frame on which a corpse is placed.

boon (bōōn), a gift.

brand'ing (bränd), burning.

coot (kōōt), a wading bird.

copse (kōps), a wood or forest of small growth.

dic'tates (dik'tāts), tells or utters so that another may write down.

Elaine' (ē lān'), a mythical lady in the romances of King Arthur's court.

fal'low (fāl'lō), uncultivated ground.

fic'tive (fik'tiv), feigned.

Flor'ence (flōr'ens), a city of Italy, on the Arno River.

fore'land' (fōr'land'), a promontory or cape.

fret (frēt), to rub; to wear away by friction. [hoppers.

grigs (grīgz), crickets or grass-

her'mit (hēr'mīt), a person who retires from society and lives in solitude. [bird.

hern (hērn), a heron; a kind of
il lit'er ate (il līt'ēr āt), ignorant.

Laun'ce lot (lān'sē lōt), the most famous knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

li'chen (lī'kēn), one of a class of flowerless plants which derive their nourishment from the air.

lis'som (līs'sūm), light; nimble.

lute (lūt), a musical stringed instrument.

mal'low (māl'lō), a plant having mucilaginous qualities.

mu'ci lag'i nous (mū'sī lāj'ī nūs), partaking of the nature of or resembling mucilage; sticky.

Nā'ples (-plz), a city of Italy on the north side of the Bay of Naples.

Neil gher'ry (nēl gēr'ē), a mountain range of British India.

pen'ta gram (pēn'tā grām), a figure representing a five or six pointed star.

phi lan'thro pies (fī lān'thrō pīz), good deeds to mankind.

scrip (skrīp), a small writing.

thorps (thōrps), small villages.

ton'sured (tōn'shurd), bald.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ag'gra va ted (äg'grā vāt), annoyed to the point of vexation.

a pos'tro phiz ing (ā pōs'trō fīz), speaking to an absent person as if present.

ar'gu men'ta tive ly (ār'gū mēn'tā tīv lī), in an argumentative manner.

bank'rupt (bānk'rūpt), the state of being unable to pay one's debts.

cas'u al ties (kāzh'ū al tīz), accidents; misfortunes.

fan'ta sy (fān'tā sī), fancy; imagination.

far ra'go (fār rā'gō), a mixture.

gib'bet (jīb'bēt), a kind of gallows.

gog'gle (gōg'g'l), rolling; staring.

In'dīa, a country of Southern Asia, mostly under British rule.

leg'a cy (lēg a sī), a bequest or gift of property or money.

Mac bēth' (mak), king of Scotland (— -1056); character in a play of that name in Shakespeare.

men ag'er ie (mēn āzh'ēr ī), a place where animals are kept.

mi'gnon ette' (mīn'yūn ēt'), a garden plant.

Mīs nār'.

mo no'to nous (mō nōt'ō nūs), wearisome; tiresome.

morgue (môrg), a house where dead bodies are exposed.

New'found land (nū'fond), an island of British North America.

pan'a ce'a (pān'ā sē'ā), a remedy.

pan'to mime (pān'tō mīm), a dumb show.

par'a chute (pār'ā shūt), a contrivance somewhat in the form of an umbrella by means of which safe descent from a balloon is possible.

par'a dox (pār'ā dōks), a proposition contrary to received opinion.

phil'o soph'i cal (fīl'ō sōf'ī kal), rational; wise. [less dense.

rar'e fied (rār'ē fid), made thin;

Vic tō'rī a (vik), Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India (1819—).

vul'ner a ble (vul'nēr ā b'l), liable to injury.

The Christmas Tree.

A'li Ba'ba (āl'lē bā'bā), a poor forester who became rich through the medium of forty robbers and a treacherous servant.

Al'tah (āl'lā), "the adorable," the Arabian name of the Supreme Being.

a non' (ā nōn'), presently; at once.

Ā rā'bī an Nights, a collection of Arabic stories and fables.

be nig'nant (bě nīg'nant), kind; gracious.

Bus'sor ah, generally spelled Bās'sō rā, a frontier city and river port of Asiatic Turkey.

Dā mās'cus (-kūs), a celebrated city in Asiatic Turkey. [ing.

de camp'ing (dě kām'p'), depart-

dem'o nī'a cal (dēm'ō nī'ā kal), pertaining to a demon or evil spirit.

Dī nar zār'dē (-nēr), the sister of Scheherezade in the Arabian Nights. "A lady of very great merit."

dis sem'bling (dīs sēm'blīng), false. [apart.

di ver'ging (dī vēr'jīng), spreading dog, an andiron. [for children.

Elīz'a beth, a dramatized story
ge'nie (jē'nī), a spirit; a supernatural being.

George Bärm'wēll, the hero of Lillo's tragedy (1693-1739).

gir'dle (gēr'd'l), a belt.

Jane Shōre, the heroine of a tragedy by Nicholas Rowe (1673-1718), called "Jane Shore."

Kēl'mar, a character in the "Exile of Siberia."

Mil'ler and his Men, a dramatized story for children.

Mon'tar gis (mōn'tār'zhē'), a town of France on the Loing River.

Moth'er Bunch, the imaginary author of a book entitled "Mother Bunch's Closet."

mot'ley (mōt'ly), consisting of different colors.

Mūst ā'phas, citizens of Mustapha, a suburb of Algiers.

nec'ro man'cy (nēk'rō mǎn'sy'), magic in general; enchantment.

New'mār ket (nū), a town of England, situated partly in the county of Suffolk and partly in the county of Cambridge, sixty-five and one-half miles from London.

Pānt'ā lōon, one of the principal characters in all pantomimic representations.

Phil'ip Quarll (kwärl), a sort of Robinson Crusoe, who had a chimpanzee for a "Man Friday."

Plau'tus (plā'tus), a Roman dramatist (—254).

pro sce'ni um (prō sē'ni ūm), the stage.

Rob'in Hood, an outlaw in the reign of Richard I. (twelfth century).

Rōb'in son (-sūn) **Cru'soe** (krū'sō), the hero of the story "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel DeFoe (1661-1731).

Sand'ford (săn/fěrd) and **Mēr'ton** (-tūn), the chief characters in a tale by Thomas Day (1748-1789).

Sche he're za'de (shă hā/ră ză'dă), the fictitious relater of the stories in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

scim'i tar (sīm'ī tēr), a sabre with a much curved blade.

se'quin (sē/kwīn), an old gold coin of Italy and Turkey. [evil.

sin'is ter (sīn'is tēr), unlucky ;

tam'bour ines' (tām'bōor ēnz'), small drums to be played on with the hand.

The Fōr'est of Bōn'dy, a forest of France about seven miles from Paris.

The (Iron) **Másk**, or "The Man of the Iron Mask." An unknown state prisoner of France who during the entire time of his imprisonment wore a mask of velvet strengthened with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with steel springs.

to bac'co (tō bāk'kō) **stopper**, a small plug with which to press down the tobacco in the bowl of a pipe as it is smoked.

Vāl'en tīne, one of the heroes in the old romance "Valentine and Orson," of unknown authorship, supposed to have been written in the fifteenth century.

Val'ley of Dī ā'monds (-mündz), a mythical valley filled with diamonds and other precious stones.

ver'sa tīl'i ty (vēr'sā tīl'ī tỳ), state of being changeable.

Wol'ver hāmp'ton (wōōl) a manufacturing town of Stafford County, England, where locks, brass, tinned, and japanned ware, tools, nails, papier-maché, electro-plated goods, and varnish, are manufactured.

Yel'low Dwarf, a wicked dwarf who wished the hand of a princess, "All Fair," in marriage. Failing to secure her even by his witchcraft, he murdered her lover. The princess immediately snatched the sword from the dwarf, and, stabbing herself died also.

Young King of the Black Islands, son of Mahmoud, "King of the Black Islands," in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Xan tīp'pe (zăn), the wife of the Greek philosopher Socrates. Her bad temper has rendered her name proverbial for a matrimonial scold.

Xerx'es (zērks'eez), King of Persia (465 B.C.).

Yew (ū) **Tree**, an evergreen tree of Europe, related to the pines, but having a peculiar berry-like fruit instead of a cone.

Zā'ny, a buffoon ; often called a Merry-Andrew.

SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE.

au'burn (ā'būrn), reddish brown.

bust (būst), a piece of sculpture representing the upper part of the human figure.

dra'mas (drā'máz), compositions representing pictures of hu-

man life designed to be spoken by actors on the stage.

glov'er (glŭv'ēr), one who makes or sells gloves.

hom'age (hŏm'āj), honor or respect.

ma raud'er (má rād'ēr), a plunderer.

prompt'er (prŏmt'ēr), one who reminds an actor or an orator of the words to be spoken next.

tal'ent (tāl'ent), natural ability.

The Merchant of Venice.

Page 413. **Venice**, a city of Italy at the head of the Adriatic Sea. Canals take the place of streets. For hundreds of years it was the seat of the commerce of the Eastern world. **argosies**, merchant ships of small capacities. **signiors**, gentlemen; an Italian word. **burgher**, burg is the German word for castle or town; burgher is, therefore, a citizen or commoner. **pageants**, rich displays or shows. **overpeer**, to overlook; to hover over. **wings**, sails. **roads**, places where ships may ride at anchor when becalmed or through accident are unable to reach a harbor. Synonym, roadsteads. **Andrew**, the name of a ship.

Page 414. **bottom**, a ship. **Janus**, the inspector of Heaven, and therefore of all things. The first month of the year is

named after him. He is sometimes represented with four heads as well as with two. **Nestor**, king of Pylos, one of the heroes in the war against Troy. He was very old, very grave, and very sweet voiced. The very last person to swear a jest to be laughable unless it be very funny indeed.*

Page 415. **by my troth**, in sooth; truly; indeed. **surfeit**, to overeat, so as to cause uneasiness. **superfluity**, an over-abundance of.

Page 416. **ducat**, a gold or silver piece coined in the dominion of a duke. The silver ducat was worth nearly a dollar of our money, the gold ducat being worth about twice as much. **stead** (obsolete), to help; to assist.

Page 417. **supposition**, uncertain; in doubt or danger because of the untrustworthiness of the sea. **Rialto**, the principal island of Venice. The merchant's exchange was situated on this island. A bridge over the principal canal, having three passages lined with bunks and shops, bears the same name. **Tripolis**, a commercial and seaport town of Syria, in Asia, on the Mediterranean Sea. **so following**, and so forth. **fawning publican**, a shop-keeper or an inn-keeper, who, to gain favor,

* H. B. Sprague's Merchant of Venice. This excellent work is confidently recommended to such pupils as may desire a closer study of the play than is here possible. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

courts, cringes, and flatters. **gratis**, contracted from the Latin *gratiis*, without recompense. **rate of usance**: this is an obsolete term corresponding to rate per cent., the term used at present in money transactions.

Page 418. **to catch him on the hip**: this means to get the better of him; it is a term used by wrestlers. **beholden**, under obligations to. **badge**, characteristic.

Page 419. **gaberdine**, a coarse upper garment, as a long coat. **void**, to throw out; to emit. **rheum**, a thin, obnoxious matter discharged by the mucous or secreting glands, as in catarrh. **breed**, to add money to the principal by means of interest. **doit**, a piece of money of small value.

Page 420. **i' faith**, the same as in faith. **knave**, from the German word *knabe*, a boy, not as now, a rogue.

Page 421. **it lives**, it is rumored. **wracked**, an obsolete form of the word wrecked. **The Goodwins**, a shoal of quicksands in the Strait of Dover. They are, to the present day, exceedingly dangerous for ships.

Page 422. **knapped**, from the German verb *knappen*, to snap or knap. **the full stop**, finish your sentence. **wings**, clothes. **smug**, spruce; dainty. **mart**, a contraction of market.

Page 423. **Genoa**, a city of North-

ern Italy, on the Mediterranean Sea. Columbus was born here.

Page 424. **turquoise**, a precious stone of a peculiar bluish green tint. It is found in Persia.

Page 425. **to beshrew**, to curse or wish ill will to. **o'erlooked**, bewitched. **prove it so**, if it prove so. **peize**, retard. **rack**, an ancient instrument of torture which caused the limbs of the sufferer to be stretched and pulled until sometimes they were severed from the body. Here the expression means, to be tormented.

Page 427. **gaoler**, jailer.

Page 429. **uncapable**, same as incapable.

Page 430. **baned**, poisoned. **impeign**, to gainsay; to oppose.

Page 433. **mitigate**, to lessen; to soften.

Page 434. **perjury**, false swearing. **tenour**, tenor; character; nature. **nominated**, mentioned; stated.

Page 437. **alien**, foreigner. **privy**, private. **predicament**, state; plight. **lieu**, recompense.

Page 438. **mercenary**, selfish; having a desire for money. **proclamation**, official or general notice.

Page 439. **naughty**, corrupt or wicked. This meaning is seldom given to the word now.

Page 440. **Endymion**, a beautiful shepherd whom Diana kissed while he slept on Mount Latunus.

Page 441. **abate**, to lessen. **showers**, bestows liberally; scatters in abundance.

Portia, Antonio, and Shylock.

ef fi'cient (ěf fīsh'ent), able ;
capable.

el'o quence (ěl'ō kwens), fluent,
forcible, elegant speech in
public.

jeer'ed (jērd), sneered at ; mocked.

lus'cious (lūsh'ūs), sweet ; deli-
cious.

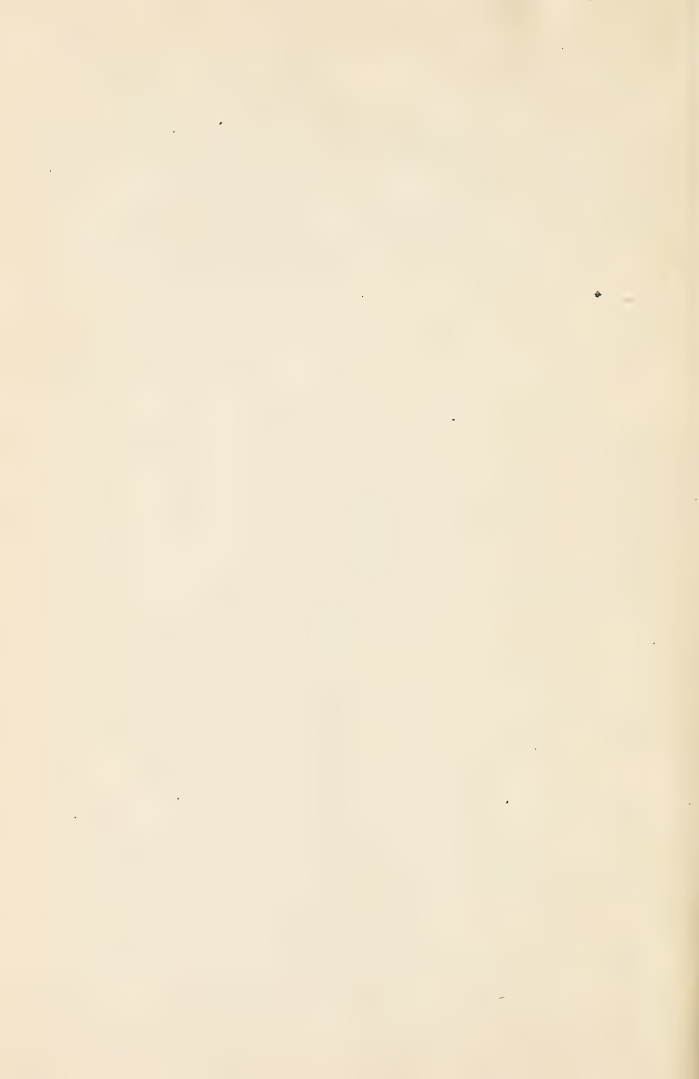
pros per'i ty (prös pěr'i tŷ), thrift ;
well being.

re spon'si bil'i ty (rē spön'sī bīl'-
ī tŷ), the state of being an-
swerable for a trust, a debt, or
an obligation.

re straint' (rě strānt'), check ;
hindrance.

shrewd (shrūd), artful cunning





PE 1117 T63 1890 V-8

TODD EMMA J

THE NORMAL COURSE IN READING/

39313707 CURR HIST



000005094503

PE 1117 T63 1890 v.8

Todd, Emma J.

The normal course in reading /

HISTORICAL

COLLECTION

0218461H CURR

